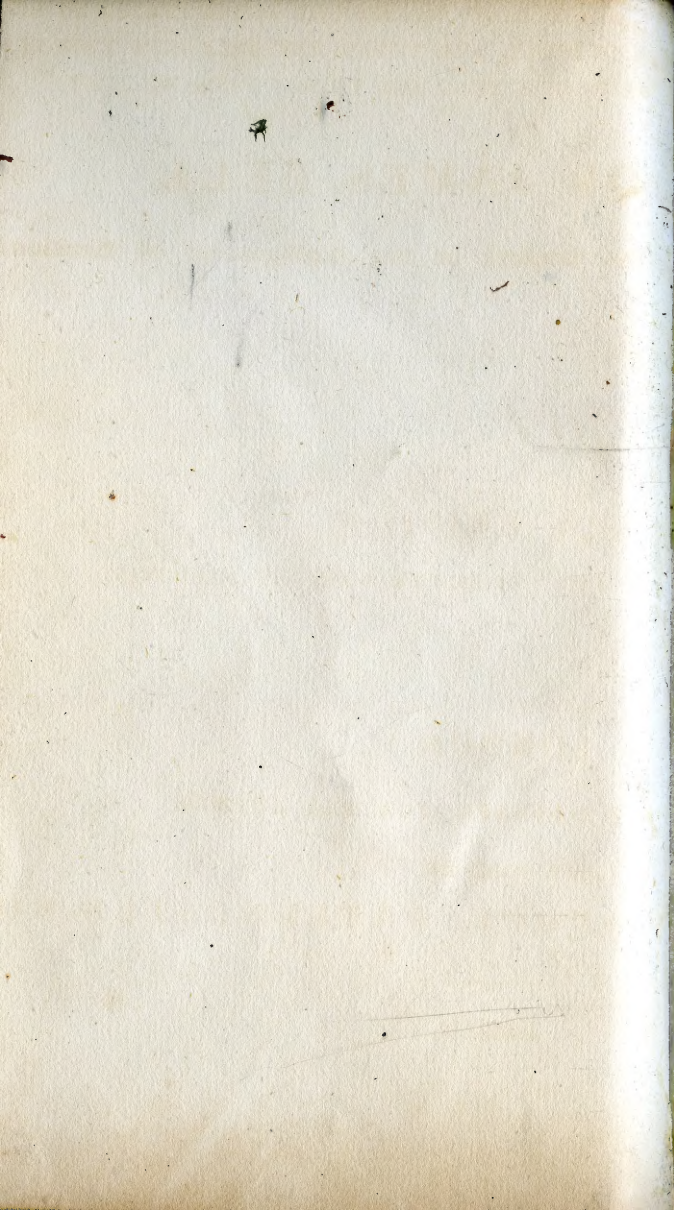


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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS























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# **Sporting Anecdotes,**

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

INCLUDING

NUMEROUS CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAITS

OF

**PERSONS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE,**

Who have acquired Notoriety from their Achievements on

**THE TURF, AT THE TABLE,**

AND IN THE

**DIVERSIONS OF THE FIELD,**

With Sketches of the various

**Animals of the Chase:**

To which is added, an Account of noted

**PEDESTRIANS, TROTting MATCHES, CRICKETERS, &c.**

The whole forming a complete Delineation of the

**SPORTING WORLD.**

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**BY PIERCE EGAN.**

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**London:**

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1820.





# DEDICATION.

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TO THE  
SPORTING WORLD.

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Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the DOCTOR for a *nauseous draught!*

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN the cloth is removed, and the cheerful sparkling glass gaily circulates round the festive board—when the mind is pleasantly at ease—HOSPITALITY, the president, and under the banners of FRIENDSHIP, the guests are assembled—IT IS THEN, the lively *tale*, the *sporting song*, and the interesting ANECDOTE, give a peculiar zest to the repast. Each visitor, perhaps, eager to recount the adventures of the

day, the FOX HUNTER commences with emphatic raptures, in dwelling on the excellence of his hounds, almost fancying himself still listening to the charms of the view hallo! The SPORTING HERO of the TURF, in his turn, animatedly detailing the fleet properties of his *thorough-bred* STUD: the GOOD SHOT, in ecstasy enumerating the birds he has *bagged*; the admirers of *trotting* in high glee with the swiftness of their cattle; the patient ANGLER placidly relating the pleasing *nibblings* he has experienced; the CRICKETER overjoyed at the number of runs he has gained; the supporters of PEDESTRIANISM, not only descanting on the exploits performed by their various heroes, but of the ultimate advantages the constitution derives from this most healthful exercise: the promoters of TRUE COURAGE too, contending in a national point of view, that the practice of BOXING through the means of the *prize-ring* is one of the corner stones towards preventing EFFEMINACY from undermining the good *old character* of the people of England: and, lastly, though not the least interesting, is the pleasing biographical sketch of some distinguished sportsman, related by the well-informed amateur, with all the charac-



teristic fervour of a theatrical representation; while the company listening to the orator, anxious to catch every trait of the hero in question, yet, all harmoniously joining in one general voice

To banish *dull care*, or to roar out a *catch*;  
Take part in a *glee*, or in making a *MATCH*;  
Chaunt the pleasures of *sporting*, the charms of a *race*,  
And ne'er be at *fault*—at a *mill*, or the *chase*.

Under the above lively impression, this volume of ANECDOTES has been produced. The most interesting *events*, in all the various diversions of the CHASE, &c. which occupy the mind of the *sportsman*, have also been collected together; in order, not only to *refresh* the memories of those persons who may have witnessed many of the transactions related in this work; but, in fact, rather to prevent any individual from being a silent member in the company of Sporting Characters, by enabling him not to let the TALE or SONG stand still, and to take a share in the amusements of the evening by the relation of any attractive ANECDOTE out of this selection, that may best accord with his talents in recital.

From the extensive and kind patronage the Editor has already received from the Gentlemen composing the Sporting World, he trusts that his collection of select and original "SPORTING ANECDOTES" will also merit attention, and claim their support.

With the most grateful remembrance  
of past favours,

I remain, Gentlemen,  
Your obliged humble Servant,

PIERCE EGAN.

London, Jan. 1, 1820.





**SPORTING ANECDOTES.**

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Marchant, Printer, Ingram-Court,  
Fenchurch-Street.

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# SPORTING ANECDOTES.

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## CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

THIS gentleman, in preventing the "OLD ENGLISH SPORTS" from running into decay, must be considered as the most distinguished *Fancier* in the Sporting World ; and who, as a well-known thorough-bred sportsman, combining pleasure with utility, founded on practical experience, stands without an equal. Whether he be viewed in partaking of the diversions of the CHASE, or paying peculiar attention to improve the system of AGRICULTURE ; or in displaying his extraordinary feats of PEDESTRIANISM ; or exercising his intuitive judgment in TRAINING men to succeed in foot-races and pugilistic combats, Captain BARCLAY most decidedly takes the *lead*. His knowledge of the capabilities of the human frame is complete, and his researches and practical experiments to ascertain, with a tolerable degree of certainty, the physical powers of man, would have reflected credit on any of our most enlightened and persevering anatomists.

The sporting pursuits of Captain BARCLAY are

completely *scientific*; and his plans in general are so well matured, that his judgment, nine times out of ten, proves successful.

Robert Barclay Allardice, Esq. of Ury, succeeded his father in the 18th year of his age. He was born in the month of August, 1779; and, at eight years of age was sent to England to receive his education. He remained four years at Richmond school, and three years at Brixton Causeway. His academical studies were completed at Cambridge.

Captain Barclay has to boast of a noble and ancient origin, tracing it from the reign of Alexander I. son to Malcolm III. King of Scotland, and the 10th of Henry I. son to William the Conqueror, or to the year 1110. And it also appears by his mother's side, that Captain Barclay has an unquestionable right to the title of Earl of Monteith and Air, being the representative of Lady Mary Graham, the eldest daughter of the last Earl of Monteith and Air, who was descended of David, the eldest son of Robert II. by his Queen Euphemia Ross.

The family of the Barclays have not only been conspicuous for their *strength* of form, but also for their strength of MIND. Courage and talents distinguish their whole race.

The Captain's favourite pursuits have ever been the art of agriculture as the **SERIOUS** business of his life; and the **MANLY SPORTS**, as his amusement or recreation. The improvement of his extensive estates has occupied much of his attention, and by pursuing the plan adopted by his immediate predecessor, has

greatly augmented the value of his property, which is still increasing, and at the present period (1819), it is thought, produces ten thousand pounds annually.

His love of athletic exercises may proceed from the strong conformation of his body, and great muscular strength. His usual rate of travelling on foot is six miles an hour, and to walk from twenty to thirty miles before breakfast is a favourite amusement. His style of walking is to bend forward the body, and to throw its weight on the knees.—His step is short, and his feet are raised only a few inches from the ground. Any person who will try this plan will find, that his pace will be quickened, at the same time he will walk with more ease to himself, and be better able to endure the fatigue of a long journey, than by walking in a posture perfectly erect, which throws too much of the weight of the body on the ankle-joints. He always uses thick-soled shoes, and lambs'-wool stockings, which preserve his feet from injury. In his arms, the Captain possesses uncommon strength. In April 1806, while in Suffolk with the 23d regiment, although only twenty years of age, he offered a bet of one thousand guineas, which was not accepted, that he would lift from the ground the weight of HALF A TON. He tried the experiment, however, and having obtained a number of weights, which were fastened together by a rope through the rings, he lifted twenty-one half-hundred weights. He afterwards, with a straight arm, threw a half-hundred weight the distance of eight yards; and over his head the same weight a distance of five yards. In the mess-room, Captain Keith, the



paymaster of the 23d regiment, who weighed *eighteen stone*, stood upon Captain Barclay's right-hand, and being steadied by his left, he thus took him up, and set him on the table. The deltoid muscle of his arm is uncommonly large, and expanded in a manner that indicates very great strength. His predecessors have always been remarkable for their muscular power. Colonel Barclay, the first of Ury, was upwards of six feet in height; and his sword, which still remains, is too heavy to be wielded "*in these degenerate days.*" Many popular stories are told of the feats of strength performed by his great grandfather: and the late Mr. Barclay of Ury, it is well known, was uncommonly powerful. The name of Barclay is of Celtic origin, and implies great strength.

The Captain having completed those measures of improvement which he had so laudably undertaken, and his estate being brought to a system of management that required little exertion on his part, he entered into the service of his country, and obtained a commission in the 23d regiment. He went to the Continent in the year 1805, his regiment forming part of Lord Cathcart's army, which was sent for the protection of Hanover. He was afterwards promoted to a company, but was not again employed in actual service until the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, where he acted in the capacity of Aid-de-camp to Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Huntley. His ardour for the chase was such, that during the seasons of 1810-11, he frequently went from Ury to Turriff, a distance of FIFTY-ONE miles, where he

arrived to breakfast. He attended the pack to cover, often fifteen miles from the kennel, and followed the hounds through all the windings of the chase for twenty or twenty-five miles further. He returned with the hounds to the kennel, and after taking refreshment, proceeded to Ury, where he generally arrived before eleven at night. He performed these long journeys generally twice a week, and on the average, the distance was from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty miles, which he accomplished in about twenty-one hours. His reluctance to live in a country tavern, and his anxiety to attend his affairs at home, were the motives which induced him to undertake these laborious rides. Although frequently drenched with rain, he seldom shifted his clothes, experiencing no inconvenience from wetness. His connexion with his tenantry is supported by all those ties which naturally bind a proprietor to that useful class of men. They are industrious and thriving. They receive the farms at a fair price; for he knows the value of land, and that his own interest is combined with their prosperity.

Captain Barclay's mode of living is plain and unaffected. His table is always abundantly supplied, and he is fond of society. His hospitality is of that frank and open kind which sets every man at his ease. He is well acquainted with general history, the Greek and Latin classics, and converses fluently on most subjects that are introduced as topics of discussion. He has stood a candidate for his native county, which his father so honourably represented in three parlia-

ments. In private and in public life, Captain Barclay has ever evinced inflexible adherence to those strict principles of honour and integrity which characterize a gentleman.

The following list contains the most prominent public and private pedestrian exploits performed by Captain Barclay.

The Captain, when only 15 years of age, entered into a match with a gentleman in London, in the month of August 1796, to walk six miles within an hour, fair toe and heel, for 100 guineas, which he accomplished on the Croydon Road.

In 1798, he performed the distance of 70 miles in 14 hours, beating Ferguson, the celebrated walking clerk in the city, by several miles.

In December 1799, he accomplished 150 miles in two days, having walked from Fenchurch-street to Birmingham, round by Cambridge.

The Captain walked 64 miles in twelve hours, including the time for refreshment, in November 1800, as a sort of preparatory trial to a match of walking 90 miles in  $21\frac{1}{2}$  hours, for a bet of 500 guineas with Mr. Fletcher of Ballingshoe. In training, the Captain caught cold, and gave up the bet. But in 1801, he again renewed the above match for 2000 guineas. He accomplished 67 miles in 13 hours, but having drank some brandy, he became instantly sick, and unable to proceed. He consequently gave up the bet, and the umpire retired; but after two hours rest, he was so far recovered, that he had time enough left to have performed his task.



The Captain, in June 1801, notwithstanding the very oppressive heat of the weather, walked 300 miles in five days, from Ury to Boroughbridge in Yorkshire.

Captain Barclay felt so confident that he could walk 90 miles in  $21\frac{1}{2}$  hours, that he again matched himself for 5000 guineas. In his training to perform this feat, he went *one hundred and ten miles* in NINETEEN HOURS, notwithstanding it rained nearly the whole of the time, and he was up to his ancles in mud. This performance may be deemed the greatest on record, being at the rate of upwards of 135 miles in twenty-four hours.

On the 10th of November, 1801, he started to perform the above match, between York and Hull. The space of ground was a measured mile: and on each side of the road a number of lamps were placed for the purpose of giving light during the darkness of the night. The Captain was dressed in a flannel close shirt, flannel trowsers and night-cap, lambs'-wool stockings, and thick-soled leather shoes. He proceeded till he had gone 70 miles, scarcely varying in regularly performing each round of two miles in  $25\frac{1}{2}$  minutes, taking refreshment at different periods. The Captain commenced at 12 o'clock at night, and performed the whole distance by 22 minutes 4 seconds past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, being *one hour, seven minutes, and fifty-six seconds* within the specified time. He could have continued for several hours longer, if necessary.

In August 1802, Captain Barclay walked from Ury to Dr. Grant's house at Kirkmichael, a distance of 80

miles, where he remained a day and a night, without going to bed, and came back to Ury by dinner on the third day, returning by Craltynaird, making the journey 20 miles longer. The distance altogether over the rugged mountains was 180 miles.

In June 1803, he beat Burke, the pugilist, in a race of a mile and a half, with the greatest ease. In the month of July, he walked from Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, to Newmarket, in ten hours, in one of the hottest days in the season. The distance is 64 miles. He was allowed 12 hours.

The Captain now appeared in the *Sporting World* as a swift runner, and the *knowing ones* were much deceived upon the event. He started in December, in Hyde Park, against Mr. John Ward, to run a quarter of a mile. Two to one against the Captain: however the latter won it, by 10 yards, and run the 440 yards in *fifty-six seconds*.

In March 1804, he undertook, for a wager of 200 guineas, to walk 23 miles in three hours: but, unfortunately, on the day appointed, he was taken ill, and consequently lost the stake.

August 16, 1804, at East Bourne, in Suffolk, he engaged to run two miles in 12 minutes. He performed this undertaking, with great ease, within two seconds and a half of the time.

On the 18th of September, at East Bourne, he ran one mile against Captain Marston, of the 48th regiment, for 100 guineas, and won it in five minutes and seven seconds. At the same place, in a race of a mile, he beat John Ireland, of Manchester, a swift

runner, on the 12th of October, for 500 guineas. Ireland gave in at three-fourths of the mile; but the Captain performed the whole distance in *four minutes and fifty seconds*.

In 1805, Capt. Barclay performed two long walks, at the rate of more than six miles an hour. In March he went from Birmingham to Wrexham in North Wales, by Shrewsbury, *a distance of 72 miles*, between breakfast and dinner. And in July following, he walked from Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, to Seaford, in Sussex, a distance of 64 miles, in 10 hours.

In June, 1806, he walked from Charing Cross to Colchester in Essex, a distance of 55 miles, without stopping to breakfast. In the course of the day he rowed from Gravesend to London and back.

In August, he started against Mr. Goulbourne, a great runner, for a quarter of a mile, in Lord's Cricket Ground. Six to four against the Captain: he however won it in fine style, and performed the distance in one minute and twelve seconds.

In December, the Captain did 100 miles in 19 hours, over the worst road in the kingdom. Exclusive of stoppages, the distance was performed in 17 hours and a half, or at the rate of about five miles and three quarters each hour on the average. In this walk he was attended by his servant William Cross, who also performed the distance in the same time.

In May 1807, Captain Barclay walked 78 miles in 14 hours, over the hilly roads of Aberdeenshire. He remained five hours in the fields walking about, and returned home by nine at night.



In the month following, he made his famous match for 200 guineas, with Abraham Wood the celebrated Lancashire pedestrian. The parties were to go as great a distance as they could in 24 hours, and the Captain was to be allowed 20 miles at starting, to be decided at Newmarket, on the following 12th of October, *play or pay*. A single measured mile on the left-hand side of the turnpike-road leading from Newmarket, towards the ditch, was roped in, and both competitors ran on the same ground. They started precisely at eight o'clock.

The following is an accurate account of the race:—

MR. WOOD.		CAPT. BARCLAY.	
Hours.	Miles.	Hours.	Miles.
1 .....	8	1 .....	6
2 .....	7	2 .....	6
3 .....	7	3 .....	6
4 .....	6½	4 .....	6
5 .....	6	5 .....	6
6 .....	5½	6 .....	6
	<hr/> 40		<hr/> 36

When the pedestrians had performed the above number of hours, Wood resigned the contest; but Captain Barclay walked four miles further to decide some bets. The unexpected termination of this race excited considerable surprise in the *Sporting World*, as it was known to most people present, that Wood had gone 50 miles in seven hours, whilst training, and on a wet day, and he was desirous of continuing his journey,

in a state very fresh, but was stopped lest he should injure himself by the unfavourable state of the weather. He had also done, at Brighton, forty miles in five hours; and he was now expected to do considerably more. Several of those who had betted on Wood, declined paying from the suspicion of something unfair having taken place. It was, however, manifest that Captain Barclay had not the slightest suspicion of any collusion. The regular frequenters of Newmarket said, the bets ought to be paid, although they were of opinion, *the race was thrown over*, or a man may at any time get off his bets. It was the opinion of Sir Charles Bunbury and other distinguished sportsmen, that men should not bet on a foot-race, but if they did such things, they ought to pay. The sporting men from London protested against such doctrine, and declared off. The disputes on this head were finally settled at Tattersall's; when, after some argumentative discourse, it was the opinion of a considerable majority, that the bets ought not to be paid, as it was then well known, that Wood after he had gone 22 miles, had liquid laudanum administered to him by some of his pretended friends, who, to give a show to their designing practices, laid a few bets in his favour of no considerable amount, but procured, by their agents, large bets for considerable sums against him, and that the publican ought to have been indicted with others for a conspiracy.

As an additional instance of the Captain's strength, he performed a most laborious undertaking merely for his amusement in August, 1808. Having gone to

Colonel Murray Farquharson's house, of Allanmore in Aberdeenshire, he went out at five in the morning to enjoy the sport of grouse shooting on the mountains, where he travelled at least 30 miles. He returned to dinner to the Colonel's house by five in the afternoon, and in the evening set off for Ury, a distance of 60 miles, which he walked in 11 hours, without stopping once to refresh. He attended to his ordinary business at home, and in the afternoon walked to Laurencekirk, 16 miles, where he danced at a ball during the night, and returned to Ury, by seven in the morning. He did not yet retire to bed, but occupied the day by partridge-shooting in the fields. He had thus travelled not less than 130 miles, supposing him to have gone only eight miles in the course of the day's shooting at home, and also danced at Laurencekirk, without sleeping, or having been in a bed for two nights and nearly three days.

In December, without any preparation, and immediately after his breakfast, he matched himself against a runner of the Duke of Gordon's to go from Gordon Castle to Huntley Lodge, a distance of 19 miles. The Captain performed it in two hours and eight minutes, beating his opponent five miles. Captain Barclay ran the first nine miles in 50 minutes, although the road was very hilly, and extremely bad.

In October 1808, Captain Barclay made a match with Mr. Webster, a gentleman of great celebrity in the Sporting World; by which Captain Barclay engaged himself to go, on foot, a THOUSAND MILES IN A THOUSAND SUCCESSIVE HOURS, at the rate of a mile



in each and every hour, for a bet of one thousand guineas, to be performed at Newmarkét Heath, and to start on the following first of June.

In the intermediate time of matching and starting, the Captain was in training by Mr. Smith, the old sportsman, and his son. Previous to the attempt being made, the house of Mr. Buckle, the famous jockey, on Newmarket Heath, was engaged for Mr. Barclay's accommodation. From this house, a course of half-a-mile was made, and which the Captain was to go and return to the house every hour; on each side of this course, lamps were placed for the convenience of Mr. Barclay in the night.

To enter into a tedious detail of this matchless performance, would be tiresome to our readers; suffice to say, he started at twelve o'clock at night, on Thursday the 1st of June, in good health and high spirits. His dress, from the commencement of his performance, varied with the weather. Sometimes he walked in a flannel jacket, sometimes in a loose dark grey coat, with strong shoes, and two pair of coarse stockings, the outer pair what are called boot-stockings, without feet, to keep his legs dry. He walked in a sort of lounging gait, without any apparent extraordinary exertion, scarcely raising his feet two inches above the ground. During a great part of the time he was performing his feat, the weather was very rainy, but he felt no inconvenience from it; indeed wet weather, instead of being disadvantageous, was favourable to his exertions; as, during dry weather, he found it necessary to have a water-cart to go over the ground to

keep it cool, and prevent it becoming too hard. Towards the conclusion of the performance, it was said, the Captain suffered much from the spasmodic affection of his legs, so that he could not walk a mile in less than twenty minutes; he, however, eat and drank well, and bets were two to one and five to two on his finishing his journey in the time prescribed him. About eight days before he finished, the sinews of his right leg, which had been in a bad state, became much better, and he continued to pursue his task in high spirits, and consequently bets were ten to one in his favour, in London, at Tattersall's, and other sporting circles.

On Wednesday, July the 12th, Captain Barclay completed his arduous pedestrian undertaking. He had till four o'clock P. M. to finish his task, but he performed his last mile by a quarter of an hour after three, in perfect ease and great spirit, amidst an immense crowd of spectators. The influx of company had so much increased on Sunday, it was recommended that the ground should be roped in. To this, however, Captain Barclay objected, saying, that he did not like such parade. The crowd, however, became so great on Monday, and he had experienced so great interruption, that he was prevailed upon to allow this precaution to be taken, and next morning the workmen began to rope in the ground. For the last two days he appeared in higher spirits, and performed his last mile with apparently more ease, and in a shorter time, than he had done for some days past.

With the change of weather he had thrown off his

loose great coat, which he wore during the rainy period, and performed in a flannel jacket. He also put on shoes remarkably thicker than any which he had used in any previous part of his performance. When asked how he meant to act after he had finished his feat, he said, he should that night take a good sound sleep, but that he must have himself awaked twice or thrice in the night to avoid the danger of a too sudden transition from almost constant exertion to a state of long repose. ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS TO ONE, and, indeed, any odds whatever, were offered on Wednesday morning; but so strong was the confidence in his success that no bets could be obtained. The multitude of people who resorted to the scene of action in the course of the concluding days, was unprecedented. Not a bed could be procured on Tuesday night, at Newmarket, Cambridge, or any of the towns and villages in the vicinity, and every horse and vehicle were engaged. Among the nobility and gentry who witnessed, on Wednesday, the conclusion of this extraordinary feat, were the Dukes of Argyle and St. Alban's; Earls Grosvenor, Besborough and Jersey; Lords Foley and Somerville; Sir John Lade, Sir F. Standish, &c. &c. Captain Barclay had 16,000*l.* depending upon his undertaking. The aggregate of the bets is supposed to amount to 100,000*l.*

Surgeon Sandivor, a professional gentleman of eminence at Newmarket, who had carefully observed him since the commencement of his laborious task, was confident that he could have held out a fortnight longer!!



For a perfect knowledge of the ART OF SELF DEFENCE, as an amateur, Captain BARCLAY, at one period, might be said to have no competitor. His *set-tos* with the late *Game Chicken*, *Jem Belcher*, and also with the *Champion of England*, SHAW, &c. &c. sufficiently proved his great strength, skill, and courage. "*Light play*" was not one of the *traits* of the Captain; he *spared no one*, when in combat, and, brave man like, he never expected any thing by way of "*deference to his rank*" from his opponent. Upon the whole, Captain Barclay must be viewed as a most extraordinary man; and shows the extent of vigour that the human frame derives from EXERCISE.

#### THE MOCKING-BIRD OF AMERICA.

THE plumage of the Mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well-proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements—the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice, full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In the measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon

them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush, or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardour, for half an hour or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail glittering with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; which has thus been beautifully expressed, “He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.” While exerting himself, a by-stander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic,

and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mate, or dive, with precipitation, into the depth of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master.—He squeaks out like a hurt chicken; and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, are followed with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master; though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for vanity, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown-thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the blue-bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screamings of swallows, or the cackling of hens: amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the kill-deer, blue-

jay, martin, and twenty others, succeed with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo; and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable medley.

BIRD of wonder ! nature's darling !

Little vocal prodigy !

Blackbird, linnet, thrush, or starling,

All in turn must yield to thee.

Happy mimic ! naught can 'scape thee,

Dog or cat thou can'st deceive ;

Yet no creature dares to ape thee ;

Man can scarce thy powers believe.

Blithe, surprising, merry creature,

Fraught with every other's note ;

Pleasing, both in form and feature,

With a *melange* in thy throat.

Day and night thy worth proclaim thee

Sovereign of the feather'd throng !

Well may every songster blame thee,

Thine exceeds their sweetest song.



All the sun-day thou sit'st singing,  
 Flutt'ring on expanding wings ;  
 Peal on peal of harmony ringing,  
 Sweet as flower of fragrance springs.

By the moon, from night to morning,  
 Still thy melody is heard ;  
 Time and place, and season scorning,  
 Charming, *matchless*, MOCKING BIRD !

### THE MOORISH WRESTLERS ;

*With some Account of their Equestrian Performances.*

IN Algiers, as well as in other places, on Friday, their Sabbath, in the afternoon, they generally take their recreation ; and amongst their several sports and diversions, they have a comical sort of wrestling, which is performed about a quarter of a mile without the gate, called *Bab el wait*, the western gate. There is a plain just by the sea-side, where, when the people are gathered together, they make a ring, all sitting on the ground, excepting the combatants. Anon there comes one boldly in, and strips all to his drawers. Having done this, he turns his back to the ring, and his face towards his clothes on the ground. He then pitches on his right knee, and throws abroad his arms three times, dashing his hands together as often, just above the ground ; which having done, he puts the back of his hand to the ground, and then kisses his fingers, and puts them to his forehead ; then makes two or three good springs into the middle of the ring, and there he stands with his left hand to his left ear, and his right hand to his left elbow ; in this posture

the *challenger* stands, not looking about, till some one comes into the ring to take him up; and he that comes to take him up, does the very same postures, and then stands by the side of him in the manner aforesaid. Then the tryer of the play comes behind the *pilewans* (for so the wrestlers are termed by them) and covers their naked backs and heads, and makes a short harangue to the spectators.

After this, the *pilewans* face each other, and then both at once slap their hands on their thighs, then clap them together, and then lift them up as high as their shoulders, and cause the palms of their hands to meet, and, with the same, dash their heads one against another three times, so hard that many times the blood runs down. This being done, they walk off from one another, and traverse the ground, eyeing each other like two game cocks. If either of them finds his hands moist, he rubs them on the ground for the better holdfast; and they will make an offer of closing twice or thrice before they do. They will come as often within five or six yards one of the other, and clap their hands to each other, and then put forward the left leg, bowing their bodies, and leaning with the left elbow on the right knee, for a little while, looking one at the other, just like two boxers. Then they walk a turn again; then at it they go; and as they are naked to the middle, so there is but little holdfast; there is much ado before one has a fair cast on his back, they having none of our Devonshire or Cornish skill. He that throws the other goes round the ring, taking money of any that will give it him,

which is but a small matter, it may be a farthing, a halfpenny, or a penny of a person, which is much. Having gone the round, he goes to the tryer, and delivers him the money so collected, who, in a short time, returns it again to the conqueror, and makes a short speech of thanks. While this is doing, two others come into the ring to wrestle. But at their *byrams*, or feasts, those which are the most famous *pilewans* come in to show their parts before the Dey, eight or ten together. These anoint themselves all over with oil, having on their bodies only a pair of leathern drawers, which are well oiled; they stand in the street near *Bab el wait*, (the gate before mentioned) without which are all their sports held, spreading out their arms, as if they would oil people's fine clothes, unless they give some money, which many do to carry on the joke. They are the choice of all the stout wrestlers, and wrestle before the Dey, who sits on a carpet spread on the ground, looking on; and when the sport is over, he gives two or three dollars to each. After which the Dey, with the Bashaw, mount their horses, and several *Spahys* ride one after another, throwing sticks made like lances at each other; and the Dey rides after one or other of them, who is his favourite, and throws his wooden lance at him; and if he happens to hit him, the *Spahy* comes off his horse to the Dey who gives him money. After all which diversions, they ride to the place where the Dey has a tent pitched, and there they spend the afternoon in eating and drinking coffee, and pleasant talk, but no wine. The Dey usually appears in no great splen-

dour at Algiers ; as he often rides into the town from his garden in a morning on his mule, attended only by a slave on another.

The Moors frequently amuse themselves by riding with the utmost apparent violence against a wall, and a stranger would conceive it impossible for them to avoid being dashed to pieces ; when just as the horse's head touches the wall, they stop him with the utmost accuracy. To strangers on horseback, or on foot, it is also a common species of compliment to ride violently up to them, as if intending to trample them to pieces, and then to stop their horses short, and fire a musket in their faces. Upon these occasions they are very proud in discovering their dexterity in horsemanship, by making the animal rear up, so as almost to throw him on his back, putting him immediately after on the full speed for a few yards, then stopping him instantaneously, and all this is accompanied by loud and hollow cries.

There is another favourite amusement, which displays perhaps superior agility. A number of persons on horseback start at the same moment, accompanied with loud shouts, gallop at full speed to an appointed spot, when they stand up strait in the stirrups, put the reins, which are very long, in their mouths, level their pieces, and fire them off : throw their firelocks immediately over their right shoulders, and stop their horses nearly at the same instant. This also is their manner of engaging in an action.



## VORACITY OF THE HERON.

IN the month of April, 1818, as a person was walking a short distance from the river Mole, in the neighbourhood of Cobham Park, Surrey, where H. C. Combe, Esq. has a *heronry*, he was surprised by a pike in weight full 2lbs. dropping from the air immediately before him; on looking up, he perceived a large heron hovering over him, which had no doubt dropped the fish from its beak. And also during the same month, another individual near the above spot, saw a heron take a fish from the water, and after carrying it to a bank insert its bill into the vent of the fish, beginning to suck its entrails: he drove away the bird, and on taking up the fish, found it to be a pike weighing a pound and upwards.

## NABOB AND TIGER.

A NABOB once, for pleasure or for sport,  
 A tiger kept some distance from his court;  
 And as in parts where best such things are known,  
 'Tis wiser deem'd those brutes should live *alone*,  
 He therefore built, on some adjacent ground,  
 A mansion strong, and fenc'd with wall around;  
 Likewise so high, that it was thought, no doubt,  
 None could leap *in*, nor those within leap *out*:  
 Yet true it was, (I've heard my author tell,  
 Who knew the story and the Nabob well);  
 One fatal night, as, prowling round for prey,  
 A ROVING TIGER chanc'd to pass that way;  
 And by some token, or, as some suppose,  
 Soon found each other, by mere *dint of nose*;  
 The midnight hour, with frightful yellings rung,  
 And on the roof the vagrant hero sprung;

Quick thro' the same his desperate way he tore,  
 With dreadful threat'nings and tremendous roar ;  
 Their active jaws soon foamed with streaming gore,  
 And bath'd around, with blood, the reeking floor :  
 Hard was the fight, and (horrid to relate),  
 The flesh they tore the savage monsters eat ;  
 So fierce the war, that, saving teeth and nails,  
 Nothing was found next morning—but *their tails.*

## WEIGHT FOR INCHES.

It may prove a matter of intelligence to those persons unconnected with the movements and terms of the Sporting World, to understand that the graduated scale for a match, when made for two or more horses to run and carry *weight for inches*, is thus: that horses measuring 14 hands are each to carry nine stone, above or below which height, they are to carry seven pounds more or less, for every inch they are higher or lower than the fourteen hands fixed as the criterion.

*Example.*—A horse measuring 14 hands one inch and a half, (four inches making one hand) will carry nine stone, ten pounds, eight ounces: a horse measuring 13 hands two inches and a half, will carry only eight stone, three pounds, eight ounces; the former being one inch and a half above the 14 hands, the other one inch and a half below it; the weight is therefore added or diminished by the eighth of every inch, higher or lower, weight in proportion.

These Plates were so exceedingly popular at one time, that very few country courses were without one

of this description, and were better known by the name of GIVE-AND-TAKE PLATES.

It is therefore seen, that a horse being 16 hands and a half high, will have to carry 13 stone, three pounds, eight ounces; while, in all probability, the *knowing sportsman's* horse will have to carry 10 stone seven pounds only, making a difference in the weight of two stone, ten pounds, eight ounces. Superiority of *speed* will therefore be a great point in view before a match is made upon the above conditions.

#### THE LATE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

THE late Duke of Hamilton was generally conceived to be a sportsman of the first feather, and his fame on the turf is already so well known, that it would be useless any farther to be his commentator.

Nature had been particularly bountiful to his Grace; his form was manly, his perception quick, and to the strength of Antæus was added the eye of Discobolus: he had the courage of the lion, and his humanity will be better shown in the following circumstance.

As the Duke was returning to town in his phaeton, his progress was impeded near the King of Bohemia's head, Turnham-green, by a vindictive coachman, who was lacerating a pair of fine young horses, in harness, and using to them language the most indecorous. "Fellow," said the Duke, "If I knew your master, I would presently give him notice of your cruelty." "If you'll get down," replied the savage, "I'll serve you in the like manner." The Duke passed the infuriated fellow, and waited his coming at the Horse and

Groom turnpike, where, having arrived, his Grace again reproved him for his conduct; and the other not knowing with whom he had to cope, once more became still more abusive, when the Duke giving his coat to his man, bid the coachman defend himself, which he instantly did, and after a few rounds was so dreadfully *punished* as to lie on his back and cry for mercy. "You have it," said the Duke, "though you could show none to your horses, who, though they wanted the tongues to complain, have found a friend in the Duke of Hamilton." The fellow, in consequence of the drubbing, took to his bed, and being turned from his master's service, the Duke allowed his wife one guinea a week till his perfect recovery.

To the great grief of his friends, his Grace was cut off in the very bloom of his youth, and the world was deprived of one whose enlightened conduct ever went to show that man was not born for himself alone—his gates at all times open to the worthy, and and his tables spread with the hands of liberality.

If to his share some lighter errors fell,  
 This truth let friendship to his mem'ry tell :  
 His heart was honest, to the good sincere,  
 And scorn'd the pomp of fools, tho' born a peer,  
 Nor place, nor pension, ever fill'd his thought,  
 He lov'd his country, as a Briton ought.  
 Against the wand'rer never clos'd his doors,  
 But where he merit found, dispens'd his stores.  
 Let those, the wealthy, of his high estate,  
 Pursue his virtues, and be truly great !

A better cricketer than the Duke of Hamilton seldom stood before a wicket; the best bowlers found much



difficulty to derange his stumps, and there was a mark in Lord's Old Ground, called the Duke's stroke; it was of an unusual length, measuring from the wicket to where the ball first fell, 132 yards, a circumstance scarcely paralleled.

For manly exercise his Grace had few equals; he has frequently been known, to get him, as he would call it, an appetite to his breakfast, to take a wherry at Westminster Bridge, and to give a waterman a guinea to pull against him to Chelsea Bridge, where, in addition, he would reward his opponent, should he arrive first, which was very seldom the case.

The pugilistic science was a great favourite with the Duke. The following circumstance was related to us by the late George Morland, the painter. The Duke coming to town early with Hooper, the tinman, in his way to Half Moon Street, stopped at the Rummer Tavern, Charing Cross, and entered where Mr. Morland was taking breakfast, who, leaping up at Mr. Hooper's appearance, good-naturedly put himself in a posture of defence. "Ah! are you good at that," said the Duke, instantly stepping to his phaeton and returning with the sparring gloves. "Here, Morland," said his Grace, "put them on, and we will have a turn together." In vain did the painter protest his inability to cope with the Duke. Spar he must, and after the Duke had beat him over the chairs and tables till Morland could no longer stand, his Noble opponent seized him by the hand, good-naturedly took him in his carriage, and set Morland down at his own house, in the Edgware Road, Paddington. The

Duke was also distinguished for his superior knowledge respecting the BREED OF DOGS.

## THE BULL BAIT.

WHAT creature's that, so fierce and bold,  
That springs, and scorns to loose his hold?

His teeth, like saw-hooks, meet !  
The bleeding victim roars aloud,  
While savage yells convulse the crowd;  
Who shout on shout repeat.

It is the *bull-dog*, matchless, brave,  
Like Britons on the swelling wave,  
Amidst the battle's flood.

It is the bull-dog, dauntless hound,  
That pins the mourner to the ground,  
His nostrils dropping blood.

The stake-bound captive snorts and groans,  
While pain and torture rack his bones,

Gored both without and in ;  
One desperate act of strength he tries,  
And high in air the bull-dog flies--  
Yet toss'd to fight again.

He falls--and scarcely feels the earth,  
Ere innate courage shows its worth,

His eye-balls flashing fire !  
Again he dares his lusty foe--  
Again aloft is doom'd to go--  
Falls--struggles--and expires.

SINGULAR PEDESTRIAN FEAT PERFORMED WITH  
A COACH-WHEEL.

ON Monday, the 11th of August, 1817, Blumsell, a painter, in the employ of Mr. Marks, coach-maker, New Road, Mary-le-bone, undertook, for a wager of

forty guineas, to run a coach-wheel the distance of 30 miles in six hours. The ground fixed for the performance of this arduous undertaking, was the Regent's Park, the circumference of which is about three miles and a quarter; he started at half-past one o'clock, and completed the wager at 24 minutes past seven in the evening, being six minutes within the time, with perfect ease. He performed 14 miles the first two hours, and then rested about ten minutes. Great bets were depending, and an immense number of people assembled on the occasion. He was so fresh the last mile as to be induced to challenge a lad, who had some time been running along with him, that he would make the winning post first. He was so completely master of the wheel, that he never let it fall to the ground during the whole distance.

#### ACCOUNT OF CAVANAGH,

#### *A celebrated Fives Player.\**

"WHEN a person dies,† who does any thing better than any one else in the world, which so many others are trying to do well, it leaves a gap in society. It is not likely that any one will now see the game of FIVES played in its perfection for many years to come—for CAVANAGH is dead, and has not left his peer behind him. It may be said that there are things of more importance than striking a ball against a wall—there are things indeed that make more noise and do

\* From "The Examiner."

† JOHN CAVANAGH died in January, 1819, in Burbage Street, St. Giles's.

as little good, such as making war and peace, making speeches and answering them, making verses and blotting them, making money and throwing it away. But the GAME OF FIVES is what no one despises who has ever played at it. It is the finest exercise for the body, and the best relaxation for the mind. The Roman poet said, that "Care mounted behind the horseman and stuck to his skirts." But this remark would not have applied to the *Fives* player. He who takes to playing at Fives is twice young. He feels neither the past nor future "in the instant." Debts, taxes, "domestic treason, foreign levy, nothing can touch him further." He has no other wish, no other thought, from the moment the game begins, but that of striking the ball, of placing it, of *making* it. This CAVANAGH was sure to do. Whenever he touched the ball, there was an end of the chase. His eye was certain, his hand fatal, his presence of mind complete. He could do what he pleased, and he always knew exactly what to do. He saw the whole game, and played it; took instant advantage of his adversary's weakness, and recovered balls, as if by a miracle and sudden thought, that every one gave for lost. He had equal power and skill, quickness and judgment. He could either outwit his antagonist by finesse, or beat him by main strength. Sometimes when he seemed preparing to send the ball with the full swing of his arm, he would by a slight turn of his wrist drop it within an inch of the line. In general, the ball came from his hand, as if from a racket, in a strait horizontal line; so that it was in vain to attempt to overtake or stop it. As it



was said of a great orator, that he never was at a loss for a word, and for the properest word, so CAVANAGH always could tell the degree of force necessary to be given to a ball, and the precise direction in which it should be sent. He did his work with the greatest ease; never took more pains than was necessary, and while others were fagging themselves to death, was as cool and collected as if he had just entered the court. His style of play was as remarkable as his power of execution; he had no affectation, no trifling. He did not throw away the game to show off an attitude or try an experiment. He was a fine, sensible, manly player, who did what he could, but that was more than any one could even affect to do. His blows were not undecided and ineffectual—lumbering like Mr. Wordsworth's epic poetry, nor wavering like Mr. Coleridge's lyric prose, nor short of the mark like Mr. Brougham's speeches, nor wide of it like Mr. Canning's wit, nor foul like the *Quarterly*, nor *let balls* like the *Edinburgh Review*. COBBETT and JUNIUS together would have made a CAVANAGH. He was the best *up-hill* player in the world; even when his adversary was fourteen, he would play on the same or better, and as he never flung away the game through carelessness and conceit, he never gave it up through laziness or want of heart. The only peculiarity of his play was, that he never volleyed, but let the balls top; but if they rose an inch from the ground, he never missed having them. There was not only nobody equal, but nobody second to him. It is supposed that he could give any other player half the

game, or beat them with his left hand. His service was tremendous. He once played Woodward and Meredith together (two of the best players in England) in the Fives Court, St. Martin's Street, and made seven and twenty aces following by services alone—a thing unheard of. He another time played Peru, who was considered a first-rate fives player, a match of the best out of five games, and in the three first games, which of course decided the match, Peru got only one ace. CAVANAGH was an Irishman by birth, and a house-painter by profession. He had once laid aside his working-dress, and walked up, in his smartest clothes, to the Rosemary Branch, to have an afternoon's pleasure. A person accosted him, and asked him if he would have a game. So they agreed to play for half-a-crown a game, and a bottle of cider. The first game began—it was seven, eight, ten, thirteen, fourteen, ALL. CAVANAGH won it. The next was the same. They played on, and each game was hardly contested. "There," said the unconscious fives player, "there was a stroke that CAVANAGH could not take: I never played better in my life, and yet I can't win a game. I don't know how it is." However, they played on, Cavanagh winning every game, and the by-standers drinking the cider and laughing all the time. In the twelfth game, when Cavanagh was only four, and the stranger thirteen, a person came in, and said, "What! are you here Cavanagh?" The words were no sooner pronounced than the astonished player let the ball drop from his hand, and saying, "What! have I been breaking my heart all this time

to beat Cavanagh," refused to make another effort. "And yet, I give you my word," said Cavanagh, telling the story with some triumph, "I played all the while with my clenched fist." He used frequently to play matches at Copenhagen-house for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they play is the same that supports the kitchen-chimney, and when the wall resounded louder than usual, the cooks exclaimed, "Those are the Irishman's balls," and the joints trembled on the spit!

Goldsmith consoled himself that there were places where he too was admired; and Cavanagh was the admiration of all the Fives Courts where he ever played. Mr. Powell, when he played matches in the Court in St. Martin's Street, used to fill his gallery at half-a-crown a head, with amateurs and admirers of talent in whatever department it is shown. He could not have shown himself in any ground in England, but he would have been immediately surrounded with inquisitive gazers, trying to find out in what part of his frame his unrivalled skill lay, as politicians wonder to see the balance of Europe suspended in Lord Castlereagh's face, and admire the trophies of the British Navy lurking under Mr. Croker's hanging brow. Now Cavanagh was as good looking a man as the noble Lord, and much better looking than the Right Honourable Secretary. He had a clear, open, countenance, and did not look sideways or down like Mr. Murray the bookseller. He was a young fellow of sense, humour, and courage. He once had a quarrel with a waterman at Hungerford-stairs, and

they say, *served him* out in great style. In a word, there are hundreds at this day, who cannot mention his name without admiration, as the best fives player that perhaps ever lived, (the greatest excellence of which they have any notion,) and the *noisy shout of the ring* happily stood him instead of the unheard voice of posterity. The only person who seem to have excelled as much in another way as Cavanagh did in his, was the late *John Davies*, the *racket-player*. It was remarked of him that he did not seem to follow the ball, but the ball seemed to follow him. Give him a foot of wall, and he was sure to make the ball. The four best racket-players of that day, were *Jack Spines*, *Jem Harding*, *Armitage*, and *Church*. *Davies* could give any one of these two hands a time, that is, half the game, and each of these, at their best, could give the best player, now in London, the same odds. Such are the gradations in all exertions of human skill and art. He once played four capital players together and beat them. He was also a first-rate tennis player, and an excellent fives player. In the Fleet or King's Bench he would have stood against *Powell*, who was reckoned the best open-ground player of his time. This last-mentioned player is at present the keeper of the FIVES COURT, and we might recommend to him for a motto over his door—"Who enters here forgets himself, his country, and his friends." And the best of it is, that by the calculation of the odds, none of the three are worth remembering!—CAVANAGH died from the bursting of a blood-vessel, which prevented him from playing for



the last two or three years. This, he was often heard to say, he thought hard upon him. He was fast recovering however, when he was suddenly carried off, to the regret of all who knew him. As Mr. Peel made it a qualification of the present Speaker, Mr. Manners Sutton, that he was an excellent moral character, so JACK CAVANAGH was a zealous Catholic, and could not be persuaded to eat meat on a Friday, the day on which he died. We have paid this willing tribute to his memory :—

“ Let no rude hand deface it,  
And his forlorn—*Hic jacet.*”

#### THE BUMPKIN AND STABLE-KEEPER.

YOUNG Ned, a sort of clownish beau, one day  
Quick to a livery-stable hied away,

To look among the nags ;

A journey in the country he was going,  
And wanted to be mounted well and knowing,

And make among the bumpkins his *brags*.

The rogue in horses show'd him many a hack,

And swore that better never could be mounted ;

But still young Ned at *hiring one* was *slack*,

And more, or less, their shape and make he scouted.

A *gentlemanly steed* I want to cut a shine,

So that I may be dashing call'd and fine,

And set relations, friends, acquaintance, *staring*,—

From *London* to look *vulgar*, there's no bearing.

True, quoth the jockey, with attentive bow,

And look'd his customer quite through and through,

I see the case indeed, exactly, now,

And have a *horse*, that to a *T* will do ;

He found the cash was plenty, and all ready,  
And mounted to his utmost wishes, NEDDY.

Sarcastically muttering as he rode off,  
At thee the natives cannot fail to scoff;  
So far, most proper 'tis indeed,  
That thou should'st have a *handsome* steed;  
For where TWO *animals* a travelling hie,  
ONE should be *gentlemanly*, by the bye!

SPORTING CHARACTERS; OR, A PEEP AT  
TATTERSALL'S

"I WISH the Derby was at ——" "Why so hasty, my dear Lord?" cried I, stopping Lord Curricule, as he swung out of Tattersall's yard. "Ha! is it you?" said he; "*you* (with vast emphasis on the word, and in a strain of *aigre-doux*) are never out of temper. But to be persuaded out of one's opinion—to act against one's judgment, and then to be done out of a large sum of money, is enough, I think (shrugging up his shoulders, and fixing his eyes on a tall thin young man near him) to make any person swear." "I am truly sorry," replied I, "for your Lordship's misfortune; but how did it happen?"

"Oh! d—n sorrow," said he, hastily; "grieving, my dear sir, is folly, and as for pity, I hate the very name of it. There is no such thing as genuine pity: it is contempt that is so miscalled: just as a fellow passes you by, if you are thrown from your horse in hunting, with 'My good sir, I am really sorry to see you down! are you hurt? can I help you?' and off he seampers, a broad grin on his countenance, or his

tongue tucked in his cheek; or, as a bolder black-guard, dismounts, comes up to you with his pawing and prancing steed hung by the bridle on his arm, bursts out a laughing, but helps you to rise, a rib stove in, or a collar-bone broken, and says, ‘ My dear sir, pardon my d—d nonsense, nature is so very perverse; I never could, in all my life, help laughing at an accident; but are you really much hurt? my servant shall catch your horse for you; I am truly grieved at your misfortune;’ and off he flies, comes up with some break-neck rider of a friend, with whom he enjoys the joke, and would just laugh in the same way at him in a similar situation, and then tells all the Melton men what a bad rider you are. Is this true sorrow? is this genuine pity? No, and be d—d to it: it is malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness; it is any thing but sympathy or Christian charity; it is, I believe, for I never trouble the Bible, the Pharisee and the Publican—the fellow who thanks his stars that he is not like that poor sinner.”

“I did not know that your Lordship knew so much of holy writ,” observed I, as I saw him get ease from thus venting his rage, and triumph in his happy quotation and in his great knowledge of the scripture. He now shook me by the hand, and parted, with “Thank you, my dear fellow, but never, d’ye see, pity me. I have been fooled out of my money, and that’s all.—Sam, give me my horse;” and off he cantered.

On a moment’s reflection, I began to perceive that his Lordship was not altogether so wrong in his stric-

tures on the human heart. How many who seem to pity—who wear grief upon their tongue for our misfortunes, bear a triumph in their heart! How many are there whose pity is a mockery—whose sympathy is an empty sound!

But I now turned my eyes to the tall thin young man. He was a Dandy—a complete Dandy; and, as every one in high life knows what a Dandy is, I shall not further describe him. He was counting a parcel of bank-notes, and cramming them into a small Morocco pocket-book; the transparency of the notes discovered to me that they were fifties and hundreds, and the bundle seemed rather voluminous. His face was, naturally, the silliest I ever saw, yet it had a dash of low cunning in it; I saw him wink at an elderly Baronet who was standing in the crowd, and keeping up the price of a friend's horses which were for sale; and they exchanged a sly look, which said, "We have properly done the Peer."

As I never was a turfman, and am only a spectator of what our Dandies and Ruffians do, I should never have arrived at the bottom of all this without the explanation which I obtained from Tom Maberly, an old college acquaintance, who was at *Tattersall's*, selling off his hounds, and whom I perceived in a roar of laughter at Captain Lavender, an Exquisite of the Guards, not long emerged from Eton, dressed as if he came out of a band-box, and storming like a madman at being *saddled* (as he termed it) with a lot of horses which he never meant to purchase, but which he was hoaxed into bidding for, and which were



knocked down to him at an enormous price. Tom (here was *a pity again*) modestly offered the Exquisite half what he had just paid for the horses, saying, " Upon my soul I am sorry for your being taken in, but it can't be helped, *a man must PAY for experience*, and if you will dabble on the turf, and with turfmen, you must be more on your guard."

I saw that Lord Curricie was not so much out in his bad opinion of the world. But let me explain these two transactions, Tom told me that the Young Ruffian, (not the bruiser, but a gentleman,) in conjunction with another honest friend, (the Baronet,) had practised what they technically termed a *throw-over*. The one advised the Peer, motivated by superior information, to lay his money in opposition to his own judgment, and the latter was to go halves in the bet. The bet was lost to the tall thin young man, who was, in reality, a confederate with the other ; the half, seemingly lost by the Baronet, was returned to him, and the two friends divided the spoil. " Is it possible that gentlemen should practise such vile tricks ? " exclaimed I. " Oh ! yes," said Tom, " these things are common."

The case of Captain Lavender was as follows : Mr. Squander had, in three winters in London, run through, a very fine property ; he was overwhelmed with annuitants, book, bill, and bond obligations ; and it was very doubtful whether the sale of his estates would cover all his debts—the more particularly as he was to give *a preference to his debts of HONOUR*, (namely the money which he owed at play, and some

part of which he had been defrauded of by *titled* and fashionable gamblers,) leaving the necessitous workman, the industrious tradesman, and his unpaid servants, to do the best they could. Thus circumstanced, it was agreed that he should migrate to France, and make a rapid sale of his stud, before the storm broke upon his head, and before a seizure of his horses and carriages took place. His friends agreed to attend the sale for him, and Tom Maberly was to give his aid; Mr. Squander prevailed upon Young Lavender to keep up the prices of his horses, in which he was assisted by a Buck Parson and the stud groom, who took care not to buy in. The two green-horns considered it as understood that the horses were to be bought in at a certain price, and that the money, which they were nominally to give, was to be returned. But when they found that they had actually bought these horses, at prices so much above their value, and that Mr. Squander had already crossed the water, a circumstance which he had not made known to them—they became furious. It was too late, however, their money was paid down, and the amount was secretly sent over to France.

I have no terms of contempt sufficiently strong to reprobate such conduct. If gentlemen can league together for the purposes of dishonesty and of plunder, what can be expected from the lower orders? With such examples, can we wonder at fraudulent bankruptcies, at swindling tricks, or even at open robbery in the inferior ranks of life? Or may we not suspect that HONOUR, which is but the refinement of

honesty, as delicacy of sentiment and discriminative equity is but the educated child of probity, has deserted the higher classes, and has quitted the gilded palace to sojourn and to pine in the straw-covered and wretched cabin. Then, indeed, may we say with the poet, that

“Honesty is a ragged virtue,”

and that BOILEAU, so just in all his other conclusions, is mistaken in saying, that “*Dans le monde il n’est rien beau que l’équité, &c.*” But let us turn away from so unpleasant and humiliating a picture to take a *general view of the busy scenes at Tattersall’s*, where Peers and other movers in high life, descend to be quite men of business, at times—where such a large portion of rank and fashion is occasionally assembled—and where I was drawn, neither as a dealer nor for a lounge, but merely, to meet a friend, who went to purchase a young ruined rake’s fine set of carriage-horses, and from whom I wanted to get a couple of franks for the Dowager Lady Mac Tab.

A masquerade could scarcely exhibit more motley groups than the attendants of this place of fashionable resort. There were Peers, Baronets, Members of Parliament, Turf-gentlemen, and Turf-servants, Jockies, Grooms, Horse-dealers, Gamblers, &c. There you might see the oldest and some of the best blood in England, disguised like coachmen, or like the whippers-in of a pack of hounds; there, master and man consulting about the purchase or the sale of a horse

in one place a person of rank taking the advice of a horse-jockey or a dealer, on the subject of some match or race; in another, a fat grazier or a flashy butcher aping the gentleman in new boots, &c. and come in order to pick up a bargain; one corner displayed the anxious disappointed countenance of a seller; the opposite one discovered the elate, yet perhaps more completely *gulled*, buyer, who was paying cent. per cent. for fashion, or half as much again for a *pedigreed* horse as he was worth, and whose pedigree was, probably, made out only by the horse-dealer. In the centre of the crowd stood idlers, loungers, gentlemen who had nothing to do but to attend sales without purchasing, and to promenade the parks without knowing or being known to any one. These were discernible by the apathy of their unmoved features. A little aside stood some parliamentary characters talking of the last night's debates. Just by the entrance was a band of gaudy ruffians, canvassing the merits of Smolensko; and without stood a knot of Exquisites praising the beauties of Lady Mary. Near the Knight of the Hammer were half-a-dozen dragoons and some life-guardsmen, dressed half *en bourgeois* half *à la militaire*, with a crooked gambler and a buck clergyman; whilst Lord Wronghead was posted in the middle, with his coachman at his elbow, nudging him occasionally, in order to direct him how to bid for a pair of curricie-horses. Some well-dressed pick-pockets eagerly on the lookout, and a parcel of led horses and grooms, with some fine dogs, completed this assemblage.



## CUPPING ON THE TURF..

AT Oxford Races, in 1817, as soon as the gold cup was run for, and the winner declared, an express set off for Brighton *to give the office* (to use the language of the turf) to certain confederates at that place, where it was previously known a party of sporting gentlemen, deeply interested in the event, were enjoying the breezes of the sea-air. The person going express, being rather above *jockey-weight*, did not arrive at Brighton until after the party had retired to rest;—early in the morning the confederates received the news of what horse had won, and the nets were spread to catch the gudgeons; several took the bait, but the chief sufferer was a gentleman well known in the vicinity of Drury-lane Theatre, who, on being accosted a few mornings after, on the Steyne, by a friend, with “ Well *Sam*, how do you do ?” replied, “ Oh, I find myself much better, since I bathed in the warm bath, and was *cupped at Oxford*.”

## TIGER AND LION HUNTING IN HINDOSTAN.

THE following sporting description of a Tiger and Lion hunt, in the upper regions of Hindostan, in which chase the MARCHIONESS of HASTINGS took a distinguished part, is thus narrated by this British lady, (the amiable partner of the Governor-General,) on her return to England from India.

Sanghee, 60 miles N.W. of Diblee, 22d March, 1818.

“ We had elephants, guns, balls, and all other necessities prepared, and about seven in the morning

we set off. The soil was exactly like that we had gone over last night: our course lay N. W. The jungle was generally composed of *Corinda* bushes, which was stunted and thin, and looked like ragged thorn bushes: nothing could be more desolate in appearance; it seemed as if we had got to the furthest limit of cultivation, or the haunts of man. At times the greener bushes of jungle, the usual abodes of the beasts of prey during the day-time, and the few huts scattered here and there, which could hardly be called villages, seemed like islands in the desert waste around us. We stopped near two or three of these green tufts, which generally surrounded a lodgment of water, or little ponds, in the midst of the sand.

“The way in which these ferocious animals are traced out is very curious, and, if related in England, would scarcely be credited. A number of unarmed, half-naked villagers, go prying from side to side of the bush, just as a boy in England would look after a strayed sheep, or peep after a bird’s nest. Where the jungle was too thick for them to see through, the elephants, putting their trunks down into the bush, forced their way through, tearing up every thing by the roots before them. About four miles from our tents we were all surrounding a bush, which might be some fifty yards in circumference (*all* includes William Fraser, alone upon his great elephant, Mr. Barton and myself upon another equally large, Mr. Wilder upon another, and eight other elephants; horsemen at a distance, and footmen peeping into the bushes). Our different elephants were each

endeavouring to force his way through, when a great elephant, without a *houdah* on his back, called 'Muckna,' a fine and much esteemed kind of elephant (a male without large teeth), put up, from near the centre of the bush, a royal tiger. In an instant Fraser called out, 'Now, Lady H—, be calm, be steady, and take a good aim, here he is.' I confess, at the moment of thus suddenly coming upon our ferocious victim, my heart beat very high, and, for a second, I wished myself far enough off; but curiosity, and the eagerness of the chase, put fear out of my head in a minute: the tiger made a charge at the Muckna, and then ran back into the jungle. Mr. Wilder then put his elephant in, and drove him out at the opposite side. He charged over the plain away from us, and Wilder fired two balls at him, but knew not whether they took effect. The bush in which he was found was one on the west bank of one of those little half-dry ponds of which I have spoken. Mr. Barton and I conjecturing that, as there was no other thick cover near, he would probably soon return, took our stand in the centre of the open space: in a minute the tiger ran into the bushes on the east side; I saw him quite plain: we immediately put our elephants into the bushes, and poked about till the horsemen, who were reconnoitring round the outside of the whole jungle, saw him slink under the bushes to the north side: hither we followed him, and from thence traced him by his growling, back to the outer part of the eastern bushes. Here he started out just before the trunk of our elephant, with a tremendous growl or

grunt, and made a charge at another elephant, farther out on the plain, retreating again immediately under cover. Fraser fired at him, but we supposed without effect; and he called to us for our elephant to pursue him into his cover.

“With some difficulty, we made our way through to the inside of the southern bushes; and as we were looking through the thicket, we perceived beau tiger slinking away under them. Mr. Barton fired, and hit him a mortal blow about the shoulder or back, for he instantly was checked; and my ball, which followed the same instant, threw him down. We two then discharged our whole artillery, which originally consisted of two double-barrelled guns, loaded with slugs, and and a pair of pistols. Most of them took effect, as we could discover by his wincing, for he was not above ten yards from us at any time, and at one moment, when the elephant chose to take fright, and turn his head round, away from the beast, running his haunches almost into the bush, not *five*. By this time William Fraser had come round, and discharged a few balls at the tiger, which lay looking at us, grinning and growling, his ears thrown back, but unable to stir. A pistol, fired by me, shattered his lower jaw-bone; and immediately, as danger of approaching him was now over, one of the villagers, with a match-lock, went close to him, and applying the muzzle of his piece to the nape of his neck, shot him dead, and put him out of his pain. The people then dragged him out, and we dismounted to look at him, pierced through and through; yet one could not contemplate



him without satisfaction, as we were told that he had infested the high road, and carried off many passengers. One hears of the *roar* of a tiger, and fancies it like that of a bull; but, in fact, it is more like the grunt of a hog, though twenty times louder, and certainly one of the most tremendous animal noises one can imagine.

“ Our tiger was thrown across an elephant, and we continued our course to the south-west. In a jungle at the distance of about two miles, we started a wild hog, which ran as hard as it could from us, pursued by a *Soowar*, without success. Soon after we started, in a more open part of the plain, a herd of the nilghau. This animal is in appearance something between a horse, a cow, and a deer; delicate in its legs and feet like the latter, of a bluish grey colour, with a small hump on its shoulders, covered with a mane. Innumerable hares and partridges started up on every side of us. The flat, dreary waste still continued, though here and there, at the distance of some miles, we met with a few ploughed lands, and boys tending herds of buffaloes.

“ In a circuit of about sixteen miles we beat up many jungles, in the hope of rousing a lion, but without success. One of these jungles, in particular, was uncommonly pretty; it had water in the midst of it, in which was a large herd of buffaloes, cooling themselves. We returned home at three P.M.; and after a dish of tea, I fell asleep, and did not awake till eleven at night.

“ On the 23d, we again set off at nine A.M. in

quest of three lions, which we heard were in a jungle about six miles to the north-east of our tents. The ground we passed over was equally flat with that of yesterday, but it was ploughed. When we came to the edge of the jungle, not unlike the skirts of a coppice in England, and which was principally composed of stumpy peep-le-trees, and the willow-like shrub I observed the other evening, Fraser desired us to halt, whilst he went on foot to obtain information. The people from the neighbourhood assembled round us in crowds, and in a few minutes all the trees in the jungle appeared to be crowned with men, placed there by Fraser for observation. After waiting nearly an hour, we were at last sent for. We found him posted just by the side of the great canal, which was cut by the Emperor Firoze, across the country, from the Jumna, at Firozeabad, to Dehlee, for the purpose of supplying the cultivation of this part of the country with water. Fraser had received intelligence of both a lion and a tiger being in this jungle, which now chokes up this canal. He desired Barton and myself to go down upon our elephant, and watch the bed of the canal; moving slowly towards the south, while he should enter and advance in the contrary direction: the rest of the party were to beat the jungle above, where it was so very thick, that in most places it would have been impossible for an elephant to attempt to force a passage through it.

“ When he had gone about a quarter of a mile down the Nulla, there being but just room at the bottom for our elephant to walk clear of the bushes,

we came to a spot where it was a little wider, and where some water had collected. Here we fell in with Fraser, on his elephant, who had met with no better success than ourselves, though we had all searched every bush as closely as we could with our eyes in passing along. He desired us to wait there a few minutes, while he mounted the bank above to look after the rest of the elephants; though none of us were very sanguine of sport here, from the jungle being so thick, and so extensive on every side. He had hardly gone away, when the people in the trees called out that they saw the wild beast in the bushes on our left hand: and in a few minutes a lioness crossed the narrow neck of the canal, just before us, and clambered up the opposite bank. I immediately fired, but missed her; the men pointed that she had run along the bank to the westward. We turned round, and had the mortification of seeing her again dart across the path, and run into the water, through the Nulla, for some yards; at which moment our elephant became refractory; kept wheeling about, and was so unsteady as to make it impossible for us to fire. However, we followed her up to the thicket in which she had taken shelter, and put the elephant's head right into it, when we had the satisfaction to hear her growling close to us. Just as we were expecting her charge every minute, and had prepared our muskets ready to point at her, round wheeled the elephant again, and became perfectly unmanageable.

“ During the scuffle between the elephant and the *Mahout*, we heard the cry, that the lioness was again

running down the bank, and a gun went off. She again crossed the Nulla, and saw the partridges start up from a thicket into which she had penetrated. Just as we got our elephant to go well in, she ran back again, and couched under a thicket on our left hand bank, near to which she had originally been started. All this happened in the space of a short minute. Fraser then called to us to come round the bush, as the lioness being in a line between him and us, we hindered him from firing. Just as we got out of his reach he fired; and as soon as our elephant stopped I did the same: both shots took effect, for the poor lioness stirred not from the spot, but lay and growled, in rather a more mellow or hollow tone than that of a tiger. All our guns were loaded with slugs, and, after a few discharges, the poor lioness tried to sally from her covert, and rolled over and over into the bed of the canal below. Her loins were evidently all cut to pieces, and her hind parts trailed after her. This was lucky for us, as her fore parts appeared to be strong and unhurt. She reared herself upon her fore legs, and cast towards us a look that bespoke revenge, complaint, and dignity, which I thought to be quite affecting; perhaps, however, it was the old prejudice in favour of lions that made me fancy this, as well as that there was an infinite degree of spirit and dignity in her attitude; her head, half averted from us, was turned back, as if ready to start at us, if the wounds in her loins had not disabled her. As it was now mercy to fire, and put an end to her sufferings, I took a steady aim, and shot her right through



the head; she fell dead at once, and it was found, on going up to her, that the ball had completely carried away her lower jaw. Her body was dragged up the bank, and Fraser pronounced her to be not two years old.

“ We now learnt, that the shot we had heard, when down below, was occasioned by the lioness having made a spring at a poor man, who stood panic-struck, unable to discharge his piece or to run away. She had thrown him down, and got him completely under her, and his turban into her mouth. The elephants, all dismayed, had turned back, when Mr. Wilder, seeing the imminent danger of the moment, fired at the lioness, and grazed her side. She immediately left her hold, ran back into the jungle, and across the canal, where we first perceived her. This grand sight we lost, by being stationed in the bed below; it was said to have been very fine; but then we had, instead of it, several views of this noble animal in full vigour; and with the sight of an hyena, which also ran across the Nulla.

“ We then proceeded on the road to Pannuput, on our elephants, five miles to ——— which is a pretty village. Here I got into my palankeen: Wilder returned to Dehlee; and William Fraser and Mr. Barton mounted their horses, and rode on as hard as they could. I changed bearers at Seerhana, twelve miles, and arrived at Pannuput, eleven miles further, at midnight. The gentlemen had arrived about sunset. After a little bit of dinner, I was glad to go to bed. Next day, the gentlemen told me, they had

crossed again Firoze's canal, which appeared very *tigèrish* ; but that part of it near Pannuput was the finest corn country they ever saw, and doubly delightful after the fatiguing and dreary wastes we had been in for the last six days. Pannuput plains were, in 1761, (1174 of the Hegira,) the scene of one of the greatest battles ever fought, between the united Mussulman powers of India and the Mahrattas, in which the latter were defeated ; fifty thousand Mahrattas are said to have been killed ; and the battle lasted three days. No traces of the field of battle are left, the whole plain being in the highest state of cultivation. It is a beautiful scene, scattered with fine trees, and the fort (a common brick one) and town highly picturesque.

“ William Fraser drove me to Brusut, in his buggy, on the morning of the 24th ; and from the plains of Pannuput I first beheld, with an old Highland play-fellow, the snowy mountains of Thibet, instead of the much-loved summit of Ben Nevis.”

#### PUGILISM IN ITALY.

It appears, in a publication called “ *Letters from Italy*,” published by Mr. Stuart Rose, son of the late Right Hon. George Rose, that the art of pugilism is among the games of that country.

“ Boxing is, I believe under different forms, common all over Tuscany, but is reduced to least perfection in the capital. There, to recur to poetry for our assistance,

“ Their hands fair knocks or foul in fury rain,  
 And in this tempest of bye-blows and bruises,  
 Not a stray fusty-cuff descends in vain,  
 But blood from eyes, and mouth, and nostrils oozes ;  
 Nor stop they there, but in their frenzy pull at  
 Whatever comes to hand, hair, nose, or gullet.”

*Translation of Battuchii.*

“ If a man finds himself over-matched at this foul play, he usually shouts “ *In soccorso!*” and by the aid of the first comer turns the tables upon his antagonist. He again finds his abettors, and the combat thickens, till the street wears the appearance of the stage at the conclusion of *Tom Thumb*.

“ At Sienna, the art puts on a more scientific form. In this city are regular academies for pugilistic exercises ; there is a code for the regulation of boxing matches ; a certain time for resurrection is accorded to the one knocked down ; and, in short, the strife assumes all the distinguishing features of a *courteous combat*.

“ In this place also, Vicenza, and at Florence, people contend with what may be called *courteous weapons*, that is, with the unarmed fist ; but at Pisa and Leghorn, they clench a cylindrical piece of stick, which projects at each end of the doubled fist, and inflicts a cruel wound when they strike obliquely. I am nearly certain that I have seen the representation of some antique statue, with the clenched hand armed in the same manner, and the stick secured to the fist by strings ; but I have no recollection where.”

TROTTING UPON NEW PRINCIPLES; OR, A HINT  
FOR THE KNOWING ONES AT NEWMARKET.

IT must be admitted that it is not *travelling* out of our way to observe, that TROTTING is a *sporting subject*, and therefore, no apology is deemed necessary in selecting the following anecdotes from the "ITINERANT,"\* in which work the BOLTON TROTTERS are thus described; "Before I became acquainted with the inhabitants of this populous town, I was led to expect a rough reception; that mischief and tricks were the darling study of the inhabitants, and that strangers never failed to meet with insult from what they facetiously term TROTTING. But I declare I never was in a town where hospitality and good-humour were more conspicuous than in Bolton; it is true, they are dear lovers of *fun*, but I never was the subject of a *trot* during many years acquaintance, though I believe the circumstance is rather peculiar, as some of our party were *trotted* beyond their patience. The *Swan Inn* being the general rendezvous, not an evening passed without some attempt to raise a laugh, without some *trotting* expedition. A facetious attorney, who wore a cork leg, made in admirable imitation of the real one, and was esteemed an excellent *trotter*, having a dispute with a stranger about courage, and the different effects pain produced upon

\* Or, *Memoirs of an Actor*, written by S. W. RYLEY, in 6 vol. published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. It is a work of considerable merit, and abounds with original anecdotes,



individuals, proposed to elucidate this, by trying against his antagonist, which could bear to hold his leg longest in hot water; *he who gave in first* to pay glasses round to the company. The stranger, pot valiant, accepted the challenge; pails were brought in, smoking hot; the lawyer immersed his leg with much seeming pain; the other did the same, and with many awkward gestures, boldly persevered for about half a minute, keeping his eye fixed upon his opponent, who grinned, and distorted his features as if really agonized. At length, unable to bear longer torture, the stranger drew out his parboiled limb, and declared himself vanquished, at the same time exclaiming, 'That man must be the devil incarnate, or he never could bear it;' and seeing the lawyer in no haste to leave his situation, said, with much feeling, 'For heaven's sake! Sir, desist, you'll certainly lose your leg.' 'And if I do,' replied the attorney, taking it deliberately out of the water, 'I can buy another, they are only three guineas a piece.' The stranger, finding he had been vainly contending with a *cork leg*, was highly exasperated at the deception, and swore 'he would commence an action for assault and battery.' 'You had better call it *scalding* and *burning*,' replied the other; 'it's a *new case*, and will afford the counsel some *fun*.'

"TROTTHING is a Lancashire, or rather a Bolton word for *quizzing*, and signifies the art of being what you are not, or of giving fiction the face of truth; for instance, if a stranger is present, on a fine hot day in the midst of summer, one of them

comes in *shivering with cold*, and pretends he is wet to the skin; the stranger ridicules the idea, and the other lays glasses all round, and leaves it to the decision of the company, who, of course *give it in favour* of the TROTTER. So many stories are related on this subject, that it would be wasting time and paper to repeat them; I shall therefore only mention one more, which came under my own observation. It is natural to suppose if a number of thieves were transported to a desert island, finding no one else to rob, they would rob one another: so it is in *Bolton*; if at a loss for a fresh subject, they *trot* their own party.

“ One evening the bar was nearly full, but no subject could be started with effect, till a gentleman observed, ‘ he did not think any person present could remain *silent* for half an hour.’ One of the oldest *trotters*, who had often made the room resound with laughter, at the expense of others, fell into the snare himself; and as he sat in the corner smoking his pipe, deliberately laid it down, and replied, ‘ I’ll lay you glasses round, I do not speak for half an hour, provided I am not personally insulted in any way.’ The wager being settled, one of the company was appointed to hold the watch, and the *silent* man looked upon himself as certain of his wager. It appeared that, some years previous, he had been attacked with a slight paralytic affection, that for a short time deprived him of speech; on this the other built for the success of his plan. Pretending to go out for a few minutes, he made the best of his way to the *silent* man’s house, and thus addressed his wife: ‘ Mrs. ———, I am

## 58 INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF A GAMBLER.

really afraid to alarm you; but your presence is absolutely necessary at the Swan Bar; your husband, we fear, has an attack of his old complaint, for he has been *speechless* these ten minutes.' The poor woman, alarmed beyond measure, ran to the inn, took her husband in her arms, and in an agony of grief exclaimed, 'Oh John, John, what will become of me?' She screamed with such violence, and her agitation was so great, that her husband, fearful of the consequences, jumped up, roaring out, '*Why, thou fool, they are only TROTTING!*' and thus he lost his wager.

"It is true, this was trifling with the feelings to an unpardonable degree; but *give* and *take* was the order on these occasions, so it passed off as a good joke, an excellent TROTTING MATCH! I am glad to say, this practice has been some years on the decline and is now in a great measure *obsolete*."

### THE UNCERTAINTY OF WINNING.

It has often been the remark of the *knowing ones* at Newmarket, that all the money that is won upon the heath never goes from it.

Newmarket is a pleasant place,  
And so are all the *Trainers*;  
For tho' you oft may win a race,  
They keep it as—RETAINERS.

### INSCRIPTION INTENDED FOR THE TOMB OF A NOTED GAMBLER.

HERE lies a LEG! but, what, no other part?  
No! *he was a all* LEG—hands, head, and heart;  
His life was passed in betting and deceit,  
But DEATH, though oft he tried, he could not cheat.

And knowing what *this Creditor* was wanting,  
He tried, in vain, his last resource—*levanting*.  
Whither he's gone his sporting friends can tell,  
They say "He knew the place, and call'd it HELL."

## GREAT SAGACITY OF THE ARABIAN HORSE.

M. ROSETTI, Austrian Consul General in Egypt, has communicated in the "*Mines of the East*," some interesting accounts of the races of the Arabian horses, of which there are five: the noblest is the Saklavi, which are distinguished by their long neck and fine eyes. The tribe of Rowalla has the most beautiful and the greatest number of horses. Among the colours, an Arabian writer mentions *green*; it appears, however, from the context, that it is the colour which we call *sallow*. The author affirms what he has himself witnessed, that the animals perceive when they are to be sold, and will not permit the buyer to come near them, till the seller has formally delivered them up, with a little bread and salt.

## EXPERT SLINGERS IN PATAGONIA.

THE natives of Patagonia carry a missile weapon of a singular kind, tucked into the girdle. It consists of two round stones, covered with leather, each weighing above a pound, which are fastened to the two ends of a string, about eight feet long. This is used as a sling, one stone being kept in the hand, and the other whirled round the head till it is supposed to have acquired sufficient force, and then discharged at the object. They are so expert in the management of this double-headed shot, that they will hit a mark not bigger than a shilling, with both the stones, at the distance of fifteen yards:



it is not their custom, however, to strike either the guanico or the ostrich with them, in the chase; but they discharge them, so that the cord comes against the legs of the ostrich, or two of the legs of the guanico, and is twisted round them by the force and swing of the balls, so that the animal being unable to run, becomes an easy prey to the hunter.

#### UNPRECEDENTED FEAT IN THE SPORTING WORLD.

Mr. HUTCHINSON, horse-dealer, of Canterbury, on Thursday, May 6, 1819, undertook, for a wager of 600 guineas, to ride from Canterbury to London Bridge in the short space of *three successive hours*. He started from the Falstaff Inn, St. Dunstan's, at half past three o'clock, and accomplished his task in TWO HOURS, TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES, and FIFTY-ONE SECONDS, being more than *thirty-four minutes* within the allotted time, without any accident or inconvenience to himself. After taking refreshment in town, he returned home by the *Wellington* coach, and arrived in Canterbury at a quarter before three, to dine with the respective parties concerned in the bet at the Rose Inn, where the greatest harmony prevailed; and the company, of which both parties concerned were present, unanimously voted that the FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF CANTERBURY should be purchased, and presented to Mr. Hutchinson, in consideration of the *extraordinary feat* he had performed with a FAITHFULNESS as honourable to himself as it was satisfactory to every individual concerned in the match. At the end of each stage, Mr. Hutchinson *dismounted by himself*, and was assisted in remounting again

this he calculates occupied rather more than *half a minute* at each stage. The horse he rode from Broughton Hill to Beacon Hill, *run out of the road* at Preston Lane; that also, which he rode from Moor Street to Chatham Hill, made *a bolt* at Rainham, where he had been standing previous to the day: and the horse he rode from Welling to Blackheath *bolted twice* going down Shooter's Hill, and *again* upon Blackheath, which occasioned a considerable loss of time. The HORSES rode on this occasion by Mr. Hutchinson and his companions on the respective stages, were the property of himself and his particular friends, and *some of them were selected from the stud of the Wellington coach*; all of them performed their journey apparently with as much ease as their rider, who considers *that he could have returned to Canterbury the same day in three hours without inconvenience!*

The following are the places at which he changed horses, and the time in which each stage was performed, viz.

	Miles.	Min.	Sec.
From Canterbury to Brighton Hill, a distance of..	4 $\frac{3}{4}$ in	12	45
From Broughton Hill to Beacon Hill .....	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ---	14	20
— to Settingbourn .....	5 ---	12	40
— to Moor Street .....	5 ---	12	50
— to Chatham Hill.....	4 ---	10	30
— to Day's Hill .....	4 $\frac{1}{4}$ ---	12	9
— to Northfleet .....	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ---	17	0
— to Dartford.....	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ---	14	18
— to Welling .....	5 ---	13	4
— to the Green Man, Black-			
heath.....	5 ---	13	7
— to London Bridge .....	5 ---	13	8

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55 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles

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	Hs.	Min.	Sec.
Total Time,....	2	25	51

A striking likeness of Mr. Hutchinson, mounted on *Staring Tom*, (a famous hunter, the property of Richard Pembroke, Esq. of Littlebourn Court,) being the horse on which he started, is published, coloured from life, by Mr. Hudson, 84, Cheapside, price 7s. 6d. It is worthy of remark, that Mr. Hutchinson had his watch fastened on the left sleeve of his jacket, in order that he might perceive how to regulate his exertions with ease to himself, and to accomplish his object with certainty. The watch, which was a most excellent one for keeping time, it appears, lost 15 minutes during his journey; this loss of time is attributed to the velocity of motion it must have experienced throughout this extraordinary feat.

#### THE BOA CONSTRICTOR AND THE GOAT.

*From M<sup>r</sup>. LEOD'S Voyage in the Alceste.*

THE *Cæsar*, a private ship, was hired at Batavia to bring home the Chinese embassy, and the officers and crew of the *Alceste*, after their unfortunate wreck in the straits of Gaspar: besides them, it seems, she had *two passengers* of no ordinary description—the one an OURANG OUTANG; the other a *Boa snake*, of the species known by the name of the CONSTRICTOR. The former arrived safely in England; the other died of a diseased stomach, between the *Cape* and *St. Helena*, having taken but TWO MEALS from the time of his embarkation. The first of these meals was witnessed by more than two hundred people; but there was something so horrid in the exhibition, that very few felt any inclination to attend the second. The snake was about 16 feet long, and 18 inches in

circumference; he was confined in a large crib, or cage—but we must give the dreadful relation in Mr. M'LEOD'S own words:—

“The sliding door being opened, one of the goats was thrust in, and the door of the cage shut. The poor goat, as if instantly aware of all the horrors of its perilous situation, immediately began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries, butting instinctively, at the same time, with its head, towards the serpent, in self-defence. The snake, which at first appeared scarcely to notice the poor animal, soon began to stir a little, and turning his head in the direction of the goat, it at length fixed a deadly and malignant eye on the trembling victim, whose agony and terror seemed to increase; for, previous to the snake seizing his prey, it shook in every limb, but still continuing its unavailing show of attack, by butting at the serpent, who now became sufficiently animated to prepare for the banquet. The first operation was that of darting out his forked tongue, and, at the same time, rearing a little his head; then suddenly seizing the goat by the fore leg with his mouth and throwing him down, he was encircled in an instant in his horrid folds. So quick, indeed, and so instantaneous was the act, that it was impossible for the eye to follow the rapid convolution of his elongated body. It was not a regular *screw-like* turn that was formed, but resembling rather a knot, one part of the body overlaying the other, as if to add weight to the muscular pressure, the more effectually to crush his object. During this time he continued to grasp with his mouth,

though it appeared an unnecessary precaution, that part of the animal he had first seized. The poor goat, in the mean time, continued its feeble and half-stifled cries for some minutes, but they soon became more and more faint, and at last it expired. The snake, however, retained it a considerable time in its grasp, after it was apparently motionless. He then began slowly and cautiously to unfold himself, till the goat fell dead from his monstrous embrace, when he began to prepare himself for the feast. Placing his mouth in the front of the dead animal, he commenced by lubricating with his saliva that part of the goat; and then taking his muzzle into his mouth, which had, and indeed always has, the appearance of a raw lacerated wound, he *sucked it in*, as far as the horns would allow. These protuberances opposed some little difficulty—not so much from their extent, as from their points; however, they also in a very short time disappeared, that is to say, externally; but their progress was still to be traced very distinctly on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin. The victim had now descended as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to observe the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent—an extent which must have utterly destroyed all muscular power in an animal, that was not like itself endowed with very peculiar faculties of expansion and action at the same time. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin *stuffed almost to bursting*, still the working of the muscles was evident;



and his power of suction, as it is generally, but erroneously called, unabated : it was, in fact, the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth. With all this he must be so formed as to be able to suspend, for a time, his respiration ; for it is impossible to conceive that the process of breathing could be carried on while the mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat, and the lungs themselves (admitting the trachea to be ever so hard) compressed as they must have been, by its passage downwards.

“ The whole operation of completely *gorging* the goat occupied about two hours and twenty minutes ; at the end of which time, the tumefaction was confined to the middle part of the body, or stomach, the superior parts, which had been so much distended, having resumed their natural dimensions. He now coiled himself up again, and lay quietly in his usual torpid state for about three weeks or a month, when his last meal appearing to be completely digested and dissolved, he was presented with another goat, (not alive we hope,) which he devoured with equal facility.”

## THE PIGEON SHOOTERS' GLEE.

THERE's no rural sport surpasses

Pigeon-shooting, circling glasses,

Fill the chrystal goblet up,

Fill the chrystal goblet up ;

No Game Laws can ever thwart us,

Nor *qui tams* nor *Habeas Corpus*,

For our license Venus grants.

Let's be grateful ; here's a bumper ;

In her bounty, here's a bumper.

Listed under beauty's banners,  
 What's to us freehold or manors?  
 Fill the chrystal goblet up,  
 Fill the chrystal goblet up.  
 No suspense our tempers trying,  
 Endless sport our trap supplying;  
 No ill state 'twixt hope and fear,  
 At magic word our birds appear,  
 Fill the chrystal goblet up.  
 Alike all seasons in our favour  
 O'er vales and hills, no toil or labour,  
 No alloy our pleasures yield;  
 No game-keeper e'er employing  
 Skill'd in art of game destroying,  
 Free from trouble, void of care,  
 We set at nought the poacher's snare,  
 Fill the chrystal goblet up.  
 No blank days can ever vex us,  
 No false points can e'er perplex us,  
 Fill the chrystal goblet up.  
 Pigeons swift as wind abounding,  
 Detonating guns resounding,  
 See the tow'ring victims fall.  
 With Apollo science vying,  
 View the heaps of dead and dying  
 Forc'd to pay the debt of nature,  
 Matters it—or soon or later?  
 Fill the chrystal goblet up.

## SAGACITY OF A GREYHOUND AND POINTER.

A GENTLEMAN in the county of Stirling kept a greyhound and a pointer, and being fond of coursing, the pointer was accustomed to find the hares, and the greyhound to catch them. When the season was over, it was found that the dogs were in the habit of going

out by themselves, and killing the hares for their own amusement. To prevent this, a large iron ring was fastened to the pointer's neck by a leather collar, and hang down, so as to prevent the dog from running or jumping over dykes, &c. The animals however continued to stroll out to the fields together; and one day the gentleman, suspecting all was not right, resolved to watch them, and, to his surprise, found that the moment they thought they were unobserved, the greyhound took up the iron ring in his mouth, and carrying it, they set off to the hills, and began to search for hares as usual. They were followed, and it was observed that, whenever the pointer scented the hare, the ring was dropped, and the greyhound stood ready to pounce upon poor puss the moment the other drove her from her form, but that he uniformly returned to assist his companion when he had accomplished his object.

## A DOG STUNG TO DEATH BY BEES.

IN October, 1818, Mr. M'Laurin, brewer, Newton-stewart, removed a very fine watch-dog from his usual kennel to a situation in the garden, with a view of protecting his fruit from the attempts of juvenile depredators. Unfortunately, however, the poor dog was chained very near a bees' scape, the enraged and multitudinous population of which, not relishing the presence of such a neighbour, sallied out *en masse*, and in a mere twinkling literally transferred the seat of the hive from the cone of straw to the mastiff's body. It was in vain that the generous animal attempted to

defend himself from such ferocious and unwonted foes; every time he opened his mouth the bees descended his throat in hundreds, burying their stings in the passage, and like certain patriots of the biped race, heedlessly sacrificing their own lives to the supposed good of the republic. The dreadful yells of the mastiff at length attracted the notice of the owner and his neighbours; but their assistance came too late, as the poor animal was so dreadfully stung that he died in a few hours.

#### LEARNED ASS.

SINGULAR circumstance.—A lady, resident in Devonshire, going into one of her parlours, discovered a young ass, who had found its way into the room, and carefully closed the door upon himself. He had evidently not been long in this situation before he had nibbled a part of *Cicero's Orations*, and eaten nearly all the index of a folio edition of *Seneca* in Latin, a large part of a volume of *La Bruyere's Maxims in French*, and several pages of *Cecilia*. He had done no other mischief whatever, and not a vestige remained of the leaves that he had devoured. Will it be fair henceforward to dignify a dunce with the name of this literary animal?

#### GALLANTRY OF AN ELEPHANT.

"A WOODEN house was, in 1818, constructed at St. Petersburg for the Elephants which the Schah of Persia had presented to the Emperor of Russia. The male elephant is seventeen feet high; his tusks have been partly sawed off and encircled in golden rings. This is the same elephant on which the sovereign of

Persia used to ride with a Canopy over his head. Several Persians, who were accustomed to attend on these animals, continue to reside at St. Petersburg. A singular incident lately took place with respect to the male elephant. A lady whom curiosity frequently attracted to see him, never paid him a visit without carrying along with her some bread, apples, and brandy. One day the animal, as a testimony of his gratitude, seized her with his trunk and placed her upon his back. The poor lady who was not prepared for this act of gallantry, uttered piercing shrieks, and entreated the assistance of those who were standing near. The Persians however prudently advised her not to stir, and she was obliged to wait until the elephant placed her on the ground as carefully as he had raised her."

## SPORTING SONG.

LOVE is just like a *Race Ground*—it is by my soul,

Where *losses* or *gains* may betide us;

We men are the *Racers*, and marriage the goal,

And Cupid the *Jockey* to ride us.

To start in this race 'gainst a nymph that is old,

May prove or a gain or an evil;

She's an angel—though ugly—if freighted with gold,

But if *saddled* with debts—she's a devil.

The wisest and best, in this dangerous *course*,

Have oft been detected in *tripping*;

For the curb of discretion oft fails in its force,

When the passions are *spurring* and *whipping*.

There remains but one point of resemblance to trace,

Which the ladies oft find in a lover,

He's eager and warm, whilst he strives in the *race*,

But the *heat*, when he wins it, is over!



SPORTING SKETCHES OF BRITISH GENTLEMEN, IN  
 1819, WELL KNOWN, AND DENOMINATED THE  
 RUFFIANS—THE EXQUISITES—THE USEFUL MEN.

IN the higher circles, a Ruffian is one of the many mushroom productions which the sun of prosperity brings into *life*. Stout in general is his appearance; but dame Nature has done little for him, and Fortune has spoilt even that little. To resemble his groom and his coachman is his highest ambition; he is a perfect horseman, a perfect whip, but takes care never to be a *perfect gentleman*.—His library consists of the Racing and Newgate Calendars, the last System of Farriery, a table of odds at betting, and the Complete Sportsman. His dressing-room resembles a cobbler's shop, being filled with boots and shoes of all textures, forms, and dimensions. Shooting jackets, racing ditto, box coats, and *lots* of under waistcoats, with scores of leather breeches, swell his wardrobe and his bills to an immense extent.—His accomplishments are spouting, swearing, *milling*, driving, and *greeking*. His companions are dogs, horses, *pigeons*, and *rooks*. He takes the *ribbands* in his hand—mounts his box—*missis* by his side—"all right"—drives his *mail* with four fiery tits—cuts out a *Johnny Raw*—lolls his tongue out at him—and, if he don't break his neck, gets home safe after his morning drive. He next takes three hours to dress, looks over his betting-book—how much on the Derby? how much on a match against time? when his bill to the Jew is due? what horse to be sent to grass? what to be put into condition? physics his dogs, damns his servants—all

right, quite *prime*: gets drunk, staggers into the *conversazione*, quizzes the *literati*, laughs at every body, and every body laughs at him: holds out *one finger* by way of shaking *hands* with the lady of the house, finds it a bad concern, brushes in a few minutes, calls in at Long's, takes some *imperial* punch, floors the watchman, and sleeps in St. James's watch-house, or *elsewhere, n'importe*.

The EXQUISITE hath perchance retained a little of what was hammered into his *cerebrum* and *cerebellum* by his private tutor at the University; he prides himself upon having occupied a place in the Huzzards, even at his amiable Prince's table; he can talk of military manœuvres, and of an affair or two in defence of his country; and he is decorated with a mustachio, and may be, with a tuft of hair on his under lip.—Though the colour *on* his cheek is rather equivocal as to its being *genuine*, and you may *wind him* at a mile off, yet so prominent a person is he, that you may easily perceive that he was *not*

“ ——— born to blush unseen,

And waste his sweetness on the desert air.”

In honest English, he is *made up*, but so well *finished* that his appearance at the evening party brightens up many an eye.—His composure of countenance, however, is such as to prove that he is too much a man of fashion to love *any thing*; and his conduct is such as to leave no doubt of his being always ready to sacrifice *every one* at the shrine of his selfish vanity.—His dressing-room and other apartments are filled with a rare collection of pipes and snuff-boxes, for the latter

of which his Jeweller will probably soon appear in the Gazette; and his wardrobe is the *ne plus ultra* of what Weston, Allen, and other expensive tradesmen can afford to give credit for.—His conversation is *agreeably* unintelligible; he enters the saloon with a self-satisfied air; and, if he meet with the husband of a noted beauty, he gives him *two* fingers, which is a sign well understood in high life, and when held upwards, puts one in mind of a beautiful line in Ovid.

“—— Nova crescendo reparabat *cornua* Phœbe.”

THE USEFUL MAN is almost always in black; his hair very often powdered; or if he condescend to owe to a *friseur* the *appearance* of a fine head of glossy well coloured hair, a pair of spectacles spoils the effect, or he is near-sighted, and runs his nose into your face, and is eternally taking up his glass to bring his *object* nearer to him. Sometimes he takes snuff; and talks prodigiously of the Continent.—His learning and his library are not circumscribed; and, from his conversation much is picked up which is retailed as *original* at second hand. He laughs at his patron's jokes; praises my lady's wit; pays attention to the faded beauty, and those to whom nature has dealt out comeliness with a “stinted hand;” corrects the publications of his friends, and is their *prototype* in all literary matters. He is grave and respectful in his deportment, and decent in every thing. But the superlative excellence which he possesses, and that which constitutes his characteristic *utile*, is the support which he affords to his *patron* and *dependent*, for they are

one and the same person—namely, the *patron* of his success, the *dependent* on his labours. The useful man, like *Proteus*, comes to his patron's aid in the most *multiform* shapes.—He is the reviewer of his or her publication; he is the simple and *unsuspected* narrator of a work which he has *somewhere* seen—uncommonly *novel*, very *interesting*, very *original*—a poem or pamphlet *fashioned* in reality by *himself*.

ON THE ADVANTAGES RESULTING FROM A SOUND KNOWLEDGE OF TRAINING, POSSESSED BY THAT CLASS OF SOCIETY TERMED “THE SPORTING WORLD.”

TRAINING is of such obvious utility to the sportsman, that he is well assured, without due preparation, the RACE HORSE does not possess, in so important a degree, his *fleetness*; that DOGS reared for any particular purpose, also require this invigorating aid; and the PEDESTRIAN, who feels anxious to accomplish *ten miles* within an hour, or continue his race for a longer distance, can never attempt such an exploit with any *chance* of success, without undergoing the PROCESS OF TRAINING. The SCIENTIFIC PUGILIST also gains *wind* and *strength* by this operation; and to mankind in general, its RULES, hold out the blessings of health and longevity. It is thus, Captain BARCLAY speaks of its utility.

The ART OF TRAINING for athletic exercises consists in purifying the body and strengthening its powers by certain processes, which thus qualify a person for the accomplishment of laborious exertions. It was known to the ancients, who paid much attention

to the means of augmenting corporeal vigour and activity; and, accordingly, among the Greeks and Romans, certain rules of regimen and exercise were prescribed to the candidates for gymnastic celebrity.

The manner of *training* among the ancients bore some resemblance to that now practised by the moderns. But as their mode of living and general habits were somewhat different from those of the present age, a difference of treatment is now required to produce the same effect.

The great object of training for running, or boxing matches, is to increase the muscular strength, and to improve the free action of the lungs, or *wind*, of the person subjected to the process; which is done by medicines, *regimen*, and EXERCISE. That these objects can be accomplished is evident, from the nature of the human system. It is well known, (for it has been demonstrated by experiments,) that every part of the firmest bones is successively absorbed and deposited. "*The bones and their ligaments, the muscles and their tendons, all the finer and all the more flexible parts of the body, are as continually renewed, and as properly a secretion, as the saliva that flows from the mouth, or the moisture that bedews the surface. The health of all the parts, and their soundness of structure, depends upon this perpetual absorption and perpetual renovation; and EXERCISE, by promoting at once absorption and secretion, PROMOTES LIFE without hurrying it, renovates all the parts, and preserves them apt and fit for every office.*"\*

\* Code of Health, vol. ii. p. 84.



When the human frame is thus capable of being ALTERED and RENOVATED, it is not surprising that the *art of training* should be carried to a degree of perfection almost incredible; and that by certain processes, the BREATH, strength, and courage of man should be so greatly improved as to enable him to perform the most laborious undertakings. That such effects have been produced, is unquestionable, being fully exemplified in the astonishing exploits of our most celebrated pedestrians, which are the infallible results of preparatory discipline.

The skilful trainer attends to the state of the bowels, the lungs, and the skin; and he uses such means as will reduce the fat, and at the same time invigorate the muscular fibres. The patient is purged by drastic medicines; he is sweated by walking under a load of clothes, and by lying between feather-beds. His limbs are roughly rubbed; his diet is beef or mutton; his drink strong ale; and he is gradually inured to exercise, by repeated trials in walking and running. “*By extenuating the fat, emptying the cellular substance, hardening the muscular fibre, and improving the breath, a man of the ordinary frame may be made TO FIGHT FOR ONE HOUR, with the utmost exertion of strength and courage,*” \* or to go over one hundred miles in TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

The most effectual process for *training*, is that practised by Captain BARCLAY; and the particular

\* Code of Health, vol. ii. p. 89.

mode which he has adopted has not only been SANCTIONED by professional men, but has met with the unqualified approbation of amateurs. The following statement, therefore, contains the most approved rules; and it is presented to the reader, as the result of much experience, founded on the theoretic principles of the art.

The pedestrian, who may be supposed in tolerable condition, enters upon his *training* with a regular course of physic, which consists of three doses. Glauber's salts are generally preferred; and from one ounce and a half to two ounces are taken each time, with an interval of four days between each dose.\* After having gone through the course of physic, he commences regular exercise, which is gradually increased as he proceeds in the training. When the object in view is the accomplishment of a pedestrian match, his regular exercise may be from twenty-four miles a day. He must rise at five in the morning, run half a mile at the top of his speed up hill, and then walk six miles at a moderate pace, coming in about seven to breakfast, which should consist of beef-steaks or mutton-chops under-done, with stale bread and old beer. After breakfast, he must again

\* It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that a salt, introduced into medical practice by Dr. George Pearson, of London, is as excellent a purge as Glauber's salt, and has none of the nauseous taste which renders that purge so disagreeable to many persons. The *phosphate of soda*, is very similar to common salt, in taste, and may be given in a basin of gruel or broth, in which it will be scarcely perceptible to the palate, and will also agree with the most delicate stomach.

walk six miles at a moderate pace ; and at twelve lie down in bed without his clothes for half an hour. On getting up, he must walk four miles, and return by four to dinner, which should also be beef-steaks or mutton-chops, with bread and beer as at breakfast. Immediately after dinner, he must resume his exercise by running half a mile at the top of his speed, and walking six miles at a moderate pace. He takes no more exercise for that day, but retires to bed about eight, and next morning proceeds in the same manner. After having gone on in this regular course for three or four weeks, the pedestrian must take a *four mile sweat*, which is produced by running four miles in flannel, at the top of his speed. Immediately on returning, a hot liquor is prescribed, in order to promote the perspiration, of which he must drink one English pint. It is termed the SWEATING LIQUOR, and it is composed of the following ingredients: viz. one ounce of caraway seed, half an ounce of coriander seed, one ounce of root liquorice, and half an ounce of sugar candy, mixed with two bottles of cyder, and boiled down to one half. He is then put to bed in his flannels, and being covered with six or eight pair of blankets, and a feather bed, must remain in this state from twenty-five to thirty minutes ; when he is to be taken out and rubbed perfectly dry. Being then well wrapped up in a great coat, he walks out gently for two miles to breakfast, which, on such occasions, should consist of a roasted fowl. He afterwards proceeds with his usual exercise. These sweats are continued WEEKLY, till within a few days of the performance of the match, or, in other words, he must undergo three or four of

these operations. If the stomach of the pedestrian be foul, an emetic or two must be given, about a week before the conclusion of the *training*, and he is now supposed to be in the *highest condition*. Besides his usual or regular exercise, a person under *training* ought to employ himself in the intervals in every kind of exertion which tends to activity, such as cricket, bowls, throwing quoits, &c. that, during the whole day, both BODY *and* MIND may be constantly occupied.

The DIET or REGIMEN is the next point of consideration, and it is very simple. As the intention of the trainer is to preserve the strength of the pedestrian, he must take care to keep him in *good condition* by nourishing food. Animal diet is alone prescribed, and beef and mutton are preferred. The lean of fat beef, cooked in steaks, with very little salt, is the best, and it should be rather under-done than otherwise. Mutton being reckoned easy of digestion, may be occasionally given, to vary the diet and gratify the taste. The legs of fowls are highly esteemed. It is preferable to have the meat BROILED, as much of its nutritive quality is lost by *roasting* or *boiling*.\* Biscuit and stale bread are the only preparations of vegetable matter which are permitted to be given; and every thing inducing *flatulency* must be carefully avoided. Veal and lamb are never allowed, nor pork, which

\* "It may serve as a preliminary rule, that *fresh meat* is the most wholesome and nourishing. To preserve these qualities, however, it ought to be *dressed* so as to remain tender and juicy; for it is by this means it will be easily digested, and afford most nourishment."—*Willich on Diet and Regimen*, p. 313.

operates as a laxative on some people ; and all fat or greasy substances are prohibited, as they induce bile, and consequently injure the stomach. But it has been proved by experience that the lean of meat contains more nourishment than the fat, and in every case the most substantial food is preferable to any other kind.

VEGETABLES, such as turnips, carrots, or potatoes, are never given, as they are watery and of difficult digestion. On the same principle fish must be avoided, and, besides, they are not sufficiently nutritious. Neither butter nor cheese is allowed ; the one being very indigestible, and the other apt to turn rancid on the stomach. Eggs are also forbidden, excepting the yolk taken raw in the morning. And it must be remarked, that salt, spices, and all kinds of seasonings, with the exception of vinegar, are prohibited.

With respect to LIQUORS, they must always be taken cold ; and home-brewed beer, old, but not bottled, is the best. A little red wine, however, may be given to those who are not fond of malt liquor, but never more than half a pint after dinner. *Too much liquor swells the abdomen, and of course injures the breath.* The quantity of beer, therefore, should not exceed three pints during the whole day, and it must be taken with breakfast and dinner, no supper being allowed. Water is never given alone, and ardent spirits are strictly prohibited, however diluted. It is an established rule to avoid liquids as much as possible, and no more liquor of any kind is allowed to be taken than what is merely requisite to quench the thirst. Milk is never allowed, as it curdles on the



stomach. Soups are not used;\* nor is any thing liquid taken warm but gruel or broth, to promote the operation of the physic; and the sweating liquor mentioned above. The broth must be cooled, in order to take off the fat, when it may be again warmed; or beef-tea may be used in the same manner, with little or no salt. In the days between the purges, the pedestrian must be fed as usual, strictly adhering to the nourishing diet, by which he is invigorated.

PROFUSE SWEATING is resorted to as an expedient for removing the superfluities of flesh and fat. Three or four sweats are generally requisite, and they may be considered the severest part of the process.

EMETICS are only prescribed if the stomach be disordered, which may sometimes happen, when due care is not taken to proportion the quantity of food to the digestive powers; but, in general, the quantity of aliment is not limited by the *trainer*, but left entirely to the discretion of the pedestrian, whose appetite should regulate him in this respect. Although the chief parts of the TRAINING SYSTEM depend upon SWEATING EXERCISE and FEEDING, yet the object to be obtained by the pedestrian would be defeated, if they were not adjusted each to the other, and to his constitution. The *skilful trainer* will, therefore, constantly study the progress of his art, by observing the effects of the processes separately, and in combination.

\* "Broths and soups require little digestion, weaken the stomach, and are attended by all the pernicious effects of other warm and relaxing drink."—*Willich on Diet, &c.* p. 304.

If a man retain his health and spirits during the process, improve in WIND, and increase in STRENGTH, it is certain that the object intended will be obtained. But, if otherwise, it is to be apprehended that some defect exists, through the unskilfulness or mismanagement of the trainer, which ought instantly to be remedied by such alterations as the circumstances of the case may demand. It is evident, therefore, that, in many instances, the *trainer* must be guided by his judgment, and that *no fixed rules of management can, with ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY, be depended upon, for producing an invariable and determinate result.*

It is farther necessary to remark, that the *trainer*, before he proceeds to apply his *theory*, should make himself acquainted with the constitution and habits of his patient, that he may be able to judge how far he can, with safety, carry the different parts of the process. *The nature of his disposition should also be known*, that every cause of irritation may be avoided; for, as it requires great patience and perseverance to undergo *training*, every expedient to soothe and encourage the mind should be adopted.

*It is impossible to fix a precise period for the completion of the TRAINING PROCESS*, as it depends upon the *condition* of the pedestrian; but from two to three months, in most cases, will be sufficient, especially if he be in tolerable condition at the commencement, and possessed of sufficient perseverance and courage to submit cheerfully to the privations and hardships to which he must unavoidably be subjected.

TRAINING is indispensably necessary to those who are to engage in corporeal exertions beyond their ordinary powers. Pedestrians, therefore, who are matched either against others or against time, and pugilists who engage to fight, must undergo the *training* process before they contend, as the issue of the contest, if their powers be nearly equal, will, in a great measure, depend upon their relative condition. *But the advantages of the TRAINING SYSTEM are not confined to pedestrians and pugilists alone*, they extend to every man ; and were TRAINING generally introduced, instead of medicines, as an expedient for the prevention and cure of diseases, its beneficial consequences would promote his happiness and prolong his life.

It is well known to physiologists, that both the solids and fluids which compose the human frame are successively absorbed and deposited ; hence, a perpetual renovation of the part ensues, regulated, as they are, by the nature of our food and general habits.\* It, therefore, follows, that our health, vigour, and activity must depend upon regimen and exercise ; or, in other words, upon the observance of those rules which constitute the theory of the *training process*. The effect has accordingly corresponded with the cause in all instances where *training* has been adopted ; and, although not commonly resorted to as the means of restoring invalids to health, yet there is

\* Bell's Anatomy, vol. i. p. 12.

every reason to believe that it would prove effectual in curing many obstinate diseases, such as the gout, rheumatism, bilious complaints, &c.

“ TRAINING (says Mr. Jackson) always appears to improve the state of the lungs; one of the most striking effects is to improve the *wind*, that is, it enables a man to draw a larger inspiration, and to hold his breath longer.” He farther observes, “ *By TRAINING, the mental faculties are also improved.*”—The attention is more ready, and the perception more acute, probably owing to the clearness of the stomach and better digestion.\*

It has been made a question *whether* TRAINING produces a *lasting* or only a temporary effect on the constitution. It is undeniable, that if a man be brought to a better condition, if corpulency and the impurities of his body disappear, and if his *wind* and strength be improved by any process whatever, his good state of health will continue, until some derangement of his frame shall take place from accidental or natural causes. If he shall relapse into intemperance, or neglect the means of preserving his health, either by omitting to take the necessary exercise, or by indulging in debilitating propensities, he must expect such encroachments to be made on his constitution as must soon unhinge his system. But if he shall observe a different plan, the beneficial effects of the *training process* will remain until the gradual decay of

\* Code of Health, vol. ii. p. 103.

his natural functions shall, in mature old age, intimate the approach of his dissolution.

The ancients entertained this opinion:—"They were, says Dr. Buchan, " by no means unacquainted with, or inattentive to these instruments of medicine, although modern practitioners appear to have no idea of removing disease or restoring health, but by pouring drugs into the stomach. HERODICUS is said to have been the first who applied the exercises and regimen of the gymnasium to the removal of disease or the maintenance of health. Among the Romans, Asclepiades carried this so far that he is said by CELSUS almost to have banished the use of internal remedies from his practice. He was the inventor of pensile beds, which were used to induce sleep, and of various other modes of exercise and gestation, and rose to great eminence, as a physician, in Rome. In his own person he afforded an excellent example of the wisdom of his rules and the propriety of his *regimen*. PLINY tells us that, in early life, he made a public profession *that he would agree to forfeit all pretensions to the name of a Physician, should he ever suffer from sickness or die but of old age ; and, what is more extraordinary, he fulfilled his promise, for he lived upwards of a century, and at last was killed by a fall down stairs.*"\*

It may, therefore, be admitted that the beneficial consequences, both to the body and the mind, arising from TRAINING, are not merely temporary, but may

\* Code of Health, vol. ii. p. 123.



be made permanent by proper care and attention. The simplicity of the rules is a great recommendation to those who may be desirous of trying the experiment, and the whole process may be resolved into the following principles: — 1st. The *evacuating*, which cleanses the stomach and intestines. 2. The *sweating*, which takes off the superfluities of flesh and fat. 3. The *daily course of exercise*, which improves the *wind* and strengthens the muscles. Lastly, the *REGIMEN*, which nourishes and invigorates the body.

The *criterion* by which it may be known whether a man be in good condition, or, what is the same thing, has been properly TRAINED, is the state of the skin, which becomes *smooth, elastic, and well-coloured, or transparent!* The flesh is also *firm*, and the person *trained* feels himself light and full of spirits. But in the progress of the TRAINING, his *condition* may be ascertained by the effect of the *sweats*, which cease to reduce his weight, and by the manner in which he performs one mile at the top of his speed, as to walk a hundred, and therefore, if he performs this short distance well, it may be concluded that his *condition is perfect*, or that he has derived all the advantages which can possibly result from the training process.

The manner of TRAINING *jockeys* is different from that which is applicable to pedestrians and pugilists. In regard to jockeys, it is generally *wasting*, with the view to reduce their weight. This is produced by purgatives, emetics, sweats, and starvation. Their bodily strength is of no importance, as they have only to manage the reins of the courser, whose fleet-

ness depends upon the weight he carries ; and the muscular power of the rider is of no consequence to the race, provided it be equal to the fatigue of a three or four mile heat.

TRAINING for PUGILISM is nearly the same as for *pedestrianism*, the object in both being principally to obtain additional *wind* and strength. But it will be best illustrated by a detail of the process observed by CRIB, the Champion of England, preparatory to his grand battle with MOLINEAUX, which took place on the 29th of September, 1811.

“ The Champion arrived at Ury on the 7th of July of that year. He weighed sixteen stone : and from his mode of living in London, and the confinement of a crowded city, he had become corpulent, big-bellied, full of gross humours, and short-breathed ; and it was with difficulty he could walk ten miles. He first went through a course of physic, which consisted of three doses ; but for two weeks he walked about as he pleased, and generally traversed the woods and plantations with a fowling-piece in his hand. The *reports* of his musquet resounded every where through the groves and the hollows of that delightful place, to the great *terror* of the magpies and wood-pigeons.

“ After amusing himself in this way for about a fortnight, he then commenced his regular walking exercise, which at first was about ten or twelve miles a day. It was soon after increased to eighteen or twenty ; and he ran regularly, morning and evening, a quarter of a mile at the top of his speed. In consequence of his physic and exercise, his weight was

reduced, in the course of five weeks, from sixteen stone to fourteen and nine pounds. At this period, he commenced his *sweats*, and took three during the month he remained at Ury afterwards ; and his weight was gradually reduced to thirteen stone and five pounds, which was ascertained to be his *pitch* of condition, as he would not reduce farther without weakening.

“ During the course of his training, the Champion went twice to the Highlands, and took strong exercise. He walked to MAR LODGE, which is about sixty miles distant from Ury, where he arrived to dinner on the second day, being now able to go thirty miles a day with ease, and probably he could have walked twice as far if it had been necessary. He remained in the Highlands about a week each time, and amused himself with shooting. The principal advantage which he derived from these expeditions was the severe exercise he was obliged to undergo in following Capt. Barclay. He improved more in strength and wind by his journeys to the Highlands than by any other part of the training process.

“ His diet and drink were the same as used in the pedestrian regimen, and in other respects, the rules previously laid down were generally applied to him. That he was brought to his ultimate *pitch* of condition, was evident from the high state of health and strength in which he appeared when he mounted the stage to contend with Molineaux, who has since confessed, that when he saw his fine condition, he totally despaired of gaining the battle.

“ Crib was altogether about eleven weeks under training, but he remained only nine weeks at Ury. Besides his regular exercise, he was occasionally employed in sparring at Stonehaven, where he gave lessons in the pugilistic art. He was not allowed much rest, but was constantly occupied in some active employment. He enjoyed good spirits, being at the time fully convinced that he would beat his antagonist. He was managed, however, with great address, and the result corresponded with the wishes of his friends.

“ It would be perhaps improper, while speaking of CRIB, to omit mentioning, that, during his residence in the north of Scotland, he conducted himself in all respects with much propriety. He showed traits of a feeling, humane, and charitable disposition on various occasions. — While walking along Union-street, in Aberdeen, he was accosted by a woman, apparently in great distress. Her story affected him, and the emotions of his heart became evident in the muscles of his face. He gave her all the silver he had in his pocket.—‘ God bless your Honour,’ she said ; ‘ *ye surely are not an ordinary man !*’—This circumstance is mentioned with the more pleasure, as it affords one instance at least, in opposition to the mistaken opinion, that professional pugilists are ferocious, and totally destitute of the better propensities of mankind. The illustrious Mr. Wyndham entertained juster sentiments of the pugilistic art, as evinced by a print he presented to Mr. Jackson, as a mark of his esteem. In one compartment, an *Italian* darting his stiletto at his victim is represented ; and in the other, the combat of

two *Englishmen* in a ring. For this celebrated genius was always of opinion that nothing tended more to preserve among the English peasantry those sentiments of good faith and honour which have ever distinguished them from the natives of Italy and Spain, than the frequent practice of fair and open BOXING."

EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN, CONCERNING  
SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION.

What! Ben, my big hero, is *this* thy renown?

Is *this* the new go?—kick a man when he's down!

When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him then—

By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, Ben!

"Foul! foul!" all the lads of the Fancy exclaim—

Charley Shock is electrified—Belcher spits flame—

And Molineaux—aye, even Blackey cries "Shame!" }

Time was when John Bull little difference spied

'Twixt the foe at his feet and the friend at his side;

When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating)

His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating!—

But this comes, master Ben, of your curst foreign notions,

Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace and lotions;

Your Noyeaux, Caraças, and the Devil knows what—

(One swig of *Blue Ruin*\* is worth a whole lot!)

Your great and small *crosses*! my eyes, what a brood!

(A cross-buttock from *me* would do some of them good:)

Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old Porpoise,

Of pure English claret is left in your *corpus*;

And (as JIM says) the only one trick, good or bad,

Of the FANCY you're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad!

Hence it comes—BOXIANA,† disgrace to thy page!—

Having *floored*, by good luck, the first *swell* of the age,

• Gin.

† Lives of all the Boxers, published by Sherwood & Co. in 2 vol.  
11. 6s. embellished with 36 portraits.



Having conquer'd the *prime one* that *mill'd* us all round,  
 You kick'd him, old BEN, as he gasp'd on the ground!—  
 Aye—just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got any—  
 Kick'd him and jaw'd him and *lagg'd* \* him to Botany!

Oh, shade of the Cheesemonger! † you, who, alas!  
*Doubled up*, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,  
 On that great day of milling, when blood lay in lakes  
 When Kings held the bottle and Europe the stakes,—  
 Look down upon Ben—see him, dunghill all o'er,  
 Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more!—  
 Out, cowardly *spooney*!—again and again,  
 By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN,  
 To show the *white feather* ‡ is many men's doom,  
 But what of *one* feather, BEN shows a whole PLUME!

#### THE OWLERY AT ARUNDEL CASTLE.

THIS “*curious fancy*” of the late Duke of Norfolk is thus described by the Rev. John Evans. “We were unwilling to leave this venerable castle without the sight of the *owls*, which are said to be the finest in Great Britain. We were introduced to an utterly ruined part of the ancient castle, where, upon entering the enclosure, we saw a number of these strange looking creatures, hopping about with an ungraceful gait, and *staring at us* with looks of wonderful sagacity. One stood at the mouth of a subterraneous excavation, and upon the keeper pronouncing *bow wow*, the owl instantly returned the expression, retiring at

\* Transported.

† A Life-guardsmen, one of the Fancy, who distinguished himself, and was killed, in a late memorable set-to.

‡ Exhibit symptoms of terror.

the same time gradually back again into its hole, till it actually got out of sight. The other owls were driven by the keeper into one corner of the yard, they ranged themselves along a piece of old timber, altogether presenting a spectacle which raised in my mind some singular emotions. The countenance of the largest of them was marked by an unusual degree of solemnity :

‘ An owl of grave deport and mien,  
Who like the Turk was seldom seen,  
Within a ruin chose his station,  
As fit for prey or contemplation ;  
Upon a beam, see how he sits,  
And nods, and seems to think by fits.  
So have I seen a man of news,  
Or post-boy, or Gazette peruse ;  
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,  
And fix the fate of Europe round.’

“ These owls are the finest of the horned kind, and the keeper shared no small pride in the exhibition of them. *Beauty, Beauty*, was the name by which he called them together, and they seemed to recognise the propriety of the appellation with a becoming consciousness. Upon the justness of this term, however, the keeper and myself were by no means agreed.

“ With respect to the *sight* of the owls, they are so overpowered by the brightness of the day, that they are obliged to remain in the same spot without stirring; and when they are forced to leave their retreat, their flight is tardy and interrupted, being afraid of striking against the intervening obstacles. The other birds, perceiving their constrained situation, delight

to insult them—the tit-mouse, the finch, the red-breast, the jay, the thrush, &c. assemble to enjoy the sport. The *bird of night* remains perched upon a branch, motionless and confounded; hears their cries, which are incessantly repeated, but it answers them only with insignificant gestures, turning round its head and its body with a foolish air. It even suffers itself to be assaulted without making resistance; the smallest, the weakest of its enemies, are the most eager to torment and turn it into ridicule. The *keep* in which the owls are shown is an undoubted remnant of the original Saxon building, and well worth the attention of the antiquary.”

This OWLERY is thus spoken of by another visitor: “The owls, which are still to be seen, are uncommonly elegant birds, and extremely large, some of them measuring across the wings, when extended, from eight to ten feet. Their plumage is particularly beautiful, and their eyes brilliant. The late Duke procured them from North America.”

#### BEAR-BAITING IN OLDEN TIMES.

BEAR-BAITING was a favourite amusement of our ancestors. Sir Thomas Pope entertained Queen Mary and the Princess Elizabeth at Hatfield, with a grand exhibition of “BEAR-BAITING, with which their Highnesses were right well content.” Bear-baiting was part of the amusement of Elizabeth, among “the princely pleasures of Kenilworth Castle.” Rowland White, speaking of the Queen, then in her 67th year, says—“Her Majesty is very well. This day she up

points a Frenchman to do feats upon a rope in the Conduit Court. To-morrow she has commanded the bears, the bull, and the ape, to be bayted in the tilt-yard. Upon Wednesday she will have solemn dawninging."

*The office of Chief Master of the Bears* was held under the Crown with a salary of 16*d.* per diem. Whenever the King chose to entertain himself or his visitors with this sport, it was the duty of the Master to provide bears and dogs, and to superintend the baiting; and he was invested with unlimited authority to issue commissions and to send his officers into every county in England, who were empowered to seize and take away any bears, bulls, or dogs, that they thought meet for his Majesty's service.

The latest record by which this diversion was publicly authorised, is a grant to Sir Saunders Duncombe, Oct. 11, 1561, for *the sole practice and profit of the fighting and combating of wild and domestic beasts within the realm of England for the space of fourteen years.*"

Occasional exhibitions of this kind were continued till about the middle of the 18th century.

#### PORTRAIT OF A JOCKEY.

*From GRAINGER'S Characters.*

"To ride this season.—An able jockey, fit to start for Match or Sweepstakes, or King's Plate, well sized, can mount 12 stone or strip to a feather; sound wind and limb, and free from blemishes. He was got by

Yorkshire *Tom*, out of a full sister of Deptford Nan; his grandam was the German princess, and his great grandam was daughter by Moll Flanders. His sire won the King's plate at York and Hambleton, the Ladies' subscription purse at Nottingham, the give and take at Lincoln, and the sweepstakes at Newmarket. His grandsire beat Sam Chiffney at Epsom and Burford, and Patrick M'Chatham over the Curragh of Kildare. His great great grandam rode for King Charles II. and so noble is the blood that flows in this jockey's veins, that none of his family was ever distanced; stood five feet five, or weighed more than 12 stone."

#### FEMALE PEDESTRIANISM.

ON Wednesday, October 29, 1817, ESTHER CROSIER undertook the fatiguing task of walking *one thousand miles* in 20 days, at the Washway, Brixton, but in consequence of some dispute, she gave it up, after having completed *three hundred and fifty miles* in seven days.

#### ATHLETIC SPORTS IN AMERICA.

*From the Travels of Mr. JOHN PALMER, in 1817, through the United States of America and Lower Canada.*

"Off from Hagerstown before break of day. The same magnificent scenery, and the same bad roads. It is astonishing how good the stage horses are in this ragged country—you seldom see any blind, sprained, or lame: our driver informs us they are very hardy, and with gentle driving never tire. A team of four



prime, and matches, is worth six hundred dollars, and will fetch seven hundred dollars in Philadelphia and Baltimore. Small flies do not trouble the horses here as in England, never pursuing them in a swarm round the horse's head. There is a small brown swamp-horse fly, and two sorts of hornets, black and yellow, rather numerous, and occasionally troublesome. Women all travel on horseback in these mountainous regions—it would be next to impossible for them to travel any other way till the turnpike roads are completed.

“ At Pittsburg we noticed a custom of selling horses (common in the Western States); if a man wishes to sell one, he rides up and down the market and streets, showing his paces, and starts it, say 20 dollars, calling out, as he rides along, “ Twenty dollars! twenty dollars! and a capital one to *rack*,” &c.—(*racking* is a favourite ambling pace.) When he gets a fresh bid, he announces it: the last bidder has the horse. If the owner does not approve of being his own auctioneer, it is done by one of the city officers for a small premium.

“ Our afternoon's ride was through the woods, where we saw many tracks of deer: one noble buck passed us within gun-shot at an easy trot. We observed several hunters' and travellers' encampments during the day: they are chosen on an elevated spot of ground, and poles, sticks, and branches, are constructed very roughly into a temporary hut. Mr. Keeman, where we breakfasted, tells us he can always buy a deer's carcass, even if it weighs a hundred

weight, for a dollar, and the skin is worth as much more. He says, some of the expert hunters will kill seventy or eighty in a season, besides bears, wolves, foxes, turkeys, and other game: buffaloes, elks, and moose, used to be common here, but they have lately emigrated across the Mississippi and Ohio: beavers have also disappeared.

“ In the afternoon we passed a party of about a hundred young men and women holding a *barbacue frolic*. It consists of a dinner, in which a roasted hog, in the Indian style, is the prominent article; and after it, dancing, wrestling, jumping, squirrel-shooting, &c. Where they all came from seemed to be the wonder, as we had hardly seen a house the last ten miles.

“ From the rascality and quarrelsome behaviour of a few of the Kentucky men, the whole people have got a very bad character amongst the sister states, especially for blackguardism, and their manner of fighting, when intoxicated; but this is certainly confined to the lowest, and is optional to the fighters. The question is generally asked—‘ *Will you fight fair, or take it rough and tumble? I can whip you either way, by G—d!*’ The English reader knows what fair fighting is, but can have little idea of *rough and tumble*; in the latter case, the combatants take advantage, *pull, bite, and kick*, and with hellish ferocity strive to *gouge*, or turn each other’s eyes out of their sockets! I never saw a *gouging* match, and though often of necessity in the lowest company, never had any one offer to do me *that favour*. I be-

lieve it is not so common by any means as is represented: I saw but two men who had been injured by this method of fighting—one had almost lost an eye, and the other, a free negro, was nearly or totally sightless. They both lived on the banks of the Ohio, where this dreadful art is most practised; it was introduced from the Southern States. There certainly ought to be a strong law enacted to prevent a resort to so brutal a practice; surely it is a disgrace and stigma to the legislature. *Prize-boxing* is unknown in the United States."

## DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE SHEPHERD.

IN the year 1818, as the Duke was upon a sporting visit at the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, Hatfield, he met with the following curious adventure.

A farmer who had been much annoyed by the hunters riding across his corn, directed his shepherd to stake up and make fast all his gates that adjoin the roads. It so happened that the Duke rode up to one of these gates, which the shepherd was lolling over, and who was directed by the Duke to open the gate for him. The shepherd refused compliance, and told him to go round, for he should not ride over his master's corn. The Duke therefore rode off. When the man went home, his master inquired of him if he had stopped the hunters? "*Aye, master,*" the shepherd answered, "*that I have—and not only them, but also that soldier-man* THAT BUONAPARTE COULD NOT STOP!" The farmer took an early opportunity of apologizing to Lady Salisbury for the rudeness of his ser-

vant, and stated, that had he been aware that the Noble Duke would have been out that day, his gates should not have been fastened, and at the same time mentioned what his man had said, which on being related to the Duke, caused, as may be expected, a hearty laugh.

## AN EPITAPH.

BENEATH this turf a female lies,  
That once the boast of fame was ;  
Have patience, reader, if you're wise,  
You'll then know what her name was.

In days of youth, (be censure blind)  
To men she would be creeping :  
When 'mongst the many one prov'd kind,  
And took her into---keeping.

Then to the stage \* she bent her way,  
Where more applauded none was ;  
She gain'd new lovers ev'ry day,  
But constant still to---one was.

By players, poets, peers, address'd,  
Nor bribe nor flattery mov'd her ;  
And tho' by all the men caress'd,  
Yet all the---women lov'd her.

\* A little spaniel bitch strayed into the Theatre, in Drury-Lane, and fixed upon Mr. Beard as her master and protector, was constantly at his heels, and attended him on the stage in the character of Hawthorn. She died much lamented, not only by her master, who was a member of the *Beef-Steak Club*, but by all the members; at one of their meetings, as many as chose it, were requested to furnish, at the next meeting, an epitaph. Among divers, preference was given to the above, from the pen of the late worthy John Walton, to whom the club were obliged for the well-known ballad of "Ned and Nell," and some beautiful songs.

Some kind remembrance then bestow  
 Upon the peaceful sleeper;  
 Her name was PHILLIS, you must know,  
 One HAWTHORN was her keeper.

MAJOR TOPHAM,

*Of the Wold Cottage, Yorkshire.*

EVERY public character who has in the least degree contributed towards the well being of society merits some notice to posterity; and few are there to be found who have performed a more active part than the subject of the present memoir, either in fashionable life, or in the more healthful and invigorating pursuits of the sports of the field.

Major Edward Topham is the son of Francis Topham, Esq. LL.D. who was master of the faculties and judge of the prerogative court of York, at which place he resided. He was reckoned one of the most eminent civilians of his day; and it was in a great measure owing to the number of unfortunate cases that came before him as a judge, which he so strongly represented in a pamphlet addressed to the then Lord Hardwicke, that the act which put an end to the Fleet marriages passed.

Major Topham passed eleven years at Eton, where he was fortunate enough to be distinguished by frequently having his verses publicly read by the master in school, or, as it is there termed, by being "sent up for good."

After leaving Eton, Major Topham went as a fellow-commoner to Trinity College, Cambridge, where



he remained four years, long enough to put on what is there called "an Harry Soph's gown," which many people would think was exchanging a good for a bad gown; that of the fellow-commoner being purple and silver, and the Harry Soph black silk.

From Cambridge he went abroad for a year and a half, and afterwards travelled through Scotland. This little tour became better known, as he afterwards gave an account of it in "Letters from Edinburgh," published by Dodsley. As the work of a stripling, they were so well received, that the first edition was soon out of print. Thence he removed to the seat of all human joy, in the eyes of a young man, London, and entered into the first regiment of life-guards. He was soon appointed adjutant of that corps, and shortly after exhibited as a character in the windows of all the print-shops under the title of "The Tip-top Adjutant." In truth he was a Martinette of his day, and shortly converted a very heavy ill-disciplined regiment into a very good one. In consequence of this he received several commendatory notices from the King, and the old general officers of the time.

The Major, however, was not so absolutely absorbed in military tactics, as even then totally to estrange himself from literary pursuits. In the midst of his various avocations, he wrote many prologues and epilogues to the dramatic pieces of his friends. To some of Mr. Cumberland's dramatic pieces, and to all those composed by his friend Mr. Andrews, he gave the last word in the shape of an epilogue. Amongst those that produced the greatest applause on

the stage, was a prologue spoken by Mr. Lee Lewis, in the character of Moliere's old woman, which had the effect of bringing for many nights together a full house before the beginning of the play—a circumstance in dramatic story somewhat singular.

The managers of Drury-lane, who had protracted their season to a great length, at the close of it, to add to their profits, let their theatre for a few nights to a party, collected heaven knows how! of people who fancied they had great stage talents. Hamlet's advice to actors formed no part of their tragedy. Amongst the rest was the father of Lawrence the painter, who having been unsuccessful in the wine trade, as an inn-keeper, fancied that he had at least all the spirit necessary for a tragedian.

It was this subject, luckily occurring at the time, that Major Topham selected for an epilogue, which was most admirably delivered by Miss Farren. The effect was such, that the elder Colman often declared that it brought five hundred pounds to the Haymarket theatre during that season.

Major Topham remained adjutant of the first life-guards about seven years, during which period he succeeded in making it the pattern regiment of the kingdom, and therefore, in some measure, actually merited the appellation of the Tip-top Adjutant. After this, in the regular course of purchase and promotion, he rose to be a captain.

At this time he first became acquainted with old Mr. Elwes, who frequently used to dine with him on guard, when he was not engaged in the House of Commons.

The son of Mr. Elwes was at that time in the same regiment; and it was from this circumstance that Major Topham became enabled to confer on that son those essential benefits which he afterwards performed.—Having great influence with old Elwes, he had often been solicited by his friend to take an opportunity of speaking to the father on the subject of making a will, as from being a natural son he could not have inherited without it. The repugnance to talking about his property, much more to disposing of it, was in Mr. Elwes inconceivable; and therefore it was a matter of the utmost delicacy and difficulty. Major Topham, however, was fortunate enough to choose a moment, and to find a way to overcome this difficulty, and the two sons owe entirely to him the whole of the immense property they now possess; and when perhaps this property may be estimated at seven hundred thousand pounds, it must be considered as a service, in point of importance, that has seldom been performed by one person to another.

From being more of a literary man than in general falls to the lot of officers, he had frequently at his dinner-parties on guard men not usually seen in a military mess. Horne Tooke, the elder Colman, M. P. Andrews, John Wilkes, and many other characters then well known, were in the habit of visiting him there.

The life of a captain of horse-guards, except when on duty, which was only four days in every month, was at that time a life of perfect inactivity, and therefore soon became irksome to Major Topham.

A circumstance happened about this time to the Major, which, as has been said, gave a sort of distinguishing colour to his future life. Mrs. Wells, of Drury-lane Theatre, confessedly one of the most beautiful women of the day in which she lived, through the medium of a friend, sent to request him to write her an epilogue for her benefit. He naturally did not deny her request; and of course the reading and instructing her in the delivery produced interviews, which the company of a woman so beautiful must always make dangerous. There are, as Sterne says, "certain chords, and vibrations, and notes that are correspondent in the human feelings, which frequent interviews awaken into harmony," and—if puns did not require spelling—frequently produce a *consort*.

It may also be naturally supposed, that in return for the greatest gift a man can receive, the heart of a most beautiful woman, that he would devise every method to become serviceable to her interests and dramatic character, and think his time and talents never better employed than in advancing the reputation of her he loved. This desire, indeed, gave a new spur to his mind, and a fresh activity to his genius. It was this idea that first inspired the thought of establishing a public print. It has been said, more than metaphorically, that "love first created *The World*." Here it was realised. Gallantry began what literature supported, and politics finished. It was thus, as we understand, from a wish to assist Mrs. Wells in her dramatic life, that the paper of "*The World*" first originated, and which, beginning from the passion for a

fine woman, attracted to itself shortly afterwards as much public notice as ever fell to the share of a daily, and constantly a very fugitive publication.

From the dispositions he made, perhaps, more from the conversation which was generally held that such a publication was about to come forth, in one week the demand for *The World* exceeded that which had been made in the same time for any other newspaper. With the exception of the *Anti-jacobin*, no public print ever went upon the same ground; not depending so much on the immediate occurrence or scandal of the day, as upon the style of writing and the pleasantries that appeared there. In truth, some of the most ingenious men contributed towards it; and when the names of Merry, Jerningham, Andrews, Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. Robinson, Jekyll, and Sheridan, are mentioned as having frequently appeared in this print, the remark will not be doubted. The poetry of *The World* was afterwards collected into four volumes. Merry and Mrs. Cowley were the *Della Crusca* and *Anna Matilda*, who were so long admired, and who, during the whole writing of those very beautiful poems, were perfectly unknown to each other.

But admired as these productions, and many others were, that appeared in the paper of the *World*, it is a singular fact that the correspondence of two boxers, HUMPHRIES and MENDOZA, *raised the sale of the paper in a higher degree than all the contributions of the most ingenious writers*. It was the fashion of that time for the pugilists to send open challenges to each other, and thus publicly announce their days of fight-



ing. This they chose to do through "The WORLD," as considering it the most fashionable paper.\*

In a short time Mrs. Wells, by her own intrinsic merit, added to a little instruction, rose to be one of the first actresses of her time.

Major Topham's wishes therefore were fully gratified. The paper of The World, of which he was editor, had extended itself beyond his utmost expectations. It was looked to as a repository for all the best writers of the day; it gave the tone to politics, and what to him was still dearer, it contributed to the fame of the woman he loved.

But alas! the dearest and most sanguine of our hopes are but as breath. Mrs. Wells, in her eagerness to appear in a particular part, to oblige the manager of Covent-garden, too soon after the birth of her last child, produced a revolution of her milk, which afterwards flew to her head, and occasionally disordered her brain.

On this melancholy event taking place, the paper of The World, at which Major Topham had incessantly laboured for nearly five years, and which had now attained an unrivalled degree of eminence, lost in his eyes all its charms. He first determined to let it, reserving a certain profit from its sale; and in a short time he resolved to dispose of it altogether.

In fact, and without a pun, on quitting "The World," Major Topham retired to his native county, where the duties of a country magistrate, in a large

\* *Bell's Weekly Dispatch*, is now the vehicle for these curious literary compositions.

county, occupied his time, added to a farm of some hundred acres under his own management.

Major Topham, living in the Wolds of Yorkshire, has not been insensible to the pleasure derived from rural sports. Among other country amusements, he has founded many coursing establishments. He was the possessor of the celebrated greyhound Snowball, brother to Major, the property of Colonel Thornton—whose breed is so well known, and so highly esteemed in the sporting world. The daughters of Major Topham are greatly distinguished for their superior skill in horsemanship.

One of the last of his literary works was the *Life of Mr. Elwes*. If wide-spread circulation be any test of merit, it certainly had this to boast. It was originally published in numbers in *The World*, which it raised in sale about one thousand papers. It was thence copied into all the different provincial ones, and afterwards, with some revisions, collected and published in a volume. It has gone through eleven editions. The late Horace Walpole used to say of it, that it was the best collection of genuine anecdote he knew.

Nor has this author been less distinguished for his knowledge and experience as a sportsman, having very handsomely contributed his assistance in writing an interesting account of “ancient and modern coursing,” also interesting notes to a new and beautiful edition of *Somerville’s Chase*.\*

No man has more of the manners of a gentleman, or more of the ease and elegance of fashionable life, than

\* Published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, price 6s. with some fine engravings by Scott.

Major Topham; though fond of retirement, his knowledge of life and manners enlivens his conversation with a perpetual novelty, while his love of humour and ridicule, always restrained within the bounds of benevolence and good-nature, add to the pleasures of the social table, and animate the jocundity of the festive board.

ON VIEWING AN OLD BENCH IN THE PARK AT WINDSOR, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF THIRTY YEARS.

By MAJOR TOPHAM.

Hail, good old bench! the seat of my first folly,  
Thy sight creates a smile, and makes me melancholy:

For oh! what years have roll'd between,  
How many a tragic, comic scene,  
Since sporting on thy playful green,

Thames saw me first---an ETON BOY.

Dear scenes of fond illusion past,  
Too gay, too innocent to last!  
But thou, rude bench, of pleasant seeming,  
But with disaster strangely teeming:  
For reckless he who venturing first  
On that strange land with witchery curst,  
Where magic visions strike the eyes,  
But WOMAN in the ambush lies.  
---Woman, to harm and to annoy---  
The source of every tear, and every joy!

Then stop forewarn'd---a moment stop from sinning,  
Thou dream'st not of the plagues, but now beginning;  
Attracted by the dimpled smile,  
So playful and so free from guile,  
Yet so deceitful all the while.

Stop, while thou canst, *unthinking boy*?  
Mirthful have been thy days till now;  
Soon wilt thou wear an alter'd brow:

Then wilt thou wonder that to-morrow  
 So soon can wear the face of sorrow,  
 Regret, distrust, and jealous fears, ---  
 For love, like rainbows, smiles in tears :  
 Dewy and light his airy form.  
 Then comes behind that April storm  
 WOMAN---to charm and to annoy,  
 The source of every tear, and every joy !

Then blest the hour, when time in pity cooling,  
 The feverish vein, which leads us on to fooling,  
 And (be the tempter maid or wife)  
 Lures us to combat care and strife,  
 And break the bonds of social life :  
 'Till age arrests the infuriate boy ;  
 Then comes *Reflection*, sober power,  
*Friendship*, to charm the calmer hour,  
 A tie, which knows not to disorder  
 With transports which on anguish border ;  
 But cheers us like the setting sun---  
 When love his flaming course has run,  
 'Till every fond delusion o'er,  
*Deceitful woman* charms no more.  
 WOMAN, to harm and to annoy,  
 The source of every tear, and every joy !

## UNITED EFFORTS OF A PEDESTRIAN AND A HORSE.

AT Chelmsford, in Essex, in 1818, Mr. Ives, a resident, and a mare, belonging to Mr. Crooks, jun. sheep-dealer, also of Chelmsford, commenced the extraordinary undertaking of performing 200 miles in twenty-four hours. The MARE and the PEDESTRIAN started at a quarter past one o'clock from the Red Lion, at Springfield ; the former travelling *six miles*, and the latter *one mile*, on the Colchester road. The

mare performed *sixty miles* by ten o'clock at night, when she was taken into the stable and rested four hours, after which she resumed her task, and had completed 132 miles by forty-three minutes past twelve o'clock the next day. The PEDESTRIAN, in the course of the night, rested three hours, and by half-past twelve o'clock the next day had made good seventy miles, which added to those performed by the mare, made 202 miles in *twenty-three hours and twenty-eight minutes*, leaving thirty-two minutes to spare, and two miles over. The mare was led throughout her journeys by the proprietor and some of his friends, who occasionally relieved each other; and at the termination of her performance, appeared but very little, if at all, distressed, considering the extraordinary number of miles she had travelled. The PEDESTRIAN accomplished his part with apparent ease, and there is no doubt that they could have effected some miles in addition within the given time. Thousands of persons witnessed the result of this *match against time*, and at the conclusion the victors were escorted into Chelmsford by a considerable body of horsemen and a band of music.

ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND FOWLS, SPORTING, RACES, &c.  
AMONG THE AFGHAUNS.

*By the Hon. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.*

THE distant and extensive kingdom of Caubul, bounded on the east by Hindostan, on the south by the Persian gulf, and on the west by a desert, contains some animals apparently of a species distinct



from those of other parts. The dogs, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, in his account of that kingdom, remarks, deserve to be mentioned. The greyhounds are excellent; they are bred in great numbers, particularly among the pastoral tribes, who are most attached to hunting. Pointers, resembling our own in shape and quality, are by no means uncommon, and are called khundee. A long-haired species of cats, called boorauk, are exported in great numbers, and are every where called Persian cats.

There are two or three sorts of eagles, and many kinds of hawks, among which is the gentle falcon, the best of all; the large grey short-winged bird called *bauz* in Persian, and *kuzzil* in Turkish, is thought to be the goss-hawk. The shauheen is taught to soar over the falconer's head, and strike the quarry as it rises. The chirk is taught to strike the antelope, fasten on its head, and retard it till the greyhounds come up. Herons, cranes, and storks, are common, and also a bird, called cupk by the Persians and Afghauns, and the hill chicore by the Indians, but which is known in Europe by the name of the Greek partridge. A smaller bird, called soosee, it is said, has never been heard of but among the Afghauns. The favourite amusement of these people is the chase, which is followed in various modes, according to the nature of the country, and the game to be pursued. Large parties often assemble on horseback or on foot, and form a crescent, which, sweeping the country to a very great extent, is sure to rouse whatever game may be in their range. They

manage so as to drive it into a valley, or some other convenient place, when they close in, and fall upon it with their dogs and their guns. Still more frequently a few men go out together, with their greyhounds and their guns, to course hares, foxes, and deer, or shoot any game that may fall in their way.

In some parts of the country they take hares, or perhaps rabbits, with ferrets. Their mode of shooting deer is by stalking bullocks and camels, trained to walk between them and the game, so as to conceal the hunter. In winter they track wolves and other wild animals in the snow, and shoot them in their dens. In some places they dig a hole in the ground near a spring, and conceal themselves there to shoot the deer and other animals that come there at night to drink. They also go out at night to shoot hyænas, which then issue from their dens and prowl about for their prey. They never shoot birds flying, but fire at them with small shot as they are sitting, or running along the ground. They have no hawking, except in the east; but often ride down partridges in a way which is much easier of execution than one would imagine. Two or more horsemen put up a partridge, which makes a short fly and sits down; a horseman then puts it up again, and the hunters relieve one another so as to allow the bird no rest till it becomes too tired to fly, when they ride over it as it runs, or knock it down with sticks.

RACES are not uncommon, especially at marriages: the bridegroom gives a camel to be run for; twenty or thirty horses start, and they run for ten or twelve

miles over the best ground they can find. With the better sort, it is a common amusement to tilt with their lances in the rest, at a wooden peg stuck in the ground, which they endeavour to knock over or to pick up on the point of their spears. They also practise their carbines and matchlocks on horseback; and all ranks fire at marks with guns, or with bows and arrows. They shoot for some stake; commonly for a dinner; but never for any large sum of money. The great delight of all the western Afghauns is to dance the attam or ghoomboor. From ten to twenty men or women stand up in a circle, (in summer before their houses and tents, and in winter round a fire,) a person stands within the circle to sing and play on some instrument. The dancers go through a number of attitudes and figures, shouting, clapping their hands, and snapping their fingers. Every now and then they join hands and move slow or fast, according to the music, all joining in chorus.

Most of their games appeared to the English very childish, and can scarcely be reconciled to their long beards and grave behaviour. Marbles are played by grown up men through all the Afghaun country and Persia. A game very generally played, is one called *khogsye* by the Doorauces, and *cabuddee* by the Tanjeks. A man takes his left foot in his right hand and hops about on one leg, endeavouring to upset his adversary, who advances in the same way. This is played by several on a side, and to a stranger appears very complicated. Quoits, played with circular flat stones; and hunt the slipper, played with a cap,

are also very common; as are wrestling, and other trials of strength and skill.

Fighting quails, cocks, dogs, rams, and even camels, are much admired. During their rutting season, if camels are matched, they fight with such fury that the spectators are obliged to stand out of the way of the beaten camel, who runs off at his utmost speed, and is often pursued by the victor to a distance from the field of battle. All these games are played for some stake, sometimes for money, and sometimes the winner takes the beaten cock, ram, or camel; but the general stake is a dinner.

It would take a great deal of time to describe their gymnastic exercises, or the innumerable postures which wrestlers are taught to assume. Some of the principal we may, however, notice. In one of them the performer places himself on his hands and toes, with his arms stiff and his body horizontal, at a distance from the ground. He then throws his body forward, and at the same time bends his arms, so that his chest and belly almost sweep the ground. When his body is as far thrown forward as possible, he draws it back to the utmost, straightens his arms, and is prepared to repeat the motion. A person unused to this exercise could not perform it ten times without intermission; *but such is the strength it confers when often used*, that one English officer was able to go through it *six hundred times* without stopping, and this operation he repeated twice a day.

Another exercise is whirling a heavy club round the head, in a way that requires the exertion of the whole

body. It is either done with an immense club held in both hands, or with one smaller club in each. A third exercise is to draw a very strong bow, which has a heavy iron chain instead of a ring. It is first drawn with the right hand like a common bow, then thrown over to the right, drawn with the left hand, and afterwards pulled down violently with both, till the head and shoulders appear between the bow and the chain. This last exercise only operates on the arms and the chest, but the others strain every muscle in the frame. There are many other exercises intended to strengthen the whole, or particular parts of the body, which a judicious master applies according to the defects of his pupil's formation. The degree to which these exercises bring out the muscles, and increase the strength, is not to be believed. Though fatiguing for the first few days, they afterwards occasion a pleasurable feeling, and a sensation of lightness and alacrity which lasts the whole day; and Mr. Elphinstone adds, "I never saw a man who had performed them long, without a large chest, fine limbs, and swelling muscles. They are one of the best inventions which Europe could borrow from the East; and, in fact, they bear a strong resemblance to the gymnastic exercises of ancient Greece."

## SAGACITY OF THE HEDGE-HOG.

DURING the summer of 1818, as Mr. Lane, game-keeper to the Earl of Galloway, was passing by the wood of Calscadden, near Garliestown, in Scotland, he fell in with a hedge-hog, crossing the road at a



small distance before him, carrying on its back six pheasant's eggs, which, upon examination, he found it had pilfered from a pheasant's nest hard by. The ingenuity of the creature was very conspicuous, as several of the remaining eggs were holed, which must have been done by it, when in the act of rolling itself over the nest, in order to make as many adhere to its prickles as possible. After watching the motions of the urchin for a short time longer, Mr. Lane saw it deliberately crawl into a furze bush, where its nest was, and where the shells of several eggs were strewed around, which had, at some former period, been conveyed thither in the same manner.

Another instance of the sagacity of the hedge-hog is also recorded by *Plutarch*:—"A citizen of Cyzicus formerly acquired the reputation of a good mathematician, for having learned the property of a hedge-hog. It has its burrows open in divers places, and to several winds; and foreseeing the change of the wind, stops the hole on that side; which that citizen perceiving, gave the city certain predictions to what corner the wind would shift next!"

## THE LAP DOG.

By W. UPTON.

'Tis little *Shock*, my lady's dog,

An angry bard expresses;

With curly charms must fill her arms,

And share her fond caresses.

Dear woman! turn your eyes around,

Another dog implores ye;

Be not so blind, in man you'll find

A creature that adores ye?

Nor spaniel, poodle, shock, or pug;  
 (However they may grumble);  
 To gain that bliss from you, a kiss!  
 Were ever yet so humble,

Then ladies, dear ones! kinder grow,  
 Nor live to tease and flout him;  
 But make your plan that *lap dog*, MAN!  
 And throw your arms about him.

#### CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF A TAME SEAL.

IN January 1819, in the neighbourhood of Burntisland, a gentleman completely succeeded in *taming a seal*: its singularities attracted the curiosity of strangers daily. It appeared to possess all the sagacity of the dog, and lived in its master's house, and eat from his hand. In his fishing excursions, this gentleman generally took it with him, upon which occasions it afforded no small entertainment. When thrown into the water, it would follow for miles the track of the boat, and although thrust back by the oars, it never relinquished its purpose. Indeed it struggled so hard to regain its seat, that one would imagine its fondness for its master had entirely overcome the natural predilection for its native element.

#### THE SCORPION.

*From PANANTI'S Account of Algiers.*

THE natives frequently amuse themselves by a curious kind of warfare, which is created by shutting up a scorpion and a rat together in a close cage, when a terrible contest ensues, which has been known to continue sometimes for above an hour; it generally ends by the

death of the scorpion: but in a little time after, the rat begins to swell, and in violent convulsions soon shares the fate of his vanquished enemy. It is also a favourite diversion with the Moors to surround one of these reptiles with a circle of straw, to which fire is applied; after making several attempts to pass the flames, it turns on itself, and thus becomes its own executioner.\*

## THE CLOWN AND THE GEESE.

IN the beginning of July 1818, a gentleman, on his way by water from Westminster to Blackfriar's bridge, felt his curiosity excited by observing the craft which line the river on both sides crowded with spectators, gazing with anxious eyes at some object on the surface of the water. Upon advancing a little nearer to the object of curiosity, he beheld a *human being seated in a washing-tub, floating with the tide under the pilotage of SIX GEESE*, yoked to the aquatic vehicle, and proceeding with all the grave composure of a civic voyage to Westminster. Whenever the geese were inclined to deviate, he observed they were gently guided by the aid of a stick into the right course again. On inquiring into the cause of this exhibition, he found that the personage thus launched upon so perilous an enterprise, was USHER, the professional grimacier of the Coburg Theatre, whose aquatic feats of this description had acquired him much celebrity, and

\* In the "GIAOUR," this singular fact is finely alluded to by Lord Byron.

who, on this occasion, had laid a wager of ten guineas to perform a voyage from Blackfriars to Westminster, in the frail bark which we have just described.

## THE CHASE OF LIFE.

By MR. UPTON.

THE Age is a *Chase*, from the time we draw breath,  
The present, the future, and past ;  
And tho' all must yield to the grand archer Death,  
The *Sport* is kept up to the last.

THE STATESMAN's a *Huntsman* ; ambition's his *game* ;  
The SOLDIER for *glory* contends ;  
The SAILOR for England emblazons his fame,  
And ranks with her dearest of *friends*.

THE PATRIOT's a *Lion*, his country the field,  
He chooses to *run down* her foes ;  
The COURTIER's a *Spaniel*, will supple and yield,  
And a COXCOMB's a *Jay* in fine clothes.

THE BAILIFF's a *Kite*, ever bent on his prey ;  
The BULLY's a *Magpie*, all talk ;  
The MISER a *Muckworm*, appears night and day ;  
And a LAWYER's a blood-sucking *Hawk*.

THE PRUDE is a *Fox*, rather crafty and sly,  
Pretending aversion to sin ;  
The COQUET's an *Eel*, that demands a sharp eye,  
And frequently not worth a pin.

THE WIFE, loving wife, is the pride of the *Chase*,  
And Life's gloomy evening cheers ;  
And where is the *Hunter* can't easily trace,  
The sweet-temper'd *Girls* are all *Deerst*

## THE HORSE AND VIPER.

THE great viper, called *fer de lance*, is one of the most dreadful scourges in the West Indies, but is found only in Martinique, St. Lucia, and another small island. This viper is so savage, that the moment it sees any person it immediately erects itself and springs upon him. In raising itself, it rests upon four equal circles formed by the lower part of the body; when it springs these circles are suddenly dissolved. After the spring, if it should miss its object, it may be attacked with advantage; but this requires considerable courage, for as soon as it can erect itself again, the assailant runs the greatest risk of being bitten. Often, too, it is so bold as to follow its enemy by leaps and bounds, instead of fleeing from him; and it does not cease the pursuit till its revenge is glutted. In its erect position it is so much the more formidable, because it is as high as a man, and can even bite a person on horseback. M. Morreau de Jonnes was once riding through a wood, when his horse reared; and when the rider looked round to discover the cause of the animal's terror, he perceived a *fer de lance* viper standing quite erect in a bush of bamboo, and heard it hiss several times. He would have fired at it with his pistol, but the affrighted horse drew back so ungovernably, that he was obliged to look about for somebody to hold him. He now espied, at some distance, a negro upon the ground, wallowing in his blood, and cutting with a blunt knife the flesh from the wound occasioned by the bite of the same viper. When M. Jonnes acquainted him with his in-



tention of killing the serpent, he earnestly opposed it, as he wished to take it alive, and make use of it for his cure, according to the superstitious notions of the negroes. He presently rose, cut some *lianes*, made a snare with them, and then concealing himself behind the bush near the viper, he attracted its attention by a low whistling noise, and suddenly throwing a noose over the animal, drew it tight, and secured his enemy. M. Morreau saw this negro a twelvemonth afterwards, but he had not perfectly recovered the use of the limbs bitten by the viper. The negroes persecute these vipers with the greatest acrimony. When they have killed one, they cut off its head and bury it deep in the earth, that no mischief may be done by the fangs, which are dangerous after the death of the animal. Men and beasts shun this formidable reptile; the birds manifest the same antipathy for that as they do for owls in Europe, and a small one of the *loria* kind, even gives warning by its cry, that a viper is at hand.

#### SKETCH OF A DISTINGUISHED SPORTSWOMAN.

LADY FEARNOUGHT was the only child of a gentleman of large fortune, in Sussex, who was a perfect Nimrod in the chase: he was doatingly fond of her. Having no son to initiate into his favourite pursuits, or to participate with him in the pleasures of hunting and shooting, and seeing his daughter a fine robust girl, he determined to bring her up in the place of one; and as she had strong animal spirits, great muscular strength, and rude health, she preferred partaking of the field sports of her father, to the lessons of the

French governess and dancing-master, or being confined to work at the tambour-frame of her mother ; in spite of whose gentle remonstrances, Mr. Beagle, aided by the inclinations of his romping daughter, vowed he would have his plan of education adopted.

In consequence, at fifteen, she would take the most desperate leaps, and clear a five-barred gate with the keenest fox-hunter in the county. She was always in at the death ; was reckoned the best shot within a hundred miles ; for having once levelled her death-dealing tube, the fate of the feathered tribe was inevitable, as the spoils she exultingly displayed, sufficiently testified, when she turned out her net to her admiring father.

At seventeen, Emma Beagle, early habituated to exercise, had never felt the baleful curse of ill-health, that extermination of every comfort. Her height was five feet eight ; her person finely formed : she had a commanding and majestic appearance. From the freedom of her education which had banished *mauvaise honte*, she had acquired a firm tone of voice, an impressive manner of delivering her sentiments, which, if it did not always carry conviction to her auditors, helped to awe them into silence. Her complexion was that of a bright brunette ; on her cheeks glowed the rich tints of health, laid on by Aurora, as she hailed the rosy-fingered goddess's approach on the upland lawn. Her eyes were of the darkest hazel, full of fire and intelligence ; her nose Grecian ; her hair a glossy chestnut, which flowed in luxuriant profusion upon her fine formed shoulders, in all its native graces, as she

never would consent to its being tortured into the fantastic forms dictated by the ever-varying goddess, Fashion, to her votaries.

Her mind partook of the energies of her body, it was strong, nervous, and masculine; she had a quick perception of character, and a lively wit, which she expressed in flowing and animated language; unused from early life to restraint, she never could be induced to put any on her words and actions, but had, to the present moment, done and said whatever struck her fancy, heedless of the world's opinion, which she treated with the most sovereign contempt.

At the period we have mentioned, she met at a fox-chase, Sir Charles Fearnought, a handsome young man, just come of age, with whom she was charmed, by seeing him take a most desperate leap, in which none but herself had the courage to follow him. Mutually pleased with each other's powers, from that time they became constant companions; they hunted, shot, and played back-gammon together.

At this crisis the lovers were divided, by Squire Beagle being ordered to Bath by his physicians, after having had a severe fit of his old enemy, the gout, in his stomach. To expel this foe to man from the seat of life to the extremities, he was sent to drink the waters of Bladud's fount, though, in the squire's opinion, old Madeira would have been much more pleasant, and of equal utility; but the faculty persisted, and he was compelled to yield. He would not go without his darling Emma—deprived of whose society he could not exist a single day.

This was Miss Beagle's first introduction to the fashionable world, except at an assize, a race, or an election ball. It was all, to her, new and wonderful; she was at first amused by the novelty and splendour of the gay city of Bath, that emporium of cards, scandal, and ceremony. With her ideas of free agency, she was soon disgusted with the painful restraint imposed on her by the latter; wild as the wind, and unconfined as air, she soon bid defiance to rule and order, determined to please herself just as she used to do at Huntsman's Hall. In consequence of this wise resolve, she would mount her favourite blood-horse, gallop over Claverton Downs for a breathing before breakfast—leap off at the pump-room—dash in—charge up the ranks between yellow-faced spinsters and gouty parsons, to the terror of the lame and decrepid—toss down a glass of water—quite forget the spur with which she always rode—entangle it in the fringe of some fair Penelope's petticoat, who, in knotting it, had beguiled many a love-lorn hour, which this fair equestrian demolished in a moment, paying not the least attention to the comments her behaviour occasioned the company to make, such as—"How vastly disagreeable—monstrous rude—quite brutish—only a fit companion for her father's hounds—I wonder how her mother, who is really a very polite bred woman, can think of letting her loose without a muzzle!" To audible whispers, like these, Miss Beagle either laughed contemptuously; or, as her wit was keen and pointed, she made the retort courteous, and by her sarcasms soon silenced her antagonists.

At the balls, she paid as little attention to precedence and order, as she did to ceremony in the pump-room: in vain the master of the ceremonies talked "*about it, and about it*;" in vain he looked sour, or serious. She laughed in his face—advised him to descend from his altitude, that only made him look queer and quizzical; then walked to the top of the room, and took her place upon those seats held sacred for nobility, that were not to be contaminated by plebeians. In vain the elected sovereign of etiquette talked of his delegated authority, and remonstrated against her encroachments, as indecorous and improper. The men supported her in all these freaks; the women, afraid of her satirical powers, only murmured their disapprobation.

The males were all charmed with the graceful beauty of her person, and the wild playful eccentricities of her manner: she was the toast and admiration of Bath, under the appellation of—"*La Belle Sauvage*." The females concealed the envy they felt at this new rival of their charms, under a pretended disgust of her *unfeminized* manner and masculine pursuits; while she felt and expressed a perfect contempt of their trifling avocations: and used to say they were pretty automats, whose minds were as imbecile as their persons.

Tired of the dull routine of fashionable follies, as the pleasure of surprising the crowd lost its novelty, Miss Beagle sighed for the time that was to restore her to her early habits. Of all the men that fluttered round, praised her charms, and vowed themselves her



devoted adorers, she saw none that could stand in competition or dispute her heart with her favourite companion in the chase, the manly, bold, and adventurous Sir Charles Fearnought.

Her father, who, by drinking the waters, had expelled the gout from his stomach to his feet, and was content to accept a prolonged existence through the medium of excruciating torments, could not, till pronounced by the faculty to be in a state of convalescence, remove to Huntsman's Hall. Miss Beagle, obliged to remain in a place of which she was heartily tired, sought amusement in her own way; nor gave herself trouble what the company, with whom, to oblige her mother, she associated, thought of her actions.

At length Mr. Beagle, with his family, left Bath, and returned to Huntsman's Hall, where he soon received a visit from Sir Charles Fearnought, who made overtures to the old gentleman of marrying his blooming Emma. Mr. Beagle discovered the pleasure with which she received the baronet's proposal; accepted the offer with as much eagerness as it was made, by the intended son-in-law; and as the estates joined, and their pursuits were so congenial, every one pronounced it a good match.

Soon after Sir Charles received the hand of the blooming Emma from her father; after which the new married pair, with a splendid retinue, set off for Partridge Lodge, the seat of Sir Charles, who, with the old-fashioned hospitality of his progenitors, ordered open house to be kept for his tenants and dependants.

The October brewed at his birth, and preserved for this joyous occasion, was now poured out in liberal potations, and drank to the health of the bride and bridegroom; an ox was roasted whole in the park, and the plum-pudding of our hardy sires smoked on the festive board. This rural *fête*, in the old English style, lasted a week.

Let us now follow Lady Fearnought, and note her *entrée* into the great world, aided by the advantages of youth, beauty, fortune, fashion, and consequence, the admiration of the men, the envy of the women, and the gaze of the multitude. Through the entreaties and remonstrances of her husband and friends, she allowed herself to be presented at court, to have a box at the opera, and so far to comply with the fashionable circles, to which she had been introduced, as to attend their routs, and give them at her own house; but these were not the amusements congenial to her mind, and she determined that, as she yielded to her husband's inclinations in town, she would live to please herself in the country. For this purpose she kept a pack of fox-hounds, that were reckoned the staunchest in the country; her stud was in the highest condition; her pointers excellent; and the partridges felt she had not forgot to take a good aim.

Obliged, by fashion's law, to pass some of the winter months in London every year, she soon threw off the restraint that tyrant custom imposes on the sex; amused herself by riding her favourite blood horse, Tarquin, against the male equestrians in Hyde-Park, or driving her phaeton, with four fleet coursers in hand,

through all the fashionable streets, turning a corner to an inch, to the wonder and terror of her beholders. The ladies, who were constantly hearing her admired by the men, for her prowess, and venturous feats of horsemanship, finding Lady Fearnought was quite the rage, sickened with envy; determining, as they could not persuade her to follow their fashions, they would aspire to imitate hers.

From hence we may date the era of women venturing their pretty necks in a fox-chase, shooting flying, and becoming female charioteers, to rival the celebrity of the fair huntress, who was at the head of the *haut-ton*, with all these dashing ladies; and we had *Fearnought riding-hats, Fearnought boots and spurs, and Fearnought saddles!*

When Lady Fearnought had been married about fourteen years, she had the misfortune to lose her husband, who was thrown from his horse during a fox-chase, and fractured his skull, by attempting a desperate leap. His beloved lady, who had cleared it a few moments before, saw the accident, immediately sprung from her horse, and, while she sent for a surgeon and a carriage, no house being near the spot where the accident happened, she threw herself on the ground by his side, and laying his bleeding head on her lap, shed a torrent of genuine tears over the only man she ever loved. He was unable to speak, but seemed sensible of her tender sorrow; for he feebly pressed her hand, and before any assistance arrived expired in her arms.

She mourned for him with unfeigned sorrow: her "occupation" seemed to be gone; her horses fed

quietly in their stables, while for the space of three months the hounds slept in their kennels, and she wore a black riding-habit for six. But time, which ameliorates the keenest anguish, and reconciles us to all things, aided by the conviction that we cannot recall the tenants of the tomb, failed not to pour its lenient balm into her wounded bosom; and Lady Fearnought "was herself again."

Sir Charles left an only son, by this lady, the present Sir Henry Fearnought, who, following the example of his father and mother, we see him now at the pinnacle of fashion, a Nimrod in the chase, a Jehu in London streets, a jockey riding his own matches at Newmarket, a bore at the opera, and a pigeon at the ladies' faro-tables! But he is a mixed character: he seeks celebrity by mixing with men of quality and fashion; to gain the reputation of being one himself, he imitates all their follies, though they are not the sort from which, by inclination, he is enabled to receive any pleasure; for this he associates with the wives and daughters of needy nobility, with whom his money will compensate for his manners, though, did he give the sensations of his heart fair play, he would mix among the buxom daughters of his fox-hunting neighbours."

To gratify his desire for fame, he will draw straws for hundreds, race maggots for thousands: has a chariot, built by Leader, in which he never rides; keeps an opera-dancer, whom he seldom sees: but this is to give him *eclat* with the fashionable world, and stamp him as a man of high *ton*! for, to indulge his real

taste, he steals in a hackney-coach to the embraces of his dear Fanny Frolic, once the dairy-maid of his mother, but now his mistress, in a snug lodging in Marylebone, whom he admires for the vulgar, but native charms of rosy cheeks, white teeth, and arms as blue as a bilberry.

Lady Fearnought, his mother, at the present period is not yet forty, though she appears much older; for she is grown robust. Her complexion is dyed of the deepest bronze, occasioned by living so much on horseback, and exposing herself to the warring elements in all seasons; for the burning sun, or the pelt-ing storm, deter her not from her accustomed avocations. By her management of herself she is so truly case-hardened, that she sets coughs, colds, and sore throats, at defiance!

She rises at day-break, plunges directly into a cold bath, makes a meat breakfast, then mounts her fleet mare, and, according to the season, either hunts, shoots, or courses till dinner. After having visited her stud, sits down to back-gammon with the vicar; but if she has a visitor that can play, she prefers her favourite game, chess.

But though she has done every thing to preserve her health, and destroy her beauty, she is still a fine woman, and remains a favourite of the neighbouring gentlemen; is their companion in field-sports, and often entertains with a dinner the members of the hunt in the vicinity:



# SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE OF A BALL FOUND IN THE HEART OF A BUCK.

*From the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal.*

A BUCK that was remarkably fat and healthy in condition, in August 1816, was killed in Bradbury Park; and on opening him it was discovered that, at some distant time he had been shot in the heart, a ball being found in a cyst in the substance of that viscus, about two inches from the apex. The surface of the cyst had a whitish appearance; the ball weighs two hundred and ninety-two grains, and was quite flat. Mr. Richardson, the park-keeper, who opened the animal, is of opinion that the ball had struck some hard substance before entering the body of the deer. That the animal should subsist long after receiving this ball, is endeavoured to be accounted for from the instance of a soldier, who survived forty-nine hours after receiving a bayonet wound in the heart: however, the recovery from a gun-shot wound in an animal inferior to man can, in no respect, materially alter the importance of the fact, and of the great extent to which this vital organ may sustain an injury from external violence.

## MY FANCY.

WHAT is it that impels mankind  
To stretch the procreative mind,  
By this or that thing joy to find?

FANCY.

"What was it?" dark-eyed Rosa cries,  
"First made young Frederic charm my eyes,  
"And still, for still my fond heart sighs?"

My FANCY.

"What was it," questioning Charles exclaims,  
 "First lit the fire that wisdom blames,  
 "And lovely woman still enflames?"

My FANCY!

What was it made my tongue so glib,  
 To bet on Scroggins, Ford, or Crib,  
 Where peers and blackguards swear and lib?

My FANCY!

What was it madly fired my brain,  
 To try the sportive "seven's the main,"  
 And curse the dice that threw in vain?

My FANCY!

What was it led my soul agog,  
 To range the meadows, hill, and bog,  
 Delighted with my gun and dog?

My FANCY!

What call'd me up at break of morn,  
 To join the shrill-mouth'd hounds and horn,  
 And shake the dew-drops from the thorn?

My FANCY!

And now to close this answering rhyme,  
 Bombastic, doggerel, and *sublime*!  
 What is it whispers—and 'tis time?

My FANCY!

#### AN ACCOUNT OF THE DUTCH GAME OF KOLVEN.

*From MITCHELL'S Tour through Belgium, Holland, &c.*

A TRAVELLER, who was at Leyden in the summer of 1816, observes, "there was one amusement I saw there, which we have not in England, which affords a most agreeable, gentle exercise, and is particularly adapted for a cold, moist climate, which often denies enjoyments out of doors. It is called *Kolven*, and I shall here describe it as I saw it performed at a place

of public entertainment, about a mile and a half without the Haarlem gate of Leyden, near the country-house where the great Boerhaave resided. There was a large room, about seventy feet long, and upwards of twenty broad. A walk along the side was partitioned off with boards, raised three feet high, and the rest of the room was laid with a whitish clay and sand, made very hard and smooth. About nine feet from each end of the room, in the exact middle, was a small pillar, the lower part of brass. There were two stuffed balls, rather hard, of the size of twelve pound cannon balls; and clubs, the lower parts of which were also of brass. Two people play; the first commences at one end of the room, and drives his ball towards the pillar at the other; the second player commencing at the same time, does the same to his ball. He, of the two, whose ball has rolled nearest the pillar, has now the first blow. They strike their balls alternately; and the object is to make the ball first roll against one pillar, and then they drive it to the other end of the room, to try to make it strike the other pillar. He whose ball first does so, gains the first notch. The principle and mode of playing bears a resemblance to the Scotch game of the Golf. The exercise is gentle, and the game seems easy, but it requires considerable dexterity. The landlord charges nothing for the room, as the parties usually play for a bottle of wine; and it affords great entertainment to the lookers on, who also wish to be doing something for the good of the house."

## THE CHAMOIS.

From "*Alpine Sketches.*"

THE Chamois is a little larger than a goat, but much superior in power and agility; the strongest man cannot hold one of a month old: they bound from precipice to precipice to a prodigious distance, gaining the loftiest summits, and precipitating themselves from the steepest rocks without fear. The chase of this animal occupies a great part of this mountainous population, and many perish annually in the hazardous pursuit.

Often the hunter, overtaken by a dark mist, loses himself amongst the ices, and dies of cold and hunger; or the rain renders the rocks so slippery, that he is not able to re-ascend them. In the midst of eternal snows, braving all dangers, they follow the *Chamois* frequently by the marks of their feet; when one is perceived at a distance, the hunter creeps along till within reach of his gun, which he rests on a rock, and is almost always sure of his prey: thus the innocent beast, which tranquilly feeds, perhaps enjoys the last moments of its happy existence. But if his watchful eye perceives the enemy, as is often the case, he flies from rock to rock, "*timor addidit alas,*" and the fatigues of the pursuer begin, who traverses the snows, and climbs the precipices, heedless of how he is to return. Night arrives, yet the hopes of the morrow re-assure him, and he passes it under a rock. There, without fire, without light, he draws from his wallet a little cheese and oaten bread, which he is obliged to

break with a stone, or with the hatchet he carries to cut his path in the ice. This repast finished, he falls asleep on his bed of snow, considering what route the *Chamois* has probably taken. At break of day he awakens, insensible to the charms of a beautiful morning, to the glittering rays which silver the snowy summits of the mountains around him, and thinking only of his prey, seeks fresh dangers. Thus they frequently remain many days in these horrible deserts, while their wives and families scarcely dare to sleep, lest they should behold the spirits of their dead husbands; for it is believed that a Chasseur after his death always appears to the person who is most dear to him, to make known where lie his mangled remains, to beg the rites of burial.

#### ACCOUNT OF HIGHLAND SPORTS,

*Which took place at Straidan Parry, Sept. 14, 1816.*

AT sun-rise, the standard waved on the old castle tower, but the inclemency of the preceding night and morning, retarded till ten the further operations of the day: the scene was then opened by wall pieces, six and six, answering each other from "*Cruganan Phithich*," and the front of the Mansion-house; after which the whole mustered at Invergarry to the pipe and clan banner; and thence countermarched to lodge those ancient family pieces in their armoury. They then proceeded to "*Toum na chouse*," when, having halted, they were arranged like marshalled clansmen, (a detachment of the 78th Highlanders advancing in front to keep the ground clear,) and marched down on



"*Straidan*," the field sports, fording the waters in the good old Highland style, "*Ann gualaidh a chelle!*" and in this and the after proceeding of the day, the "*Tuan Suidhe*" was ably supported by "*Gabber Feidh*," the Mackenzie chief, and "*Ard Fonnistear Raonilich agus Clann Dhonnúill*," Colonel Macdonell of the Coldstream Guards, Captain Ross, Captain Macdonald (Glencoe), with many other steady and respectable friends of this Institution. On entering the grounds, where tents had been previously pitched, and where the feast was soon to be spread in all the abundance and simplicity of the days of OSSIAN, neither was the blaze nor the songs of the bards forgot, while the feast of the shells circulated to "*Commuinn nam fìor Ghaidheal*." Tombac Mac Mhic Alastair" coursed here its welcome rounds; at proper intervals, to loyal, patriotic, and appropriate toasts succeeded "*An Rich*," "*Ard Fhlath Commuinn Ghaidhealach Lunnuin*," &c. and the martial toned bag-pipe announced the opening of each game. "The field of mountain game, that brace the limbs, and fit for deeds of fame." And first the prize for BALL-SHOOTING was contended for, in which Glengarry, Allungrange, Colonel Macdonell of the Guards, C.B.K. M.T. and St. Wr. Capt. Falconer, of the 78th Highlanders, and Captain Morgan, distinguished themselves by *breaking the target* at about 120 yards. There appeared besides the "*Cann Suidhe*," three of the original winners at *sharp shooting* in the ground, viz. John Macdonell (*Macalastair*), from Laddy;

Hugh Macdonell (*Macallan*), Balalistair; and Angus Mac Innes, from "*Seann Talamh*."

The FOOT RACE was then started (to run a distance of nearly *five miles*, the roads in many parts rough and unmade) by John Kennedy, "*Mac Jan More*," from Glengarry; Angus M'Eobhan, *Rhuagha Kennedy*, from Laggan; Archibald Macdonell, from Glenmorrison; and Ewen Kennedy, *Mac Jan Mhic Eobhan*, in which the two first were victorious, though the others did not want merit in the contest. Many gentlemen present spontaneously insisted upon contributing money to the winners, which was notified at starting, and *won* in able style, to the great delight of all on the spot.

The LIFTING OF THE STONE was next resorted to, and was practised by the strong (in part) during the interval of the runners' absence; in this, Serjeant Rannald Macdonell, "*Na Craig*," from Glengarry, maintained his original superiority *with great ease*; next Allan Macdonell, from Glenlee, carried it 42 yards; Donald Macdonell, from Lundy, 30 yards; John Macmaster, from Dockinassy, 28 yards and a half; John Chisholm, from Glenmorrison, 26 yards; Donald Cameron, from Dockinassy, 20 yards—several others tried it, *in vain*, or declined having their names inserted, from the little hand they made of it, and the well-authenticated efforts of John More Macdonell, late of Monteraggie, in Glengarry, and of James Macdonell, "*Mac Fear Balemhian*," from Abertarff, with this very stone, were listened to with *pleasure*

by all, and astonishment by many. "*Thig so agus theo u Feot*," was now sounded for the Cearnach's feast, which consisted chiefly of beef, mutton, venison, broth, *haggisses*, &c. &c. after which, the "*Cuach*" circulated again, and the GAMES were resumed to the sound of the pipe.

BROADSWORD, CUDGELLING, and the DIRK dance, had now been intended, but the unavoidable absence of two principal performers disappointed those hopes, one champion only of three being on the ground.

PUTTING THE STONE therefore succeeded, when Ranald Macdonell, "*do Shliochel Allan Mac Raonuill*," from Leck of Glengarry, evinced his wonted superiority; among the others were observed Mr. George Macdonell, "*au ceadna*," Alex. Smith, gardener to Glengarry, and Alex. Grant, ploughman to Capt. Morgan, the two last STANDING PUTTERS.

The STANDING and RUNNING LEAP were denied us, from the shortness of the day, and HEAVING the SLEDGE HAMMER was introduced in their room, than which few, if any, of those manly games, the former pastime of Caledonians, show more the combined strength and activity of its performers; it calls forth every nerve in the human frame to its fullest pitch, and this and putting the stone, were at all times FAVOURITES among our Highland ancestors. Here Serjeant Ranald Macdonell again maintained the superiority he had evinced for years back, as the *Rae Highlanders*, and his own regiment witnessed in a contest (during the Irish rebellion) with their companion.

WRESTLING, PULLING THE STICK, TOSSING THE

BAR OF IRON, PITCHING THE CABBER, and several others, were among the Highland amusements of old, but the shortness of a most joyous and harmonious day *forbade* the entering upon either of them now. The sun being down, the GATHERING SOUNDED AFRESH, and a dram being first circulated on the spot, the whole countermarched for Glengarry House, where, after their "*Deoch 'n Doruis*," the commoners and those *otherwise engaged*, went to their various destinations, while the leaders of the party supped, and kept it up, bringing in the birth-day of *Fear Bun-chair* with *great glee* in the true spirit of their hearts, before they retired to rest. An unavoidable circumstance (which, for the first time, prevented *Mac Mhic Alastair's* attendance at the last meeting of True Highlanders) *delayed* the timeous notice requisite for the more distant Highlands and Isles; still the sports were very numerously attended, and such of the *spectators* as assumed the garb met with every attention from the joyous Highlanders present.

## MAJOR LEESON.

FEW men experienced greater vicissitudes, or obtained more notoriety on the turf, than the above personage, who ultimately died in an obscure lodging in the rules of the King's Bench. Those who have only heard of the irregularities of the latter days of the late Major, might suppose that silence would be the best tribute that could be paid to his memory. This consideration, however, would defeat the principal end of biography—instruction. Patrick Leeson, the subject

of this sketch, was born at Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, in the year 1754. It cannot be said, that fortune smiled deceitful on his birth, for the wealth of his family consisted only of a few cows and horses, and a farm, on which three generations had subsisted with peace and competence.

Patrick's father had received an education beyond that of an husbandman, who was obliged to till the ground with his own hands; but as his sober wishes never strayed beyond the bounds of his own farm, he was at first determined that his son should tread in his own steps, and that he should not be spoiled by an education beyond his humble views. Patrick, however, was soon distinguished by a quickness of perception, and a promptitude of expression, beyond his years, and in order that these qualities might be improved to a certain extent, he was sent to learn the Latin tongue under the instruction of a relation, who looked upon all science and human excellence to be treasured up in that language, with which he was well acquainted, for he had made it his study from his boyish days up to his grand climacteric. Our young pupil made so rapid a progress in his grammar, that his preceptor and father began to conceive the highest hopes of his talents; and, as they were both very pious men, they thought such a star should shine only in the hemisphere of the church, to use the pedagogical expression.

Patrick, it seems, was not so deeply enamoured with abstinence and prayer, for he was already put upon this regimen: he thought that youth might indulge,



without criminality, in some of those amusements which are peculiar to that season; such as dancing, wrestling, riding, &c. in each of which he excelled, nature having favoured him with a fine person, and a healthy constitution.

He had now nearly accompanied the prince of Roman historians through all his battles, sieges, &c. when a circumstance happened which put a stop to his classical career:—a recruiting party came to Nenagh; “the ear-piercing fife, and the spirit-stirring drum,” were not lost in such a buoyant mind; and Patrick protested that he would rather carry a musket as a private, than rule a score of parishes with the nod of a mitre. His grand uncle, a catholic priest, was consulted on the occasion. The good old man, after some consideration, gave it as his opinion, that his nephew was destined by nature to wear a red coat instead of a black one; and that examples were not wanting in his own family of those that had risen to unenvied honours in the tented field. Patrick’s views were liberally seconded by a Scottish nobleman.

At the age of seventeen he came to London, as *ignorant of the world* as if he had just dropped into it. As he had spent, or rather wasted, his time, to use his own phrase, in the study of words, he began to study things; for this purpose he was sent to Mr. Alexander’s academy, at Hampstead, where in a very short time he laid in a tolerable stock of mathematical knowledge. He was now transplanted, through the munificence of his noble patron, to the celebrated academy of Angers, in France, where he had the double advantage of

finishing his military studies, and at the same time of learning the French language, which he spoke ever after, with fluency. Whilst at this seminary he fought a duel with Sir W. M——; the courage exerted by these two gentlemen, on that occasion, has been always spoken of to the honour of both. He was soon after appointed a lieutenant in a regiment of foot, in which he conducted himself with the propriety of a man who considers the word soldier and gentleman as synonymous terms.

The only act of indiscretion that can be laid to his charge, if it can be called by that name, will find a ready apology in the impetuosity of youthful blood, and the affection he bore to every man in the regiment, which was reciprocal. The serjeant, a sober steady man, was wantonly attacked by a blacksmith, who was the terror of the town. The serjeant defended himself as long as he was able with great spirit, but was obliged, after a hard contest, to yield to his athletic antagonist. This intelligence reached Mr. Leeson's ears the next morning: without delay he set out in pursuit of the victor, whom he found boasting of the triumph he had gained over the *lobster*, as he called the serjeant. The very expression kindled Leeson's indignation into such a flame, that he aimed a blow at the fellow's temple, which he warded off, and returned with such force, that Leeson lay for some minutes extended on the ground. Leeson, however, renewed the attack; victory, for a considerable time, seemed to declare on the side of his antagonist; but as soon as the scale turned in favour of the lieutenant, he followed

one blow after the other with such rapidity and success, that the son of Vulcan sunk at last, and yielded up the palm, with a copious effusion of blood, the loss of seven or eight teeth, and eyes beat to a jelly. In order to complete the triumph, Leeson placed him in a wheelbarrow, and in this situation he was wheeled through all the town, amidst the acclamations of the populace. Soon after this, Mr. Leeson exchanged his lieutenancy for a cornetcy of dragoons. It may seem a little extraordinary, that a man who had escaped those snares that are strewed in the paths of youth, should fall into them at a time when prudence began to assume her influence over the heart. *The gaming-table now presented itself in all its seductive charms.* He could not resist them; and an almost uninterrupted series of success led him to Newmarket, where his evil genius, in the name of good luck, converted him in a short time into a professed gambler. At one time he had a complete stud at Newmarket; and his famous horse, *Buffer*, carried off all the capital plates for three years and upwards. As Leeson was a man of acute discernment, he was soon initiated into all the mysteries of the turf. He was known to all the black legs, and consulted by them on every critical occasion. Having raised an independent regiment, he was promoted to a majority. The Major, it was well known, was greatly indebted to the exertions of *Courtenay*, the celebrated *Union Piper*, for the rapidity with which he raised the above regiment. *Courtenay*, was a *choice spirit*, and, like *Morland*, would sooner play on his pipes to amuse his poor countrymen, than gratify the wishes of

noblemen, although handsomely paid for it. Courtenay, resided at the house of rendezvous, where the sweet strains of his pipes, added to copious draughts of whiskey, produced the complement of men in a few days. The period, was so short, that Leeson won a great bet upon it. He continued for some time to maintain the dignity of his rank, and even expressed a wish to resume that conduct which had endeared him for many years to the good and the brave; but the temptations which gambling held out were too strong to be resisted, and a train of ill-luck preyed upon his spirits, soured his temper, and drove him to that last resource of an enfeebled mind—the brandy-bottle. As he could not shine in his wonted splendour, he sought the most obscure places in the purlieus of St. Giles's, where he used to pass whole nights in the company of his countrymen of the lowest, but industrious class, charmed with their songs and native humour. It is needless to point out the result of such a habit of life—Major Leeson, who was once the soul of whim and gaiety, sunk into a state of stupor and insensibility. On some occasions, it is true, he emerged from this state; but it was the emergence of a meteor that vanishes as it expands, and only left those that witnessed it, to lament the fall of a man who once promised to be an ornament to a profession that was dear to him in his last moments. Having contracted a number of debts, he was constantly pursued by the terriers of the law, and alternately imprisoned by his own fears, or confined in the King's Bench.

A few years since he married a Miss Mullet, who

shared all his afflictions, and discharged all the duties of an affectionate wife. When sober, his manners, were gentle and conciliating; and his conversation, on many occasions, evinced considerable mental vigour. He was generous and steady in his friendships, but the dupe of flattery. Having experienced all those vicissitudes attendant on a life of dissipation, he was sensible of the immediate approach of his dissolution, and talked of death as a friend that would relieve him of a load that was almost insupportable. He expired in the midst of a conversation with a few friends, and waved a gentle adieu with his hands, when he found that his tongue could not perform that office.

EPITAPH ON A GREAT CARD PLAYER.

WILL, in this world, had many a *rub* to tame  
 His spirits, yet he with his rubs was blest,—  
 For cards were heaven: but now a *single* game,  
 Quite *grave* and *low*, he plays at endless whist.  
 His *hands* are changed; and all his *honours* gone;  
 He cannot *call* at *eight*, howe'er afraid;  
 His *suit* a shroud; his *sequence* to be shown,  
 Must wait untill'd till the *last trump* is play'd.

MARKET FOR SINGING BIRDS, DOGS, &c. IN RUSSIA.

From CLARKE'S *Travels*.

ON a Sunday, in Moscow, the market is a novel and interesting spectacle from five in the morning till eight. The *Placé de Gallitzin*, a spacious area, near the Kremlin, is filled by a concourse of peasants, and people of every description, coming to buy or sell white peacocks, fan-tailed and other curious pigeons; dogs



of all sorts for the sofa or the chase; singing birds, poultry, guns, pistols; in short, whatever chance or custom may have rendered saleable. The sellers, excepting in the market of singing birds, which is permanent and very large, have no shops, but remain with their wares either exposed upon stalls, or hawking them about in their hands. Dogs and birds constitute the principal articles for sale. The pigeon feeders are distinguished in the midst of the mob by long white wands, which they carry to direct the pigeons in their flight. The nobles of Moscow take great delight in these birds: and a favourite pair will sell from five to ten roubles in the market. I was astonished to see the feeders, by way of exhibiting their birds, let them fly, and recover them again at pleasure. The principal recommendation of the pigeons consists in their rising to a great height, by a spiral curve, all flying one way, and following each other. When a bird is launched, if it does not preserve the line of curvature which the others take, the feeder whistles, waving his wand, and its course is immediately changed. During such exhibitions, the nobles stake their money in wagers, betting upon the height to which a pigeon will ascend, and the number of curves it will make in so doing.

Among dogs for the chase, we observed a noble breed, common in Russia, with long, fine hair, like those of Newfoundland, but of amazing size and height, which are used in Russia to hunt wolves. German pug dogs, so dear in London, here bear a low price. I was offered a very fine one for a sum equi-

valent to a shilling English. We observed, also, English harriers and fox hounds; but the favourite kind of dog, in Moscow, is the English terrier, which is very rare in Russia, and sells for 18 rubles or more, according to the caprice of the buyer and seller. Persian cats were also offered for sale, of a bluish-grey, or slate colour, and much admired.

Seeing several stalls, apparently covered with wheat, I approached to examine its quality, but was surprised to find that what had the appearance of wheat consisted of large ants' eggs, heaped for sale. Near the same stalls were tubs full of pismires, crawling among the eggs, and over the persons of those who sold them. Both the eggs and the ants are brought to Moscow as food for nightingales, which are favourite, though common birds in Russian houses. They sing, in every respect, as beautiful in cages as in their native woods. We often heard them in the bird-shops, warbling with all the fullness and variety of tone which characterizes the nightingale in its natural state. The price of one of them, in full song, is about 15 roubles. The Russians, by rattling beads on their tables of tangible arithmetic, can make the birds sing at pleasure during the day; but nightingales are heard throughout the night, making the streets of the city resound with the melodies of the forest.

Mr. Clarke also observes, that he has been informed, that the above method of *keeping* and *feeding* of nightingales is becoming prevalent in England.

## COLONEL THORNTON.

THE family of the Thorntons has been, for some centuries, established in the county of York, where they have enjoyed the most valuable and extensive possessions; and, at one period, so large were their domains, that they had the right of sixteen lordships vested in them. The most ancient bears the family name, being still called Thornton *cum Bucksby*, of which mention is made prior to the period of William the Conqueror.

Sir William Thornton, the grandfather of the present Colonel, was a very active gentleman in supporting the rights and privileges of Englishmen; and such was the estimation in which his talents were held, that he was the individual selected as best calculated to present, at the foot of the throne, the articles of the union with Scotland, during the reign of Queen Anne; on which memorable occasion he received the honour of knighthood from her Majesty, accompanied with such demonstrations of royal pleasure as sufficiently indicated that his abilities did not pass unnoticed by his sovereign.

Colonel William Thornton, the father of the subject of these memoirs, bearing all those principles instilled into his mind which had insured his universal approbation, was a ready advocate for the cause of England's rights and liberties, as ratified by the blood of our ancestors.

At the period of the rebellion in Scotland, this gentleman, anxious to testify his loyalty to his sovereign,

raised, at his own expense, a corps of 100 men, whom he fed, clothed, and paid for several months. At the head of this little troop, Colonel William Thornton marched into Scotland, where he joined the main forces under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, and conducted himself at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden with the most intrepid bravery; and such was the publicity of his active conduct, that a reward of £1000 was offered by the rebel commanders for his head. After the termination of that eventful struggle, Colonel William Thornton was elected member of parliament for York.

After a life thus spent in the service of his country, and characterized by every social refinement which adorns human nature, Colonel William Thornton died suddenly, at the age of fifty years, his son being then a minor.

Colonel Thomas Thornton was born in the neighbourhood of St. James's, and placed at a proper age in the Charter-house, in order that he might be near his uncle, who resided in the vicinity of that public seminary.

When fourteen years of age, it was determined that he should go to college, and in consequence he left the Charter-house: the University of Glasgow was preferred, where he was placed by his father, after being introduced to all the leading families residing in that city and its environs.

At this seat of learning our young hero attended to his studies with the most indefatigable assiduity, undergoing the public examinations, in which he ac-

quitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his instructors, and much to his own credit.

Accustomed to pursue the sports of the field during the vacations, which however did not so far infatuate his mind, as to make him relax in his course of studies ; in this happy way did he pass his time, until the attainment of his nineteenth year, when he was deprived of the best of fathers. As the death of Colonel William Thornton left the present Colonel sole possessor of his estates, it might be supposed that he instantly quitted Glasgow ; such, however, was his good sense, that feeling a conviction how much more remained to be learned, he, on the contrary, still continued for three years at the University, deputing his mother, whom he revered with true filial affection, to superintend his affairs.

Previous to this period, the Colonel had imbibed a strong partiality for the pastime of hawking, which he studied with eagerness, being determined to bring that sport to the height of perfection, neither being deterred by expense, nor the difficulties that intervened, to prevent the accomplishment of his darling purpose. At the same period was also laid the foundation of that celebrity, which he has since acquired for his breed of horses and every species of dog calculated for the diversions of the field.

On quitting Glasgow, the Colonel repaired with his hawks, dogs, &c. to his mansion at Old Thornville, where he remained for a few months ; after which, he visited London, renewed his acquaintance with many of his old college friends, and became a member of the



*Sçavoir Vivre* club, which had been very recently instituted. The leading plan of the *Sçavoir Vivre* was intended to patronize men of genius and talents; whereas it soon became notorious as an institution tolerating every species of licentiousness and debauchery. The late Lord Lyttleton and the Right Hon. Charles James Fox were then members of that club, as well as many other celebrated characters of the day. It may be necessary to remark that, although gambling constituted one of the predominant features of the *Sçavoir Vivre*, the Colonel was never led to share that diversion; indeed he was always averse to cards or dice; and to such a pitch did he carry his ideas on that head, that over the chimney-piece of the library of Thornville Royal, is a marble slab, whereon are graven the following lines:—

*“Utinam hanc veris amicis impleam.”*

“By the established rule of this house all bets are considered to be off, if either of the parties, by letter, or otherwise, pay into the hands of the landlord one guinea, by five the next day.”

Having, for a period, followed every diversion which Yorkshire afforded in its fullest extent, Colonel Thornton became desirous of witnessing the sports of the Highlands of Scotland, whither he repaired, accompanied by Mr. P. Moseley; and passed the best part of seventeen years in succession, wholly occupied in the several pastimes which were gratifying to his mind.

In order that the pleasures experienced by the Colonel, during his continuance in Scotland, might not be confined to his own particular knowledge, he kept

a regular diary of the sporting pursuits, &c. and employed an artist to execute drawings of the antiquities and picturesque scenery of the country; from which he afterwards selected a few, and caused them to be engraved in a very finished style, after which he had recourse to his journal: and thus completed a manuscript which, together with the plates, was presented as a donation, to an old school-fellow reduced in his circumstances, and by this means a literary production has been brought into the world under the title of *A sporting Tour through the Highlands of Scotland, by Colonel Thornton.*

At the time of his Majesty's illness, in the year 1789, when debates ran high respecting a regency, very great improvements were carrying on at Allerton Mauleverer, by order of the Duke of York; but on the happy recovery of the King, those plans were almost instantaneously stopped, by the workmen being discharged; and, on the breaking out of the Spanish war, the estate of Allerton was advertised for disposal, when Colonel Thornton determined on purchasing the same, to the no small astonishment of his friends and the neighbouring gentlemen, who did not conceive it possible that he could accomplish such a heavy purchase: however, notwithstanding these conjectures, proposals were made, and at length adjusted; when the Colonel became the purchaser of the estate of Allerton Mauleverer, (which he afterwards called Thornville Royal) for the sum of one hundred and ten thousand pounds, which was paid by instalments, according to the agreement, within twelve months. It is more necessary

that this fact should be publicly known, as among other erroneous reports, it has been stated that Colonel Thornton won this estate of the Duke of York at the gambling table.

Soon after this event, the Colonel, being well aware that the wolds were best calculated for the purpose of coursing and hawking, purchased of Mr. Bilby the estate of Boythorp, on the wolds, for the sum of ten thousand pounds, where he erected the present mansion, known by the name of Falconer's Hall.

During the sporting career of Colonel Thornton, his mansion of Thornville was always the scene of festive hospitality; and it may with truth be said, that no gentleman is better calculated to preside at the board of hilarity. His diversified talents, his quickness at *repartee*, his facetious stories on all topics, and his good-natured acquiescence with the request of his guests, have ever rendered his table the resort of the neighbouring noblemen and gentlemen; nor ought we to pass unnoticed the excellence and abundance of his wines, which were always of the first quality.

With respect to the works of art which adorned the mansion-house of Thornville, few dwellings had to boast a more diversified and choice collection of paintings; and, with respect to sporting subjects, it is only necessary to remark, that the most celebrated pictures of Gilpin and Reinagle, painted under the immediate direction of the Colonel, were there to be found. The well-known picture of the Death of the Fox, by Gilpin, an unrivalled performance; which has since been engraved by Scott, in his best manner, affording

a great treat, not only to the sporting world, but to all admirers of fine engraving. Among other masters of the Italian and Flemish schools, which characterized the Thornville collection, were Guido, Caracci, Teniers, Wouwerman, Rubens, Vandyke, &c. &c.

With respect to the sporting animals reared by Colonel Thornton, it will be merely requisite to instance a few, which, from their acknowledged excellence, sufficiently prove the judgment of the Colonel in every point relating to the breed of animals connected with field-sports.

**HORSES.**—*Icelander*. A noted racer, bred by Colonel Thornton, which won twenty-six matches, and was the first foal bred by the Colonel. The sire of this horse was *Grey-coat* and his grandsire *Dismal*.

*Jupiter*—This celebrated blood-horse was of a chestnut colour, he was got by *Eclipse*, dam by Tartar, grandam by Mogul, Sweepstakes, &c.: in 1777, he won one thousand pounds at Lewes; two hundred at Abingdon; and one thousand at Newmarket: and, in 1771, two hundred and forty at Newmarket.

*Truth*—A remarkable steady hunter.

*Stoic*—A famous race-horse, which won a match at Newmarket for one thousand guineas.

*St. Thomas*—A race-horse, which beat Mr. Hare's *Tu Quoque*, the bet being five hundred guineas, each gentleman riding his own horse.

*Thornville*—A celebrated hunter.

*Esterhazy*—A most remarkable blood-horse, being master of any weight, and active in all his paces; of

which animal a very beautiful engraving has been executed by Ward, from a picture of Chalon.

**DOGS.**—*Fox-hounds.*—*Merlin*—A well-known fox-hound, bred by Colonel Thornton.

*Lucifer*—A most remarkable fox-hound, the sire of *Lounger* and *Mad Cap*, of equal celebrity.

*Old Conqueror*—A matchless fox-hound, sire of many well-known dogs in the annals of fox-hunting.

**POINTERS.**—*Dash*—An acknowledged fine pointer, which sold for two hundred and fifty guineas.

*Pluto*—A celebrated pointer.

*Juno*—A remarkable bitch, which was matched with a pointer of Lord Grantley's for ten thousand guineas, who paid forfeit.

*Modish*—A bitch of acknowledged excellence.

*Lilly*—A most remarkable steady bitch.

*Nan*—It is only necessary to state that seventy-five guineas were refused for this bitch.

**GREYHOUNDS.**—*Major*—A dog of very great celebrity, and the father of Colonel Thornton's present breed of greyhounds. Of this animal a very beautiful engraving, from the masterly hand of Scott, has been published.

*Czarina*—A bitch of equal celebrity.

*Skyagraphina*—A matchless hound. N.B. For each of these hounds the most extravagant sums have been offered, but rejected.

**SPANIELS.**—*Dash*. This animal is esteemed the *ne plus ultra* of this species of sporting dog; the Colonel having used his utmost endeavours to bring the spaniel to perfection.



**BEAGLES.**—*Merryman*. This celebrated dog is sire of a pack, which exceeds all others for symmetry, bottom, and pace. The beagles of Colonel Thornton will tire the strongest hunters, and return to kennel comparatively fresh.

**TERRIERS**—It would be necessary to notice Colonel Thornton's Terriers, if it were only on account of his justly celebrated *Pitch*, from whom are descended most of the white terriers in this kingdom.

**HAWKS.**—*Sans Quartier*, *Death*, and the *Devil*, were three of the most celebrated birds ever reared by Colonel Thornton during his pursuit of hawking, and were allowed to distance any birds of the kind which had ever been flown at the game.

In speaking of the bodily activity of Colonel Thornton, few men perhaps have ever given proofs of such extraordinary powers. Among various other matches of a similar nature, the following it is conceived, will be amply sufficient to substantiate this fact:—

In a walking match, which the Colonel engaged to perform, he went four miles in thirty-two minutes and half a second.

In leaping, Colonel Thornton cleared his own height, being five feet nine inches, the bet being considerable.

In another match it is stated, that he leaped over six five-barred gates in six minutes, and then repeated the same on horseback.

At Newmarket the Colonel, on horseback, ran down a hare, which he picked up, in the presence of an im-

mense concourse of people assembled to witness this extraordinary match.

With respect to shooting, either with the fowling-piece, rifle, or air-gun, Colonel Thornton has given the most incontestible proofs of the steadiness of his hand, and the wonderful correctness of his sight, not only in bringing down the game, when pursuing the pastimes of the field, but also at a mark, in which his precision has never been surpassed.

Notwithstanding the numerous pursuits of a sporting nature, which occupied the Colonel's mind, he has seldom lost sight of those refinements which characterize the man of literature and taste. His valuable collection of pictures, at his last seat of Thornville Royal, sufficiently indicate his taste for the fine arts, and the correct journals which he invariably kept during all his excursions to Scotland, &c. as well as the artists who always attended him to take drawings of the scenery characteristic of the country through which he passed, are sufficient testimonies of his diversified talents and classic pursuits.

During the short interval of peace which occurred between this country and France, in 1802, the Colonel repaired to Paris, for the purpose of viewing that capital; after which, he travelled through the southern provinces, and part of the conquered territory, where he pursued, with avidity, the sports which characterize that kingdom. On this occasion the Colonel had an artist to accompany him, while, as in every other instance, he kept a journal of the events that transpired.

From this diary, a very entertaining tour has been produced, intituled, "Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour through France," &c. which, from the variety and excellence of the picturesque illustrations with which it abounds, very justly takes precedence of almost every work of a similar description already before the public. In the course of this Tour appears a very entertaining and curious comparative view of the sports of the two countries, which the Colonel's acknowledged excellence as an English sportsman, has rendered not only entertaining, but scientific and useful. These materials form the subject of upwards of forty letters, which were afterwards sent to his noble friend the Earl of Darlington, to whom this splendid work is dedicated.

This gentleman is not only devoted to the pursuits of Actæon and the pleasures of Bacchus, but Venus and Cupid are likewise his idols, having, in the autumn of 1806, led to the hymeneal altar Miss Corston, of Essex, an accomplished young lady, of some fortune.

Upon the Colonel's giving up his commission as Lieutenant-colonel of the West York Militia, he was drawn into York by the soldiery, who, as a testimony of their gratitude and love, presented him with a beautiful medallion and splendid sword, which the Colonel to the present hour esteems as the most precious badge of honour that could be bestowed.

With respect to the corporeal pains incidental to human nature, Colonel Thornton to all appearance is perfectly unacquainted with them: he has experienced

the most trying accidents, but the hand of fate seems always to have been extended to preserve him. Rest is generally esteemed the balm of human life; yet the colonel has copiously drank of the juice of the grape and remained with his friends till the return of dawn; he still is awake at the usual hour, and, while the world is buried in sleep, he frequently occupies an hour or two free from head-ach, with a mind calm and collected. It is evident the Colonel has imbibed one opinion, viz.—“Time is precious: life is but a span; we should therefore make the best use of it.” In fine, the greatest persecution that could be entailed on Colonel Thornton would be to condemn him to pass a week in idleness: his mind, ever on the alert, pictures some new scene for action; and, if the object be but trivial, we had better occupy the mind on that nothingness, than suffer the fancy to lie dormant, and fix on things derogatory to our natures.

The fine Collection of SPORTING PAINTINGS, belonging to Colonel Thornton, were sold by auction at Hickeman's Gallery, St. James's Street, June, 1819.

SPORTING INTREPIDITY DISPLAYED BY  
MRS. THORNTON.

THE lady of Colonel Thornton, it seems, is equally attached to the SPORTS OF THE FIELD, with her distinguished husband; and the singular contest which took place between Mrs. Thornton and Mr. Flint, in 1804, not only stands recorded on the annals of the turf, as one of the most remarkable occurrences which ever happened in the sporting world, but likewise a lasting

monument of FEMALE INTREPIDITY. The following are the circumstances which gave rise to this *extraordinary race*.

An intimacy once existed between the families of Colonel Thornton and Mr. Flint, the two ladies being sisters, when the latter gentleman frequently partook of the exhilarating bottle at the hospitable board of Thornville Royal.

In the course of one of their equestrian excursions in Thornville Park, the lady of Colonel Thornton and Mr. Flint were conversing on the qualities of their respective horses; and (as it generally happens where a spirit of rivalry exists) the difference of opinion was great, and the horses were occasionally put at full speed for the purpose of ascertaining the point in question; Old Vingarillo, aided by the skilfulness of his fair rider distanced his antagonist every time, which so discomfited Mr. Flint, that he was at length induced to challenge the lady to ride on a future day. This challenge was readily accepted (on the part of the lady) by Colonel Thornton; and it was agreed that the race should take place on the last day of the York August meeting, 1804. This curious match was announced in the following manner:—

“A match for 500gs. and 1000gs. bye—four miles—between Colonel Thornton’s Vingarillo, and Mr. Flint’s br. h. Thornville, by Volunteer.—Mrs. Thornton to ride her weight against Mr. Flint’s.”

On Saturday, August 25, this race took place, the following description of which, appeared in the York Herald:—



“ Never did we witness such an assemblage of people as were drawn together on the above occasion—100,000 at least. Nearly ten times the number appeared on Knavesmire than did on the day when Bay Malton ran, or when Eclipse went over the course, leaving the two best horses of the day a mile and a half behind. Indeed expectation was raised to the highest pitch, from the novelty of the match. Thousands from every part of the surrounding country thronged to the ground. In order to keep the course as clear as possible, several additional people were employed; and, much to the credit of the 6th Light Dragoons, a party of them also were on the ground on horseback, for the like purpose, and which unquestionably was the cause of many lives being saved.

“ About four o’clock, Mrs. Thornton appeared on the ground, full of spirit, her horse led by Colonel Thornton, and followed by Mr. Baker, and Mr. H. Boynton; afterwards appeared Mr. Flint. They started a little past four o’clock. The lady took the lead for upwards of three miles, in a most capital style. Her horse, however, had much the shorter stroke of the two. When within a mile of being home, Mr. Flint pushed forward, and got the lead, which he kept. Mrs. Thornton used every exertion; but finding it impossible to win the race, she drew up, in a *sportsmanlike* style, when within about two distances.

“ At the commencement of the running, bets were 5 and 6 to 4 on the lady: in running the three first miles, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 in her favour. Indeed the oldest sportsmen on the stand thought she must have

won. In running the last mile, the odds were in favour of Mr. Flint.

"Never surely did a woman ride in a better style. It was difficult to say whether her *horsemanship*, her dress, or her beauty, were most admired—the *tout ensemble* was *unique*.

"Mrs. Thornton's dress was a leopard-coloured body, with blue sleeves, the rest buff, and blue cap. Mr. Flint rode in white. The race was run in nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds.

"Thus ended the most interesting races ever ran upon Knavesmire. No words can express the disappointment felt at the defeat of Mrs. Thornton. The spirit she displayed, and the good humour with which she has borne her loss, have greatly diminished the joy of many of the winners. From the very superior style in which she performed her exercising gallop of four miles on Wednesday, betting was greatly in her favour; for the accident which happened, in consequence of her saddle-girths having slackened, and the saddle turning round, was not attended with the slightest injury to her person, nor did it in the least damp her courage; while her *horsemanship*, and *close-seated* riding, astonished the beholders, and inspired a general confidence in her success.

"Not less than 200,000*l.* were pending upon Mrs. Thornton's match; perhaps more, if we include the bets in every part of the country, and there is no part, we believe, in which there were not some.

"It will be seen, by the time of performance, that Haphazard was the best horse at the meeting. Seldom

have we witnessed a meeting at York, where the races have been so well contested. Almost the whole have been run, and the horses rode, in a style of great superiority. To add to the pleasure attending the meeting, the weather has been most favourable, and the company numerous and fashionable."

It is but justice to observe, that if the lady had been better mounted, she could not possibly have failed of success. Indeed she laboured under every possible disadvantage; notwithstanding which, and the *ungal-lant* conduct of Mr. Flint, she flew along the course with an astonishing swiftness, conscious of her own superior skill, and would, ultimately, have outstripped her adversary, but for the accident which took place.

#### FEROCITY OF THE LYNX.

*From the "Moniteur."*

THEY write from Notre Dame de la Rose, that four ferocious animals, commonly called LYNXES (*lous cerviers*) had been in the arrondizement, in November, 1817, having cleared the forests of Collobrieres. On receiving the first account of their appearance, the farmers armed themselves and went in pursuit. The alarm spread from commune to commune, and speedily there was a general *battue*. They were soon dispersed, and three of them were killed successively. One of them, about the size of a large dog, passed through a flock without doing any harm, and ran at the shepherd, who owed his safety to his two dogs. In another quarter, he attacked an unfortunate woman, whom he bit severely, and whose life was de-

paired of. At length, he sought refuge in the territory of the commune of Pignans, where he found his conqueror in a peasant of extraordinary strength, made like a *Hereules*, and in the bloom of life. This man, who was unarmed, seized him body to body, and after a sanguinary and obstinate struggle, which lasted three quarters of an hour, succeeded in throwing him to the ground; but still he would not have conquered him but for his address and promptitude. This furious animal had devoured the hat of his adversary; a large buckle attached to the hat, stuck between his teeth; the man availed himself of this circumstance, and having courageously thrust his hand, armed with a stone, into his mouth, as deep as possible, left the stone there, and in spite of the numerous bites which he received, did not let go his hold until he tore out the tongue of the animal, flung him to the ground, and saw him expire in dreadful convulsions. This trait of rare intrepidity has excited the admiration of the whole country.

## THE ARCHER'S SONG.

BRIGHT Phœbus! though patron of poets below,

Assist me of Archers to sing;

For you we esteem as the god of the bow,

As well as the god of the string,

MY OLD BUCK!

The fashion of shooting 'twas you who began,

When you shot forth your beams from the skies,

The sly urchin Cupid first follow'd the plan,

And the goddesses shot with their eyes,

THE BRIGHT GIRLS!

DIANA, who slaughter'd the brutes with her darts,  
 Shot only one lover or so;  
 For VENUS excell'd her in shooting at hearts,  
 And had always more strings to her bow,

A SLY JADE!

On beautiful Iris, APOLLO bestow'd  
 A bow of most wonderful hue;  
 It soon grew her hobby-horse, and as she rode  
 On it, like an arrow, she flew,

GAUDY DAME!

To earth came the art of the Archers at last,  
 And were follow'd with eager pursuit;  
 But the sons of APOLLO all others surpass;  
 With such very long bows do they shoot,

LYING DOGS!

ULYSSES, the hero of Greece, long ago  
 In courage and strength did excel;  
 So he left in his house an inflexible bow,  
 And a far more inflexible belle,

LUCKY ROGUE!

The Parthians were bowmen of old, and their pride  
 Lay in shooting and scampering too;  
 But Britons thought better the sport to divide,  
 So they shot, and their enemies flew,

THE BRAVE BOYS!

Then a health to the brave British bowmen be crown'd;  
 May their courage ne'er sit in the dark;  
 May their strings be all good, and their bows be all sound,  
 And their arrows fly true to the mark!

BRITISH BOYS.

#### RUSSIAN PUGILISM.

THOUGH the Russian boor is far more hardy than  
 the English peasant, yet one of the latter would con-



quer half a dozen Russians in the battle of the fist. A tourist in the north of Europe gives the following anecdote upon this subject, at St. Petersburg:—  
“As I was quitting the place, two fellows, somewhat tipsy, began to quarrel, and, after abusing each other very violently as they walked along, they at last proceeded to blows. No pugilistic science was displayed; they fought with their hands extended, as awkwardly as women playing at battledore and shuttlecock. A police-officer soon appeared, and taking a cord from his pocket, tied the combatants back to back, and placing them upon a droska, galloped off to the nearest siega.”

AN ENORMOUS BOAR KILLED IN THE FOREST OF  
WALLINCOURT, BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CAMBRAY, Oct. 30, 1817.—The hounds of the Duke of Wellington discovered a most enormous boar, in the forest of Wallincourt. The animal, on being disturbed, passed rapidly into the forest of Ardipart, which he completely traversed; being then hardly scented by the dogs, he took to the plain, where he was vigorously pursued by hounds and sportsmen, and ere he could reach another road was brought to bay. The animal then became ferocious and destroyed all the dogs that approached him, when one of his Grace's aides-du-camp plunged his spear into his side. This only rendered the beast more savage, when his Grace himself, seeing his dogs would be destroyed, rode up, and with his spear gave the *coup de grâce*; the animal

made a desperate effort to wound his Grace's horse, and fell in the attempt. The peasants say he is the largest boar that has been seen for some years. Of the numerous field that started in the pursuit, only five, besides his Grace, reached the end.

### THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

By PETER PINDAR.

THE old Shepherd's Dog, like his Master, was grey,  
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;  
Yet where'er *Corin* went, he was follow'd by *Tray*,—  
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigued, on the grass the Shepherd would lie,  
For a nap in the sun—'midst his slumbers so sweet,  
His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,  
Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When Winter was heard on the hill and the plain,  
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind;  
If *Corin* went forth 'mid the tempests and rain,  
*Tray* scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw *Tray* made his last bed:  
For vain, against Death, is the stoutest endeavour;  
To lick *Corin's* hand he rear'd up his weak head;  
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and ah! clos'd them for ever!

Not long after *Tray* did the Shepherd remain,  
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend,  
And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,  
"O, bury me, neighbours, beside my old Friend!"

### SAGACITY OF BEES.

A SWARM of bees, which had just hived, went into a fruit shop on the North Bridge, Edinburgh. They

had been attracted in their flight by the smell of honey, and the fruit in the shop. This affords a striking proof of the uncommon acuteness and sensibility of these wonderful insects.—They continued in the shop and on the windows for several hours, to the great entertainment of the spectators, till a person acquainted with the management of bees, got hold of the Queen Bee, and induced them to go into a hive.

**SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A BIRD CAUGHT BY A FISH.**

In a pond near Lewes, in Sussex, a pike, in appearance about a foot long, was seen to seize and gradually gorge a swallow (probably one of the webbed kind), as it was wantoning on the surface of the water. The above is an indubitable fact, as witnessed and related by a clergyman, whose veracity cannot be disputed, and on whose authority we feel a pleasure in recording this piscatory anecdote.

**THE HONEY GUIDE.**

WHILE travelling in the interior of Africa, Mr. Parke had frequent opportunities of observing the conduct of that remarkable bird, called the Honey Guide, mentioned by Dr. Sparman, and other naturalists who have travelled into Africa. It is a curious species of the Wokow, and derives its name from its singular quality of discovering wild honey to travellers. Honey is the favourite food of this bird: and morning and evening being the time of feeding, it is then heard calling in a shrill tone, *cherr, cherr*, which the honey-hunters carefully attend to as the summons

to the chase. At last the bird is observed to hover for a few minutes over a certain spot, and then silently retiring to a neighbouring bush, or other resting-place, the hunters are sure of finding the bees' nest in that identical spot, whether it be in a tree, or in the crevice of a rock. The bee-hunters never fail to leave a small portion for their conductor, but commonly take care not to leave so much as would satisfy his hunger. The bird's appetite being only whetted by this parsimony, it is obliged to commit a second treason, by discovering another bees' nest, in hopes of a better salary. It is further observed, that the nearer the bird approaches to the hidden hive, the more frequently it repeats its call, and seems the more impatient.

## WASPS.

THE injury they do the fruit, and the offensive nature of the insect, make it a desirable object for naturalists to turn their attention to the best means of destroying them. It is a curious fact in the natural history of this insect, that the males are almost all destroyed by one another, or perish with cold in the severity of the weather, and that some few of the females only survive to lay their eggs, and hatch new swarms in the succeeding summer. From this peculiarity it is said, that every single wasp destroyed between the months of January and May saves a nest, for a single female wasp will generate 10,000 before the end of August. Should it not then be a general object to destroy them during the early months of the

year: and what would be the best means of hunting them out?

#### SPANISH BULL-BAITING.

THE Bull fights at Madrid, generally commence in April, and attract immense multitudes in the arena constructed for that purpose. The inclination of the people for the sanguinary part of this spectacle may be judged of from the receipts of the morning and afternoon performance, as under mentioned.

In the morning only six bulls were to be run, and the produce of the seats amounted altogether to 45,950 rials. In the afternoon, when ten bulls were slaughtered, the money taken was 72,019 rials. Nineteen horses were killed during the attacks, by the impetuous goadings of the maddened animals, the skins of which, with that of the sixteen bulls, and a contribution of the people admitted to sell water to the spectators, amounted altogether to 126,528 rials for the day's exertion; in justification of which humanity seems to exclaim, that no other argument can possibly be adduced than that the profit is applied to the support of the hospitals of Madrid.

#### CURIOUS WAGER.—WALKING AGAINST EATING.

THIS sporting event was decided at a public-house at Knightsbridge: one Boyne, a labouring gardener, undertook for the trifling sum of half a crown to eat, without drinking, 24 red herrings, and two ounces of mustard, while the landlord, a corpulent man, walked half a mile on the road. The pedestrian performed his march in somewhat less than nine minutes; but the



hero of the jaw-bone had in less than eight minutes completed his task, and waited the arrival of his opponent with a full pot, the first fruits of his victory.

SINGULAR CRICKET MATCHES AND RACES BETWEEN  
ELEVEN MEN WITH ONE LEG AGAINST THE SAME  
NUMBER WITH ONE ARM, ALL OF THE MEN GREEN-  
WICH PENSIONERS.

FROM the novelty of an advertisement announcing a Cricket-Match to be played by *eleven Greenwich Pensioners with one leg against eleven with one arm*, for one thousand guineas, at the new Cricket-Ground, Montpelier-Gardens, Walworth, in 1796, an immense concourse of people assembled. About nine o'clock the men arrived in three Greenwich stages; about ten the wickets were pitched, and the match commenced. Those with but one leg had the first innings, and got ninety-three runs. About three o'clock, while those with but one arm were having their innings, a scene of riot and confusion took place, owing to the pressure of the populace to gain admittance to the ground: the gates were forced open, and several parts of the fencing were broke down, and a great number of persons having got upon the roof of a stable, the roof broke in, and several persons falling among the horses were taken out much bruised. About six o'clock the game was renewed, and those with one arm got but forty-two runs during their innings. The one legs commenced their second innings, and six were bowled out after they got sixty runs, so that they left off one hundred and eleven more than those with one arm.

The match was played again on the Wednesday, following, and the men with *one leg* beat the *one arms* by one hundred and three runnings. After the match was finished, the eleven *one-legged* men ran one hundred yards for twenty guineas. The three first divided the money.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY SHOT.

A CLERGYMAN, in the eastern part of Sussex, a few years since, at a single discharge of his gun, killed a partridge, shot a man, a hog, and a hogsty, broke fourteen panes of glass, and knocked down six gingerbread kings and queens that were standing on the mantle-piece opposite the window. The above may be depended upon as a fact, not exaggerated, but given literally as it happened.

#### THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. FOX, AS A SPORTING CHARACTER.

This distinguished personage was at the head of every thing in which he was engaged. He ranked with the first players, and excelled most at Whist, Quintz, and all the fashionable games of skill. But HORSE-RACING was his darling amusement, till he quitted the turf, and all other play, from prudential motives. He played at other games with indifference. He would throw for a thousand guineas with as much *sang-froid*, as when he has played at *Tetotum* for a shilling. But when his horse ran he was all eagerness and anxiety. He always placed himself where the horse was to make the push, or where the race was to be most strongly contested. From thence he eyed the horses advancing

with the most immovable look, he breathed quicker as they accelerated their pace, and when they came opposite to him, he rode in with them on full speed, whipping, spurring, and blowing, *as if he would have infused his whole soul* into the courage, speed, and perseverance of his favourite racer. But the race being over, whether he won or lost it seemed to make no impression upon him, and he immediately directed his conversation to the next race, whether he had a horse to run or not.

#### AN INGENIOUS MORALITY ON CHESS.

By POPE INNOCENT.

THIS world is nearly like a chess-board, one point of which is white, the other black, because of the double state of life and death, grace and sin. The families of this chess-board are like the men of this world: they all come out of one bag, and are placed in different stations in this world, and have different appellations, one is called King, another Queen, the third Rook, the fourth Knight, the fifth Alphin, the sixth Pawn.

The condition of the game is, that one takes another; and when the game is finished, as they all come out of one bag, they are put in the same place together. Neither is there any difference between the king and the poor pawn; and it often happens, that when thrown promiscuously into the bag, the king lies at the bottom; just as the great will find themselves in their transit from this world to hell. In this game the King goes and takes in all the circumjacent places in a direct line: a sign the king takes every thing justly, and that

## THE WORLD A CHESS-BOARD,

he never must omit doing justice to all uprightly; for in whatever manner a king acts, it is reputed just; and what pleases the sovereign has the vigour of law.

The Queen, whom we call *Fen*, goes and takes in an oblique line: because women, being an avaricious breed (*genus*), whatever they take beyond their merit and grace, is rapine and injustice.

The Rook is a judge, who perambulates the whole land in a straight line, and should not take any thing in an oblique manner by bribery and corruption, nor spare any one. Thus they verify the saying of Amos—*"Ye have turned judgment into gall, and the fruits of righteousness into hemlock!"*

But the Knight, in taking, goes one point directly, and then takes an oblique circuit; a sign that knights and lords of the land may justly take the rents due to them, and their just fines, from those who have forfeited them, according to the exigence of the case; their third point being obliquely, applies to them, so far as they extort subsidies and unjust exactions from their subjects.

The poor Pawn goes directly forward, in his simplicity; but whenever he will take, does so obliquely. Thus man, while he rests satisfied with his poverty, lives in a direct line; but when he craves temporal honours, by means of lies, perjuries, favours, and adulation, he goes obliquely, till he reaches the superior degree of the chess-board of this world; then the pawn changes to *fen*, and is elevated to the rank of the point he reaches, just like poverty promoted to rank, for time, and consequently insolence.

The Alphins are the various prelates of the church, pope, archbishop, and their subordinate bishops, who rise to their fees not so much by divine inspiration, as by royal power, interest, entreaties, and ready money. These Alphins move and take obliquely three points; for almost every prelate's mind is perverted by love, hatred, or bribery; not to reprehend the guilty, or bark against the vicious, but rather to absolve them of their sins: so that those who should have extirpated vice, are, in consequence of their own parsimony, become promoters of vice, and advocates of the devil.

In this chess-game the devil says "Check!" whenever he insults and strikes one with his dart of sin; and, if he that is struck cannot immediately deliver himself, the devil, resuming the move, says to him, "Mate!" carrying his soul along with him to prison, from which neither love nor money can redeem him—for from hell there is no redemption. And as huntsmen have various hounds for taking various beasts, so the devil and the world have different vices, which differently entangle mankind—for all that is in the world, is either lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, or proud living.

#### YORKSHIRE FIGHTING.

*From Mr. RYLEY's "Itinerant."*

AT length the company were summoned into the barn, to witness a battle between two noted Yorkshire fighters. Amidst the crowd I perceived two men naked to their waists lying on the ground, grappling each other, perfectly silent, and sometimes pretty still; then, as if moved by one impulse, a desperate scuffle



took place; soon, however, the one extricated himself, quickly obtained his legs, and retreating some paces, returned with great violence, and, before his antagonist could rise, kicked in three of his ribs: the vanquished lay prostrate, whilst the victor stamped and roared like a madman, challenging all around. Retiring to my seat in the house, disgusted with *Yorkshire Fighting*, I determined to finish my wine, and leave the brutes to the enjoyment of their brutality, when a laughable circumstance detained me, and in some measure made amends for the misery I had suffered. There is, I believe, a respectable personage, who, amongst amateurs in sporting, bears the appellation of a Belward, a gentleman who gets his livelihood by leading a bear by the nose from village to village; such an one now arrived at this public house, and placing his *companion* in the pigsty, seated himself by the fire, and called for a pint of ale. The Yorkshire warrior, elated with his victory, and intoxicated with liquor, went from room to room, and bad defiance to every one; on entering the kitchen, he espied the Belward, who, being a stout fellow, and a noted pugilist, was immediately requested to take a turn with him—"No, no," replied the stranger, "I don't like Yorkshire fighting; hugging, biting, and kicking, does not suit me; but I have a friend without who is used to *them there things*: if you like, I'll fetch him in?" "Aye, aye, *dom* him, *fot* him in: I'll fight *ony mon* i'th' country." The Belward repaired to the pigsty, and brought forth Bruin, who from a large sized quadruped, was changed instantly to a most tremendous

*biped*. In this erect posture he entered the house, and as it was nearly dark, the intoxicated countryman was the more easily imposed upon—" *Dom thee*," he said, "I'll fight a better *mon nor* thee, either *up* or *down*," and made an attempt to seize him round the middle, but feeling the roughness of his hide, he exclaimed—"Come, come, I'll *tak* no advantage; *poo* off thy top coat, and I'll fight thee for a crown."

The bear not regarding this request, gave him such a *hug* as 'tis probable he never before experienced; it nearly pressed the breath out of his body, and proved, what was before doubted, that there was as *great a bear* in the village as *himself*.

#### THE HUMBLE PETITION OF DUCE,

##### AN OLD POINTER.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old dog,  
Whose trembling limbs your helping hand require;  
Permit her still to crawl about your house,  
Or rest contented near your kitchen fire.

Oft' for your sport I brush'd the morning dew,  
Oft' rang'd the stubble where the partridge lay;  
Well-pleas'd I labour'd;—for I toil'd for you,  
Nor wish'd for respite till the setting day.

With you, my good old master, have I rov'd,  
Or up the hill, or down the murmur'ing brook;  
When game was near, no joint about me mov'd,  
I strove to guess your wishes by your look.

While you with busy care prepar'd the gun,  
I frisk'd and sported by my master's side,  
Obey'd with ready eye your sign to run,  
Yet still abhorr'd the thoughts of ranging wide.

O these were days, be they remember'd still,  
Pleas'd I review the moments that are past;  
I never hurt the gander by the mill,  
Nor saw the miller's wife stand all aghast.

I never slunk from the good farmer's yard;  
The tender chicken liv'd secure for me;  
Though hunger prest, I never thought it hard,  
Nor left you whistling underneath the tree.

Those days, alas! no longer smile on me;  
No more I snuff the morning's scented gale,  
No more I hear the gun with wonted glee,  
Or scour with rapture thro' the sedgy vale.

For now old age relaxes all my frame,  
Un-nerves my limbs, and dims my feeble eyes;  
Forbids my once swift feet the road to fame,  
And the fond crust, alas! untasted lies!

Then take me to your hospitable fire,  
There let me dream of thousand coveys slain;  
There rest, till all the pow'rs of nature tire,  
Nor dread an age of misery and pain.

Let me with Driver,\* my old and faithful friend;  
Upon his bed of straw sigh out my days;  
So blessings on your head shall still descend,  
And, well as pointer can, I'll sing your praise.

Pity the sorrows of your poor old Duce,  
Whose trembling limbs your helping hand require;  
Permit him still to crawl about your house,  
Or rest contented near your kitchen fire.

\* A favourite horse.

## THE IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER OF NORTH AMERICA.

*From Mr. WILSON'S "American Ornithology."*

THIS majestic and formidable species, in strength and magnitude, stands at the head of the whole class of *Woodpeckers* hitherto discovered. He may be called the king or chief of his tribe; and nature seems to have designed him a distinguished characteristic in the superb carmine crest, and bill of polished ivory, with which she has ornamented him. His eye is brilliant and daring, and his whole frame so admirably adapted to his mode of life, and method of procuring subsistence, as to impress on the mind of the examiner the most reverential ideas of the Creator. His manners have also a dignity in them superior to the common herd of *Woodpeckers*. Trees, shrubbery, orchards, rails, fence posts, and old prostrate logs, are alike interesting to those, in their humble and indefatigable search for prey; but the royal hunter now before us, scorns the humility of such situations, and seeks the most towering trees of the forest, seeming particularly attached to those prodigious cypress swamps, whose crowded giant sons stretch their bare and blasted or moss-hung arms midway to the skies. In their almost inaccessible recesses, amidst ruinous piles of impending timber, his trumpet-like note and loud strokes resound through the solitary savage wilds, of which he seems the sole lord and inhabitant. Wherever he frequents, he leaves numerous monuments of his industry behind him. We there see enormous pine trees, with cart-loads of bark

lying round their roots, and chips of the trunk itself, in such quantities, as to suggest the idea *that half a dozen of axe-men had been at work there for the whole morning*. The body of the tree is also disfigured with such numerous and so large excavations, that one can hardly conceive it possible for the whole to be the work of a *Woodpecker*. With such strength, and an apparatus so powerful, what havoc might he not commit, if numerous, on the most useful of our forest trees; and yet, with all these appearances, and much of vulgar prejudice against him, it may fairly be questioned whether he is at all injurious, or, at least, whether his exertions do not contribute most powerfully to the protection of our timber. Examine closely the tree where he hath been at work, and you will soon perceive that it is neither from motives of mischief or amusement that he slices off the bark, or digs his way into the trunk—for the sound and healthy tree is not the object of his attention. The diseased, infested with insects, and hastening to putrefaction, are *his* favourites; there the deadly crawling enemy have formed a lodgment, between the bark and tender wood, to drink up the very vital part of the tree. It is the ravages of these vermin which the intelligent proprietor of the forest deploras as the sole perpetrators of the destruction of his timber. Would it be believed that the larvæ of an insect, or fly, no larger than a grain of rice, should silently, and in one season, destroy some thousand acres of pine trees, many of them from two to three feet in diameter, and a hundred and fifty feet high? Yet, whoever passes along the high road from



Georgetown and Charleston, in South Carolina, about twenty miles from the former place, can have striking and melancholy proofs of this fact. In some places, the whole woods, as far as you can see around you, are dead, stripped of their bark, their wintry-looking arms and bare trunks bleaching in the sun, and tumbling in ruins before every blast, presenting a frightful picture of desolation.

In looking over the accounts given of the IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER by the naturalists of Europe, I find it asserted, that it inhabits from New Jersey to Mexico. I believe, however, that few of them are ever seen to the north of Virginia, and very few of them even in that state. The first place I observed this bird at, when on my way to the south, was about 12 miles north of Wilmington, in North Carolina. There I found the bird, from which the drawing of the figure in the plate was taken. This bird was only wounded slightly in the wing; and on being caught, uttered a loudly reiterated and most piteous note, exactly resembling the violent crying of a young child, which terrified my horse, so as nearly to have cost me my life. It was distressing to hear it. I carried it with me in the chair, under cover to Wilmington. In passing through the streets, its affecting cries surprised every one within hearing, particularly the females, who hurried to the doors and windows with looks of alarm and anxiety. I drove on; and on arriving at the piazza of the hotel, where I intended to put up, the landlord came forward, and a number of other persons who happened to be there, all equally

alarmed at what they heard ; this was greatly increased by my asking, whether he could furnish me with accommodations for *myself and baby*. The man looked blank and foolish, while the others stared with still greater astonishment. After diverting myself for a minute or two at their expense, I drew my *Woodpecker* from under the cover, and a general laugh took place. I took him up stairs, and locked him up in my room, while I went to see my horse taken care of. In less than an hour I returned, and on opening the door he set up the same distressing shout, which now appeared to proceed from grief, that he had been discovered in his attempt to escape. He had mounted along the side of the window, nearly as high as the cieling, a little below which he had begun to break through. The bed was covered with large pieces of plaster ; the lath was exposed for at least 15 inches square, and a hole large enough to admit the fist, opened to the weather-boards, so that in less than another hour, he would certainly have succeeded in making his way through. I now tied a string round his leg, and fastened it to the table, and again left him. I wished to preserve his life, and had gone off in search of suitable food for him. As I re-ascended the stairs, I heard him again hard at work ; and on entering, had the mortification to perceive that he had almost entirely ruined the mahogany table to which he was fastened, and on which he had wreaked his whole vengeance. While engaged in taking the drawing, he cut me in several places ; and, on the whole, displayed such a noble and unconquerable spirit, that I was frequently tempted to

restore him to his native woods. He lived with me nearly three days, but refused all sustenance; and I witnessed his death with regret.

THE CHASE.—A SHANDEAN FRAGMENT.

By this time the hunters had disappeared, and in about twenty minutes a labourer came out of the cottage, and informed us that the stag was coming down the hill in full view, and that we should see the chase to the best advantage from the back-door of the house.

The buck, to which the huntsman had given but short law, came bounding down a slope, pursued by the hounds in full cry, the hunters close in with the dogs, hallooing "*tantivy, tantivy*," at every stretch.

"This is a *view hollow*," said I, turning to Captain O'Carrol.

The poor animal had made a circuit, to gain the place where he was first raised, but finding neither safety nor covert there, he turned round, ran right ahead, and in so doing crossed the garden of the cottage where we stood.

Two dogs and men passed on.

Two ladies rode by, pushing their horses with a degree of courage and vigour that would do honour to the spirit and strength of Amazons.

A third female, fearless as Camilla, closed the chase: it was heaven's mercy she did not close her life. Unhappy fair one! with whip and spur she urged the courser's speed; but just as she prepared to clear a fence, the bank gave way, and down came the

horse, jirking the rider from its back into the middle of the ditch.

We ran to her assistance; she was topsy-turvy. "This is a *view hollow*!" said O'Carrol, turning to me.

Sophia retired a few paces.

"We must fix her upon her feet," said O'Carrol, leaping into the ditch, and seizing the lady by the binding of her petticoats; I followed his example.

An old virtuoso came up, he took out his glass—"I believe she is a peeress," said he, "by the coronet on her saddle."

'Twas not possible to turn the lady, either on one side or the other.

A labourer came to our assistance; he got under the lady, and raised her.

"Bless my eyes, (exclaimed the labourer) her heels are where her head ought to be!"

"It is really a horrid chasm," said the virtuoso, peeping into the ditch.

"Every body, from the highest to the lowest, have their ups and downs in this world," observed a lame beggarman, with a malicious smile.

Having seated the lady upon the bank, and put every thing to rights, Sophia joined us, and with the help of a smelling bottle, and chafing the lady's temples, she was restored to herself: she had received but little injury that we could perceive, and she declared she felt none. "But I fear I shall be thrown out," said the lady: so curtesying thanks to Sophia, and

smiling thanks to O'Carrol and myself, with our help she mounted her hunter, cleared the ditch where she was thrown, and taking a short cut, to avoid the impending evil, was soon out of sight and we returned to the cottage.

## SPORTING IN THE UNITED STATES.

From "*A Year's Residence*," &c. by W. COBBETT.

THERE cannot be said to be any thing here which we, in England, call HUNTING. The deer are hunted by dogs indeed, but the hunters do not follow: they are posted at their several stations to shoot the deer as he passes. This is only one remove from the Indian hunting. I never saw, that I know of, any man that had seen a pack of hounds in America, except those kept by Old John Brown, in Buck's county, Pennsylvania, who was the only *hunting Quaker* that I ever heard of, and who was grandfather of the famous General Brown. In short, there is none of what we call HUNTING; or so little, that no man can expect to meet with it.

No COURSING. I never saw a greyhound here. Indeed, there are no *hares* that have the same manners that ours have, or any thing like their fleetness. The woods too, or some sort of cover, except in the singular instance of plains in this island, are too near at hand.

But of SHOOTING, the variety is endless. Pheasants, partridges, woodcocks, snipes, grouse, wild ducks of many sorts, teal, plover, and rabbits. There is a disagreement between the north and the south, as



to the naming of the former. North of New Jersey, the pheasants are called partridges, and the partridges are called quails. To the south of New Jersey they are called by what I think their proper names—taking the English names of those birds to be proper. For pheasants do not remain in covies; but mix like common fowls. The intercourse between the males and females is promiscuous, and not by pairs, as in the case of partridges: and these are the manners of the American pheasants, which are found by ones, twos, and so on, and never in families, except when young, when like chickens, they keep with the old hen. The American partridges are not quails, because quails are gregarious; they keep in flocks like rooks (called crows in America), or like larks or starlings. It is a well-known fact that quails flock; it is also well known, that partridges do not, but that they keep in distinct families, which we call covies, from the French *covée*, which means the eggs or brood which a hen covers at one time. The American partridges live in covies. The cock and hen pair in the spring. They have their brood by sitting alternately on the eggs, just as the English partridges do: the young ones, if none are killed or die, remain with the old ones till Spring. The covey always live within a small distance of the same spot; if frightened into a state of separation, they call to each other and re-assemble: they roost altogether in a round ring, as close as they can sit, the tails inward and the heads outward, and are, in short, in all their manners, precisely the same as the English partridge, with this exception, that they will

sometimes alight on a rail or a bough; and that when the hen sits, the cock, perched at a little distance, makes a sort of periodical whistle, in a monotonous, but very soft and sweet tone. The size of the pheasant is about the half of that of the English. The plumage is by no means so beautiful, but the flesh is far more delicate. The size of the partridge bears about the same proportion, but its plumage is more beautiful than that of the English, and its flesh more delicate. Both are delightful, though rather difficult shooting. The pheasant does not tower, but darts through the trees; and the partridge does not ride boldly, but darts away at no great height from the ground. Some years they are more abundant than other years.

The woodcocks are, in all respects, like those in England, except that they are only about three-fifths of the size. They breed here; and are in such numbers, that some men kill twenty brace or more in a day. Their haunts are in marshy places or woods. The shooting of them lasts from the fourth of July till the hardish frosts come. Here are five months of this sort; and pheasants and partridges are shot from September to April.

The snipes are called English snipes, which they resemble, in all respects, and are found in great abundance in the usual haunts of snipes.

The grouse is precisely like the Scotch grouse. There is only here and there a place where they are found; but they are, in those places, killed in great quantities, in the fall of the year.

As to the wild ducks and other water-fowl, which are come at by lying in wait, and killed most frequently swimming or sitting, they are slaughtered in whole flocks. An American counts the cost of powder and shot. If he is deliberate in every thing else, this habit will hardly forsake him in the act of shooting. When the sentimental flesh-eaters hear the report of his gun, they may begin to pull out their white handkerchiefs, for death follows his pull of the trigger, with perhaps even more certainty than it used to follow the lancet of Dr. Rush.

The plover is a fine bird, and is found in great numbers upon the plains, and in the cultivated fields of this island. Plovers are very shy and wary; but they have ingenious enemies to deal with. A waggon, or carriage of some sort, is made use of to approach them; and then they are easily killed.

Rabbits are very abundant in some places. They are killed by shooting; for all here is done with the gun. No reliance is placed upon a dog.

As to the GAME LAWS, there are none, except those which appoint the time for killing. People go where they like, and as to wild animals shoot what they like. There is the common law, which forbids trespass; and the statute-law, I believe, of "malicious trespass," or trespass after warning; and these are more than enough; for nobody, that I ever hear of, warns people off: so that, as far as shooting goes, and that is the sport which is the most general favourite, there never was a more delightful country than this island. The sky is so fair, the soil so dry, the cover

so convenient, the game so abundant, and the people, go where you will, so civil, hospitable, and kind.

## CHESS.

A PLAN to make the Knight move into all the squares of the Chess-board in succession, without passing twice over the same.

4	7	2	11	16	21	26	23
1	10	5	56	27	24	17	20
6	3	8	15	12	19	22	25
9	64	57	60	55	28	13	18
44	59	54	63	14	61	40	29
51	48	45	58	41	32	37	34
46	43	50	53	62	35	30	39
49	52	47	42	31	38	33	36

It is obvious, the motion may be continued, or begun at any square, *ad libitum*.

To a player the moves must be so evident, that in a few trials he will write the figures down upon a piece of paper, with the same facility as if he were writing his name.

Dr. Hutton, in his "Mathematical Recreations," gives three different methods to perform the same, but none of them like the above.

## BADGER-HUNTING.

THE badger is not known to exist in hot countries: it is an original native of the temperate climates of Europe, and is found, without any variety in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, Britain, Poland, and Sweden. It breeds only twice in a year, and brings forth four or five at a time.

The usual length of the badger is somewhat above two feet, exclusive of the tail, which is about six inches long; its eyes are small, and are placed in a black stripe, which begins behind the ears, and runs tapering towards the nose: the throat and legs are black; the back, sides, and tail are of a dirty grey, mixed with black; the legs are very short, strong, and thick; each foot consists of five toes; those on the fore-feet are armed with strong claws, well adapted for digging its subterraneous habitation.

The badger retires to the most secret recesses, where it digs its hole, and forms its habitation under ground. Its food consists chiefly of roots, fruits, grass, insects, and frogs. It is accused of destroying lambs and rabbits; but there seems to be no other reason for considering it as a beast of prey, than the analogy between its teeth, and those of carnivorous animals.

Few creatures defend themselves better, or bite with greater keenness than the badger: on that account it is frequently baited with dogs trained for that purpose, and defends itself from their attacks with astonishing agility and success. Its motions are so quick, that a dog is often desperately wounded in the moment of



assault, and obliged to fly. The thickness of the badger's skin, and the length and coarseness of its hair, are an excellent defence against the bites of the dogs: its skin is so loose as to resist the impression of their teeth, and gives the animal an opportunity of turning itself round, and wounding its adversaries in their tenderest parts. In this manner this singular creature is able to resist repeated attacks both of men and dogs, from all quarters; till, being overpowered with numbers, and enfeebled by many desperate wounds, it is at last obliged to yield.

In hunting the badger, you must seek the earths and burrows where he lies; and, in a clear moonlight night, go and stop all the burrows except one or two, and therein place some sacks, fastened with drawing strings, which may shut him in as soon as he strains the bag. Some only place a hoop in the mouth of the sack, and so put it into the hole; and as soon as the badger is in the sack, and strains it, the sack slips from the hoop, and secures him in it, where he lies trembling till he is taken from his prison.

The sacks, or bags, being thus set, cast off the hounds, beating about all the woods, hedges, and tufts round about for the compass of a mile or two; and what badgers are abroad, being alarmed by the hounds, will soon betake themselves to their burrows. Observe, that the person who is placed to watch the sacks, must stand close, and upon a clear wind; otherwise the badger will discover him, and immediately fly some other way into his burrow.

But if the dogs can encounter him before he can

take his sanctuary, he will then stand at bay like a boar, and make good sport, vigorously biting and clawing the dogs. In general, when they fight, they lay on their backs, using both teeth and nails; and, by blowing up their skins, defend themselves against the bites of the dogs, and the blows given by the men. When the badger find that the terriers yearn\* him in his burrow, he will stop the hole betwixt him and the terriers; and, if they still continue baying, he will remove his couch into another chamber or part of the burrow, and so from one to another, barricading the way before them, as he retreats, till he can go no farther.

If you intend to dig the badger out of his burrow, you must be provided with such tools as are used for digging out a fox: you should also have a pail of water ready to refresh the terriers when they come out of the earth to take breath and cool themselves.

It is no unusual thing to put some small bells about the necks of the terriers, which making a noise, will cause the badger to bolt out.

In digging, the situation of the ground must be observed and considered; or, instead of advancing the work, you probably may hinder it.

In this order you may besiege them in their holds, or castles, and break their platforms, parapets, and casements; and work to them with mines and countermines, till you have overcome them.

We must do this animal the justice to observe, that, though nature has furnished it with formidable wea-

\* To yearn, is to bark as beagles do at their prey.

pons of offence, and has besides given it strength sufficient to use them with great effect, it is, notwithstanding, very harmless and inoffensive, and, unless attacked, employs them only for its support.

The badger is an indolent animal, and sleeps much: it confines itself to its hole during the whole day, and feeds only in the night. It is so cleanly as never to defile its habitation with its ordure. Immediately below the tail, between that and the anus, there is a narrow transverse orifice, from whence a white substance, of a very foetid smell, constantly exudes. The skin, when dressed with the hair on, is used for pistol furniture. Its flesh is eaten: the hind quarters are sometimes made into hams, which, when cured, are not inferior in goodness to the best bacon. The hairs are made into brushes, which are used by painters to soften and harmonize their shades.

In walking, the badger treads on its whole heel, like the bear, which brings its belly very near the ground.

#### A MAN ATTACKED BY WEASELS.

IN the month of December, 1817, in the parish of Glencairn, a labourer was suddenly attacked by six weasels, which rushed upon him from an old dyke, in the field where he was at work. The man, alarmed at such a furious onset from an unprovoked enemy, instantly betook himself to flight, in which, however he was closely pursued, and although he had about him a large horse-whip, with which he endeavoured by several back-handed strokes to stop them, yet so eager was their pursuit, that he was on the point of being seized by the

throat, when he luckily noticed at some distance, the fallen branch of a tree which he made for, and hastily snatching it up, commenced in turn the attack with so much success, that he killed three of them, and put the remaining three to flight. The man's life was in great danger, when it is ascertained that two weasels are a match for a dog.

## COURAGE OF THE STAG.

*By Captain SMITH.*

It is worthy of remark that the native courage of the stag has often formed an interesting topic of inquiry; and the following Indian anecdote shows that when pressed by enemies, he possesses it in an eminent degree. As Captain Smith, of the Native Infantry, and some friends were on a shooting party, very early in the morning, they observed a tiger steal out of a jungle, in pursuit of a herd of deer; having selected his object, the poor animal was quickly deserted by the herd; the tiger advanced with such amazing swiftness, that the stag in vain attempted to escape, and at the moment the gentlemen expected to see the tiger take the fatal spring, the stag gallantly faced his enemy, and for some minutes kept him at bay, and it was not till after three attacks, that the tiger secured his prey. He was supposed to have been considerably injured by the horns of the stag, as on the advance of Captain Smith, he abandoned the carcase of the stag, having only sucked the blood from the throat.

It is not more than fifty years ago, that the following experiment was made by his Royal Highness the late

Duke of Cumberland, to ascertain the true and natural instinctive courage of the stag, when opposed to an enemy of the most formidable and terrific description.

To this effect one of the ablest stags in Windsor Forest was enclosed in an area formed upon a selected spot near the lodge, and surrounded with a remarkably strong net toiling, full fifteen feet high; and this ceremony took place in sight of Ascot Heath Races; so that thousands were present upon the occasion. When every thing was prepared, and the Stag parading in majestic consternation at the astonishing assemblage of people around the net work, at the awful moment, when it may be naturally conceived, every heart beat high, with wonder, fear, and expectation, a *trained ounce*, or *hunting tiger*, was led in, hoodwinked by the two blacks that had the care of him, and who, upon signal, set him and his eyes at liberty. Perhaps, so general a silence never prevailed among so many thousands of spectators, as at that moment, when the slightest aspiration of a breeze might have been distinctly heard. The tiger taking one general survey, instantly caught sight of the deer, and crouching down on his belly, continued to creep exactly in the manner of a cat drawing up to a mouse, watching to dart upon his prey with safety. The stag, however, most warily, steadily, and sagaciously, turned as he turned; and this strange and desperate antagonist found himself dangerously opposed by the threatenings of his formidable brow antlers. In vain did the tiger attempt every manœuvre to turn his flanks—the stag possessed too much generalship to be foiled upon the *terra firma*



of his native country by a foreign invader. This cautious warfare continuing so long as to render it tedious, and probably to protract the time of starting the horses upon the race ground, his Royal Highness inquired if, by irritating the tiger, the catastrophe of the combat might not be hastened. He was answered it might probably prove dangerous, or be attended with disagreeable consequences; but it was ordered to be done; upon which, the keepers proceeded very near the tiger, and did as they were directed: when, immediately, without attacking the deer, with a most furious and elastic bound, he sprung at and cleared the toiling that enclosed them; landing amidst the clamours, shouts, and affrighted screams of the multitude, who fled in every direction, each male and female thinking themselves the destined victim of the tiger's rage; who, nevertheless regardless of their fears or their persons crossed the road, and rushed into the opposite wood, where he fastened upon the haunch of one of the fallow-deer, and brought him to the ground. His keepers, to whom he was perfectly familiarised, hesitated for some time to go near him; at length, however they mustered resolution to approach, and cutting the deer's throat, separated the haunch, which he had seized, and led him away with it in his mouth.

## AN ORIGINAL INVITATION SPORTING CARD.

## BOXIANA

Most respectfully invites the *Lads of the Fancy* to assist him  
On TUESDAY Evening, February 2, 1819,

At BEN MEDLEY'S,

*The Canterbury Arms, near the Marsh Gate,*

LAMBETH,

To *floor* DULL CARE, should he dare intrude—get  
*the best of* ANIMOSITY, to prevent his *cross* mug from  
even taking a peep—and to *knock down* DISCORD,  
*sans ceremonie*, if he interrupt the *sociality* of the  
meeting.

## THE RING

will be cleared, and the *setts-to* commence precisely at  
Eight o'Clock.

An excellent trial of skill is expected between HARMONY and GOOD HUMOUR, who at present are both backed at *even*; but it is rather anticipated by the good judges, that HARMONY will take the lead.

Those experienced heroes, *Messrs. Serious* and *Comic Songs*, have offered their services to officiate as SECONDS upon this occasion.

And the BOTTLE HOLDERS (acknowledged as nothing else but *good ones*) will in case their men want recruiting supply them with *prime* EAU D'VIE, and the regular brilliant DAFFY, or *heavy wet*, if it is preferred.

A spirited *turn-up* is also expected, between Messrs. DUETTS, GLEES, and RECITATIONS.

The *Umpire* is LIBERALITY; the *Time-keeper*, "Fly not yet? O stay!" and

THE PRESIDENT (BOXIANA)

will exert himself to keep the *game* alive, according to the acceptance of the Poet, that

"*The right end of Life is to live and be jolly.*"

N. B. The *Members* and *Chairman* of the DAFFY CLUB, have promised to attend the meeting, to put the *Company* in *spirits*.

\* \* No *Gloves* can be permitted to be introduced upon this occasion, except the *weather* pleads for their appearance.

*Minute time allowed.*

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE LORD ORFORD.

No man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, on practical or speculative sporting as the late Earl of Orford, whose eccentricities are too firmly indented upon "the tablet of the memory," ever to be obliterated from the diversified rays of retrospection. Incessantly engaged in the pursuit of sport and new inventions, he introduced more whimsicalities, more experimental genius, and enthusiastic zeal than any man ever did before him, or most probably any other man ever may attempt to do again.

Among his experiments of fancy, was a determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phaeton instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road: but unfortunately, as he was one day driving to

Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four in hand." and commenced a new kind of chase, with "breast-high" alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description; in vain did his lordship exert all his chario-teering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily however, his Lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his Lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed; into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable-boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and his Lordship were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

TO THE MEMORY OF SNOWBALL, A CELEBRATED  
GREYHOUND, THE PROPERTY OF MAJOR TOPHAM.

*By W. UPTON.*

SNOWBALL, what dog e'er gained a greater name?

Scarce one; for swifter never ran than thee;

And dear to mem'ry as thou art to fame,

Will coursers prize OLD SNOWBALL'S pedigree.

Young *Wander* gaz'd to see thee scour the field,  
While the loud "Bravo!" spoke from ev'ry tongue!  
Alas! poor hare, thy breath of life was seal'd,  
When *SNOWBALL*'s footsteps on thy presence hung.

Fleet dog! for matchless were thy deeds awhile;  
No greyhound ever did more worth combine,  
And long like England's proud and matchless isle,  
Shall *SNOWBALL*'s merits, like her glory, shine!

# MODE OF TRAINING THE ARABIAN HORSE.

*From M. CHATEAUBRIAND'S Travels in Greece.*

THIS interesting traveller thus accounts for the hardihood displayed by the Arabian horses. They are never put under shelter, but left exposed to the most intense heat of the sun, tied by all four legs to stakes driven in the ground, so that they cannot stir. The saddle is never taken from their backs; they frequently drink but once, and have only one feed of barley, in twenty-four hours. This rigid treatment, so far from wearing them out, gives them sobriety and speed. I have often admired an Arabian steed thus tied down to the burning sands, his hair loosely flowing, his head bowed between his legs to find a little shade; and stealing with his wild eye an oblique glance of his master. Release his legs from the shackles, spring upon his back, and he will paw in the valley, he will rejoice in his strength, he will swallow the ground in the fierceness of his rage; and you recognise the original of the picture delineated by Job.—Eighty or one hundred piastres are given for an ordinary horse, which is in general less valued than an ass



or mule ; but a horse of a well-known Arabian breed will fetch any price. Abdallah, Pacha of Damascus, had just given 3000 piastres for one. The history of a horse is frequently the topic of general conversation. When I was at Jerusalem, the feats of one of these steeds made a great noise. The Bedouin, to whom the animal, a mare, belonged, being pursued by the Governor's Guards, rushed with her from the top of the hills that overlooked Jericho. The mare scoured at full gallop down an almost perpendicular declivity without stumbling, and left the soldiers lost in admiration and astonishment. The poor creature however dropped down dead on entering Jericho, and the Bedouin, who would not quit her, was taken weeping over the body of his companion. This mare has a brother in the desert, who is so famous, that the Arabs always know where he has been, where he is, what he is doing, and how he does. Ali Aga religiously showed me in the mountains near Jericho the footsteps of the mare that died in the attempt to save her master. A Macedonian could not have beheld those of Bucephalus with greater respect.

#### THE SPORTSMAN'S QUARREL WITH HIS RIB.

The very silliest things in life,  
 Create the most material strife ;  
 What scarce will suffer a debate,  
 Will oft produce the bitterest hate.  
 " It is," you say—I say, " 'Tis not."  
 Why, you grow warm—and I am hot ;  
 Thus each alike with passion glows,  
 And words come first, and after blows.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear,  
 Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year ;  
 And, rented on the farming plan,  
 Grounds at much greater sums *per ann.*  
 A man of consequence no doubt,  
 'Mongst all his neighbours round about.  
 He was of frank and open mind,  
 Too honest to be much refin'd ;  
 Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,  
 Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould ;  
 Her age was neither young nor old ;  
 Her features strong, but somewhat plain ;  
 Her air not bad, but rather vain ;  
 Her temper neither new nor strange,  
 A woman's—very apt to change :  
 What she most hated was conviction,  
 What she most lov'd, *flat contradiction.*

A charming housewife, ne'ertheless—  
 Tell me a thing she could not dress,  
 Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies ;  
 Nought came amiss—she was so wise !  
 For she, bred twenty miles from town,  
 Had brought a world of breeding down,  
 And Cumberland had seldom seen  
 A farmer's wife with such a mien.  
 She could not bear the sound of Dame,  
 No—Mistress Jerkin was her name.

She could harangue, with wond'rous grace,  
 On gowns, and mobs, and caps, and lace :  
 But, tho' she ne'er adorn'd his brows,  
 She had a vast contempt for spouse ;  
 As being one who took no pride,  
 And was a deal too countryfied.  
 Such were our couple, man and wife,  
 Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair,  
 For exercise and cheerful air,  
 It happen'd, in his morning's roam,  
 He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.  
 "Here, Cicely, take away my gun:  
 "How shall we have these *starlings* done?  
 —"Done! what my love?—your wits are wild—  
 "*Starlings*, my dear! they're *thrushes*, child."—  
 "Nay, now, but look, consider, wife,  
 "They're *STARLINGS*."—"No, upon my life!  
 "Sure I can judge as well as you;  
 "I know a *thrush* and *starling* too."—  
 "Who was it shot them, *you* or *I*?  
 "They're *Starlings*!"—"Thrushes"—"Zounds, you lie!"  
 "Pray, sir, take back your dirty word;  
 "I scorn your language as your bird;  
 "It ought to make a husband blush,  
 "To treat a wife so 'bout a *thrush*."—  
 "*Thrush*, Cicely!"—"Yes."—"A *Starling*!"—"No!"  
 The lie again, and then a blow.  
 Blows carry strong and quick conviction,  
 And mar the powers of contradiction.  
 Peace soon ensued, and all was well,  
 It were imprudence to rebel,  
 Or keep the ball up of debate,  
 Against these arguments of weight.  
 A year roll'd on in perfect ease!  
 'Twas, "As you like!" and "What you please!"  
 Till, in its course and order due,  
 Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.  
 Quoth Cicely—"Ah, this charming life!  
 "No tumult now, no blows, no strife!  
 "What fools we were this day last year!  
 "Lord, how you beat me then my dear!  
 "Sure it was idle and absurd,  
 "To wrangle so about a bird;

"A bird not worth a single rush"—

"A *starling*."—"No, my love, a *THRUSH* !

"That I'll maintain."—"That I'll deny."

"You're wrong, good husband."—"Wife, you lie !"

Again the self-same wrangle rose,

Again the lie, again the blows.

Thus, every year (true man and wife)

Ensues the same domestic strife :

Thus every year their quarrel ends,

They argue, fight, and buss, and friends,

'Tis *starling*, *thrush*, and *thrush* and *starling*,

"You dog !"—"You b—h"—"My dear !"—"My darling."

#### ON THE USEFULNESS OF PUGILISM.

*From Mr. RYLEY'S "Itinerant."*

I WAS preparing to say "Good night," after handing the young lady down stairs at the Opera House, when her brother, with the pleasant freedom of an old acquaintance, pressed me to take a sandwich in St. James's-street, and, as his sentiments, as far as they had been communicated, agreed with mine, I accepted his invitation with the same frankness with which it was made. The female between us, we proceeded along Pall-Mall ; and turning up St. James's-street, two men, apparently in a state of intoxication, reeled out of an entry, and attempted to seize hold of the lady, who at that moment was unguarded on the right hand, her brother being a few paces in the rear. The street as far as we could distinguish was unoccupied, not even the voice of a watchman interrupted the solemn silence ; but the moon shone with resplendent lustre, and my new friend, alarmed by his sister's screams, with the swiftness of a feathered Mercury,

flew along the pavement, and with one blow laid the foremost of our assailants in the kennel. I was the more surprised at this, because his stature did not exceed five feet, and from the view I had of him, I was not prepared for uncommon strength. Our enemies were seemingly tall, raw-boned coal heavers, and though one of them was for the moment rendered incapable, our case appeared so desperate, that, to the lady's cries, I added a call for the watch; but my companion, nothing daunted, bade me take care of his sister, and fear nothing: "for," continued he, "if I cannot manage such rascals as these, I deserve to be d—d." The second ruffian, seeing his fellow on the ground, resumed his sobriety, and aimed a blow at me, but in so clumsy a manner, that I not only avoided it, but preserved my fair charge from harm; on which our little champion rushed forward, received the blow on the point of his elbow, and returned another in the pit of the stomach, which so staggered the wretch, that he reeled several paces, and finally tumbled headlong into an area, at least three yards deep. What I have employed so many words in relating was the work of a moment; having taught his foes to bite the ground, our skilful champion seized hold of his sister's disengaged arm, and not suffering the grass to grow under our feet, we arrived in safety at his house.

This anecdote will I think establish the USEFULNESS OF PUGILISM; had my friend been as *little knowing* in the *science* as his adversaries, *very dreadful might have been the consequences*, because might in that case



would have overcome right, unless the fellows would have had patience to wait till he ran home for his sword; and then indeed he might have *killed* them in a *gentleman-like* manner.

Every thing has its uses, and its abuses. But though this be granted, shall we neglect the use, because it may possibly bring the abuse along with it? I have heard declaimers against the science of bruising say, "*that a knowledge of SELF-DEFENCE makes people quarrelsome.*" If I may speak, from very limited experience, I think the contrary. I was well acquainted with PERRINS, and never in my life saw a more harmless, quiet, inoffensive being. I have the pleasure of knowing GULLEY;—yes, reader—the pleasure. I would rather know him than many *Sir Billys* and *Sir Dillys*, and he is neither quarrelsome, turbulent, nor overbearing.

One evening, I accompanied honest JACK EMERY to a tavern in Carey-street, kept by JOHN GULLEY. As we passed along, Emery said, "You conceive, I dare say, Romney, that I am going to introduce you into a society of rogues and pick-pockets, and if you can compound for the loss of your purse or handkerchief, it will be a lucky escape; but rest assured you are mistaken, Gulley's house is, of course, open to all descriptions, but the majority of his customers are people of reputation and respectability."

This account, I confess, was some relief to my mind, where a considerable degree of prejudice existed against prize-fighters, and the houses they frequent. GULLEY was unfortunately from home, but

CRIB, the champion of England, was officiating as his *locum tenens*, and handing about pots of porter and grog with persevering industry. Mrs. GULLEY, a neat little woman, civil and attentive, superintended the business of the bar; where, through Emery's interest, for I found he was in high favour, we obtained leave to sit. CRIB uncorked and decanted, but could not give us his company, (which to me, as a novitiate in such scenes, would have been a treat,) owing to the business of the house, which he seemed to pursue much to its master's interest. CRIB, who had obtained popularity by his prowess, was originally a coal-heaver, and has several brothers in the same employment; he is sturdy and stout built, about five and twenty, stands five feet eight inches, clumsy in appearance, rather hard featured, with a profile not unlike Cooke the tragedian. He is, I believe, a good-natured, quiet fellow, and after we had detained him a few minutes in conversation, "Well," said EMERY, "*what do you think of the greatest man in his way, or perhaps, any other can boast?*" for GULLEY has altogether declined the business."

"Why to speak the truth, notwithstanding your caution, I expected, in a house kept and frequented by boxers, to have seen nothing but blackguards, and to have heard nothing but blasphemy; but I am so pleasingly deceived, and so comfortably situated, that I believe this will not be the last visit I shall pay Mrs. GULLEY; and as to the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, I can only wonder how a person of his apparently good disposition can ever be wrought up to wound, to lame,

perhaps to kill his adversary. And how is it that people can meet in this manner without any cause of quarrel? Is it glory that stirs them on? Can ambition so far stimulate a man, that he shall be dead to a sense of pain, and callous to personal suffering? *It must be so*, for a meeting of this kind is so truly a matter of business, that previous to the most fierce and determined battles, the *parties shake hands* as a proof of amity, and this is the signal for black eyes and bloody noses."

"Come, come Romney," said EMERY, "I brought you here to be amused, and not to moralize; but since you are for the latter, we will e'en wish Mrs. GULLEY good night."

#### JEALOUSY AND REVENGE OF A COCK.

THE habitudes of the domestic breed of poultry cannot, possibly, escape observation; and every one must have noticed the fierce jealousy of the cock. It should seem that this jealousy is not confined to his rivals, but may, sometimes, extend to his beloved female; and that he is capable of being actuated by revenge, founded on some degree of reasoning, concerning her conjugal infidelity. An incident which happened at the seat of Mr. B——, near Berwick, justifies this remark. "My mowers (says he) cut a part-ridge on her nest, and immediately brought the eggs (fourteen) to the house. I ordered them to be put under a very large beautiful hen, and her own to be taken away. They were hatched in two days, and the hen brought them up perfectly well till they were five

or six weeks old. During that time they were constantly kept confined in an out-house, without having been seen by any of the other poultry. The door happened to be left open, and the cock got in. My housekeeper, hearing her hen in distress, ran to her assistance, but did not arrive in time to save her life; the cock, finding her with the brood of partridges, fell upon her with the utmost fury, and put her to death. The housekeeper found him tearing her both with his beak and spurs, although she was then fluttering in the last agony, and incapable of any resistance. The hen had been, formerly, the cock's greatest favourite."

#### DEATH OF TOM MOODY,

*The noted Whipper-in; well known to the Sportsmen of Shropshire.*

You all know Tom Moody\* the whipper-in well;  
 The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell:  
 A more able sportsman, ne'er followed a hound,  
 Thro' a country well-known to him fifty miles round;  
 No hound ever open'd with Tom in the wood,  
 But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twas good:—  
 And all, with attention, would eagerly mark,  
 When he cheer'd up the pack—"Hark!

To Rockwood, hark! hark!

High!—Wind him! and cross him!

Now Rattler, boy!—hark!"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest  
 Supported poor Tom to an "earth" made for rest:

\* The veteran sportsman, who is the subject of this ballad, died some years since, in the service of Mr. Forrester, of Shropshire. He had been the whipper-in to that gentleman's pack upwards of thirty years: and from the whimsical circumstances attending his burial, it is considered as worthy of a place in this collection.

His horse, which he styl'd his "Old Soul," next appear'd,  
 On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd ;  
 Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,  
 And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.  
 Ah !—no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace !  
 Nor the Wrekin \* resound his first burst in the chase !  
 "With high over !—Now press him !  
 Tally-ho !—tally-ho !"

Thus Tom spoke his friends, e'er he gave up his breath—  
 "Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,  
 One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—  
 Give a rattling view-halloo, thrice over my grave :  
 And unless at that warning I lift up my head,  
 My boys ! you may fairly conclude I am dead !"  
 Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,  
 For ev'ry voice join'd in the Tally-Ho ! cry.  
 "Tally-ho !—Hark forwards !  
 Tally-ho !—Tally-ho !"

ON THE QUALITIES OF THE GREYHOUND.

By a SPORTSMAN of 1819.

It appears from a Welsh proverb † that a gentleman was known by his hawk, his horse, and his greyhound ; and Mr. Pennant ‡ has observed by a law of Canute, a greyhound was not to be kept by any person inferior to a gentleman.

The different perfections of the greyhound, it seems, have been comprised in the following rude and barbarous rhymes :—

- \* The famous mountain in Shropshire.
- † Wrth ei walch, ei farche, a'i filgi, yr adwaenir bonheddig.
- ‡ Pennant.
- § British Zoology, vol. i. p. 53.



The head like a snake ;  
The neck like a drake ;  
The back like a beam ;  
The side like a bream ;  
The tail like a rat ;  
The foot like a cat.

Ludicrous as this poetical effort may be, the description is still correct ; and these different qualities, when united, even now form the model of perfection in the race. On the superior breed of greyhounds, there has been a variety of opinions : the *blood* of the late Lord Orford's was allowed to stand very high, if not the first, in the public estimation. Perhaps there has not been any person who took more pains to arrive at the utmost state of perfection in his object ; and it is a circumstance generally believed, that he even had recourse to a *cross* with the *English bulldog*, in order to acquire a courage and resolution till then unknown. After *seven descents*, it is said, he obtained the object for which he had been so solicitous, *without any diminution of speed, or the beauties of shape and symmetry*. Lord Rivers's stock is now allowed to be one of the first in England, and its superiority may be owing to a judicious cross of the Dorsetshire and Newmarket blood. Mr. Gurney of Norwich, has likewise for some years been in possession of a breed in considerable repute. It has the three great requisites, *blood, bone, and shape*. *Snowdrop*, a son of SNOWBALL, won the Malton cup four successive years ; and *Fly*, a grand-daughter of Snowball, a yellow and white bitch, the property of Major Topham, carried it away also in the Malton Spring

Meeting of 1810, though she had suffered previously by very severe exercise. Scarcely a greyhound, indeed, of any other blood now appears at the Malton meeting, and it has been so celebrated as to be introduced in almost every county in the kingdom.

There was a circumstance respecting Snowball peculiar to him in the history of coursing. He served greyhounds for years before his death at three guineas each. The first year had 10; the second, 14; the third, 11; and the fourth, 7. And amongst them, two out of Wales, two out of Scotland, one from the Marquis of Townshend, out of Norfolk, and the rest out of counties at some distance. Fifty guineas were given for *Young Snowball*, who was sold afterwards for one hundred: and Mr. Mellish beat all Newmarket with another son of Snowball.

In the South, *Millar*, belonging to Sir H. B. Dudley, has been likewise very famous. The sire of *Millar* was an Essex dog, *Tulip*, by a blue Newmarket dog, and he was the produce of a bitch by a Lancashire dog bred by the late Mr. Bamber Gascoyne. *Millar* was a large deep-chested dog, of a fawn-colour, and whilst young did not discover any pretensions to his future reputation. He was afterwards tried in the Essex Marshes, and in a single day he beat no less than *five* of the first and best dogs in the field. His superiority continued for some years, and he won upwards of *seventy matches*. His stock also proved excellent runners, and *Miss*, one of his daughters, received the Bradwell cup from twelve opponents who had been run down to a brace. What-

ever, therefore, may be thought by a few individuals on the subject, it is certain that *blood* has a very striking superiority. *Half-bred* horses have been sometimes known to exhibit great speed and bottom; but in general a thorough-bred horse only can maintain and continue his velocity for miles in succession. The same observation may be made with respect to the *greyhound*, and it forms the essential difference, which is not often properly attended to, between the *greyhound* in an open and enclosed country. The coarse rough-haired greyhound may discover some prowess in the latter; but in the former, and in long and severe courses, *BLOOD, which includes the shape*, sets all competition at defiance.

On the propriety of breeding akin, in the sportsman's phrase, or from the same *blood*, there have been various opinions; but it appears to be a practice neither to be desired nor pursued with advantage. If continued for some litters, a manifest inferiority of size, and a deficiency of bone, will soon be visible, as well as a want of courage and bottom; though the beauty of the form, with the exception of the size, may not be diminished. If we are to believe VARRO, there has been an instance, even in the brute creation; of a repugnance to such conjunctions. By a judicious choice and an attention to the *shape, blood, and bone* of another stock, a *cross* may always be procured, which will in general meet the sportsman's wishes; being attended with every advantage, without any of the consequences to be feared from a contrary practice, there can be little hesitation in adopting it.

The most favourable season for the production of the young brood, in the opinion of the ancients, was that of the warm months. If dogs are bred in the summer months, they will also be of the fittest age to be brought into the field the following year.

It is rather singular that no alterations have been made in the "*rules and laws of coursing*" since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Regulations, which are usually still in force, received the fiat of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and are as follow:—

#### THE LAWS OF THE LEASH, OR COURSING;

*As they were commanded, allowed, and subscribed, by Thomas, late Duke of NORFOLK, in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

First, Therefore it was ordered, that he which was chosen *fewterer*, or letter-loose of the greyhounds, should receive the greyhounds match to run together into his leash as soon as he came into the field, and to follow next to the hare-finder till he came unto the form; and no horseman nor footman, on pain of disgrace, to go before them, or on either side, but directly behind, the space of forty yards or thereabouts.

*Item.* That not above one brace of greyhounds do course a hare at one instant.

*Item.* That the hare-finder should give the hare three So-hows before he put her from her lear, to make the Greyhounds gaze and attend her rising.

*Item.* That dog that giveth first turn, if, after the turn be given, there be neither coat, slip, nor wrench, extraordinary, then he which gave the first turn shall be held to win the wager.

*Item.* If one dog give the first turn, and the other bear the hare, then he which bore the hare shall win.

*Item.* If one dog give both the first turn and last turn, and no other advantage between them, that odd turn shall win the wager.

*Item.* That a coat shall be more than two turns, and a go-by or the bearing of the hare, equal with two turns.

*Item.* If neither dog turn the hare, then he which leadeth last, at the covert, shall be held to win the wager.

*Item.* If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and turn her again, those two turns shall be as much as a coat.

*Item.* If all the course be equal, then he only which bears the hare shall win; and if she be not borne, then the course must be adjudged dead.

*Item.* If any dog shall take a fall in the course, and yet perform his part, he shall challenge advantage of a turn more than he giveth.

*Item.* If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and give divers coats, yet in the end stand still in the field, the other dog without turn-giving, running home to the covert, that dog which stood still in the field shall be then adjudged to lose the wager.

*Item.* If any man shall ride over a dog and overthrow him in his course (though the dog were the worst dog in opinion) yet the party for the offence shall either receive the disgrace of the field or pay the wager, for between the parties it shall be adjudged to course.

*Item.* Those who are chosen judges of the leash, shall give their judgments presently before they depart from the field, or else he, in whose default it lieth, shall pay the wager by a general voice and sentence.

The substance of the above rules, it seems, has been adhered to in most of the sporting counties; but the dogs are now loosed out of a double spring-slip, which renders it impossible for either to have the advantage of the start. In Wiltshire, however, some judicious deviations have been introduced; and the dog that hath the best of the course, whether he kills the hare or not, is there declared to be the winner. The propriety of such a decision is apparent, for the best and speediest dog may turn the hare directly on his opponent, who may have no other merit than that of laying hold of his game when forced full upon him.



## RUNNING IN A SACK.

IN the month of November, 1811, a wager was run, for ten guineas aside, in White Conduit Fields, between two tradesmen of the names of Williams and Johnson, of the neighbourhood of Islington; the one was to run one hundred yards *in a sack* in less space of time than the other should go *twice the distance* in the common way of running. A vast number of persons assembled to witness the novelty, and a great many bets were depending upon the issue; odds were three to one against Williams in the sack. They started at four o'clock; almost directly afterwards the man in the sack fell down, and the other by some accident tumbled over him; and they both scrambled to get up; the former though in the sack, being the most active, recovered himself first, and won the wager by about twenty seconds.

## MOST EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE ACCOMPLISHED WITH A BAROUCHE.

A PARTY of gentlemen, on Tuesday, the 10th of March, 1812, for a considerable wager, started from the George Inn, at Portsmouth, in Bellett's Barouche-and-four, to reach London, a distance of seventy-two miles, in seven hours and three-quarters; which to the astonishment of both parties, was accomplished in *five hours and thirty-one minutes*, being two hours and fourteen minutes less than the given time; averaging about FOURTEEN MILES AN HOUR. The following is

a statement of the distance, and places of changing horses —

	Miles.	Min.
From Portsmouth to Horndean.....	10....	53
..... to Petersfield . . . . .	8....	32
..... to Liphook . . . . .	8....	41
..... to Godalming . . . . .	12....	54
..... to Ripley . . . . .	10....	47
..... to Kingston . . . . .	12....	45
..... to Hyde Park Corner ..	12....	49
Changing of the horses . . . . .		10
	<hr/> 72	<hr/> 331

## FALCONRY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

AN early writer on this subject gives us the following anecdote:—"I once had (says he) an excellent opportunity of seeing this sport near Nazareth, in Galilee. An Arab, mounting a swift courser, held the falcon on his hand, as huntsmen commonly do. When he espied the animal on the top of the mountain, he let loose the falcon, which flew in a direct line, like an arrow, and attacked the antelope, fixing the talons of one of his feet into its cheeks, and those of the other into its throat, extending his wings obliquely over the animal; spreading one towards one of his ears, and the other to the opposite hip. The creature, thus attacked, made a leap twice the height of a man, and freed himself from the falcon; but, being wounded, and losing both its strength and speed, it was again attacked by the bird, which fixed the talons of both his

feet into its throat, and held it fast, till the huntsman coming up, took it alive, and cut its throat. The falcon was allowed to drink the blood, as a reward for his labour; and a young falcon, which was learning, was likewise put to the throat. By this means the young birds are taught to fix their talons in the throat of the animal, as the properest part: for, should the falcon fix upon the creature's hip, or some other part of the body, the huntsman would not only lose his game, but his falcon too; for the beast, roused by the wound, which could not prove mortal, would run to the deserts and the tops of the mountains, whither its enemy, keeping its hold, would be obliged to follow, and being separated from its master, must of course perish.

## SPORTING ADVENTURE OF COURTEOUS KING JAMIE.

*By M. G. LEWIS, Esq.*

COURTEOUS King Jamie is gone to the wood,  
The fattest buck to find;  
He chased the deer, and he chased the roe,  
Till his friends were left behind.

He hunted over moss and moor,  
And over hill and down,  
Till he came to a ruined hunting hall  
Was seven miles from a town.

He entered up the hunting hall  
To make him goodly cheer,  
For of all the herds in the good greenwood,  
He had slain the fairest deer.

He sat him down, with food and rest  
His courage to restore;  
When a rising wind was heard to sigh,  
And an earthquake rock'd the floor.

And darkness cover'd the hunting hall  
Where he sat all at his meat ;  
The grey dogs howling left their food  
And crept to Jamie's feet.

And louder howl'd the rising storm,  
And burst the fasten'd door,  
And in there came a grisly Ghost,  
Loud stamping on the floor,

Her head touch'd the roof-tree of the house,  
Her waist a child could span;  
I wot, the look of her hollow eye  
Would have scared the bravest man.

Her locks were like snakes, and her teeth like snakes,  
And her breath had a brimstone smell :  
I know nothing that she seem'd to be  
But the *Devil* just come from *Hell* !

" Some meat ! some meat ! King Jamie,  
" Some meat now give to me."—  
" And to what meat in this house, lady,  
" Shall ye not welcome be ?"—  
" Oh ! ye must kill your berry-brown steed,  
" And serve him up to me."

King Jamie has kill'd his berry-brown steed,  
Though it caused him mickle care ;  
The ghost eat him up both flesh and bone,  
*And left nothing but hoofs and hair !*

" More meat ! more meat ! King Jamie,  
" More meat now give to me."  
" And to what meat in this house, lady,  
" Shall ye not welcome be ?"  
" Oh ! ye must kill your good greyhounds,  
" They'll taste more daintily."

King Jamie has kill'd his good greyhounds,  
Though it made his heart to fail :  
The ghost eat them all up one by one  
And left nothing but ears and tail.

" A bed ! a bed ! King Jamie,  
" Now make a bed for me !"  
" And to what bed in this house, lady,  
" Shall ye not welcome be ?"  
" Oh ! ye must pull the heather so green,  
" And make a soft bed for me."

King Jamie has pull'd the heather so green,  
And made for the ghost a bed ;  
And over the heather, with courtesy rare,  
His plaid has he daintily spread.

" Now swear ! now swear ! King Jamie,  
" To take me for your bride ;"—  
" Now heaven forbid !" King Jamie said,  
" That ever the like betide ;  
" That the *Devil* so foul, just come from Hell,  
" Should stretch him by my side."

" Now fye ! now fye ! King Jamie,  
" I swear by the holy tree,  
" I am *no* devil, or evil thing,  
" However foul I be.

" Then yield ! then yield ! King Jamie,  
" And take my bridegroom's place ;  
" For shame shall light on the dastard knight  
" Who refuses a lady's grace."

Then quoth King Jamie, with a groan,  
For his heart was big with care,  
" It shall never be said, that King Jamie,  
" Denied a lady's prayer."



So he laid him by the foul thing's side,  
 And piteously he moan'd ;  
 She press'd his hand, and he shuddered !  
 She kiss'd his lips, and he groan'd !

When day was come, and night was gone,  
 And the sun shone through the hall,  
*The fairest lady that ever was seen*  
*Lay between him and the wall !*

" Oh ! well is me ! " King Jamie cried,  
 " How long will your beauty stay ? "  
 Then out and spake that lady fair,  
 " E'en till my dying day.

" For I was witch'd to a ghastly shape,  
 " All by my step-dame's skill ;  
 " Till I could light on a courteous knight  
 " *Who would let me have all my will !* "

## GIGANTIC CHALLENGE.

*A Russian Anecdote.*

DURING his reign, Wladimir had many wars to sustain, particularly against the Petchenegians. In one of the incursions of these people, the two armies were on the eve of a battle, being only separated by the waters of Troubeje, when their prince advanced and proposed to terminate the difference by single combat between two champions ; the people whose combatant should be overcome, not to take up arms against the other nation for three years.

The Russian sovereign accepted the proposal, and they reciprocally engaged to produce their champions. Among the troops of the Petchenegians was a man of an athletic make and colossal stature, who, vain of

his strength, paced the bank of the river, loading the Russians with every species of insult, and provoking them by threatening gestures to enter the lists with him, at the same time ridiculing their timidity. The soldiers of Wladimir long submitted to these insults; no one offered himself to the encounter, the gigantic figure of their adversary terrifying the whole of them. The day of combat being arrived, they were obliged to supplicate for longer time.

At length an old man approached Wladimir;—"My lord," said he, "I have five sons, four of whom are in the army; as valiant as they are, none of them is equal to the fifth, who possesses prodigious strength." The young man was immediately sent for. Being brought before the prince, he asked permission to make a public trial of his strength. A vigorous bull was irritated with red hot irons: the young Russian stopped the furious animal in his course, threw him to the ground, and tore his skin and flesh. This proof inspired the greatest confidence. The hour of battle arrives; the two champions advance between the camps, and the Petchenegian could not restrain a contemptuous smile when he observed the apparent weakness of his adversary, who was yet without a beard: but being quickly attacked with as much impetuosity as vigour, crushed between the arms of the young Russian, he is stretched expiring in the dust. The Petchenegians, seized with terror, took to flight; the Russians pursued, and completely overthrew them.

The sovereign loaded the conqueror, who was only a simple currier, with honours and distinctions. He

was raised, as well as his father, to the rank of the *grandeess*, and to preserve the remembrance of this action, the prince founded the city of *Pereisaslavle* on the field of battle, which still holds a distinguished rank among those of the government of *Kiof*.

#### NEITHER WON NOR LOST.—A WAGER.

THE Bucks had dined, and deep in council sat,  
 Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat :  
 Up starts his Lordship, to the window flies,  
 And lo ! "*a race, a race,*" in rapture cries,  
 " Where ? " quoth SIR JOHN—" Why see, *two drops of rain*  
 Start from the summit of the crystal pane :  
*A thousand pounds*, which drop with nimblest force,  
 Performs its current down the slippery course."  
 The bets were fix'd, in dire suspense they wait  
 For victory pendent on the nod of fate.  
 Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize  
 The bubbles roll, like tears from CHLOE'S eyes.  
 But, ah ! the glittering joys of life are short !  
 How oft two *jostling steeds* have spoil'd the sport !  
 So thus attraction, by coercive laws,  
 Th' approaching *drops* into one BUBBLE draws ;  
 Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project crost,  
*How hard their lot* WHO NEITHER WON NOR LOST !

#### THE RULING PASSION.

THE late celebrated trainer, FROST, belonging to Sir Charles Bunbury, among many others *trained* that favourite mare, called ELEANOR. During his last moments Sir Charles sent a clergyman to attend him ; amidst his ejaculations FROST called out for TOM (meaning one of the stable boys) : of course a pause

assured, as the clergyman supposed he was going to unburden his mind: when *Tom* came to his bedside, *Frost* shook him by the hand, and exclaimed, "WAS NOT *ELEANOR* A RUM ONE?"

## LUDICROUS ANGLING ANECDOTES.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS, in his notes on the *Complete Angler*, relates the following story:—"A lover of angling told me, he was fishing in the river Lea, at the ferry called *Jeremy's*, and had hooked a large fish at the time when some Londoners, with their horses, were passing: they congratulated him on his success, and got out of the ferry-boat; but, finding the fish not likely to yield, mounted their horses, and rode off. The fact was, that angling for small fish, his bait had been taken by a barbel, too large for the fisher to manage. Not caring to risk his tackle by attempting to raise him, he hoped to tire him; and, for that purpose, suffered himself to be led (to use his own expression) as a blind man is by a dog, several yards up and as many down, the bank of the river; in short, for so many hours that the horsemen above-mentioned, who had been at *Walthamstow* and dined, were returned, who, seeing him thus occupied, cried out—'What, master, another large fish'—'No, (says the Piscator) the very same.'—'Nay, (says one of them) that can never be; for it is five hours since we crossed the river!' and, not believing him, they rode on their way. At length our angler determined to do that which a less patient one would have done long before: he

made one vigorous effort to land the fish, broke his tackle, and lost him."

The same intelligent knight furnishes us with another anecdote relating to this sullen fish:—"Living some years ago (says he) in a village on the banks of the Thames, I was used, in the summer months, to be much in a boat on the river; it happened, that at Shepperton, where I had been for a few days, I frequently passed an elderly gentleman in his boat, who appeared to be fishing at different stations for barbel. After a few salutations had passed between us, and we were become a little acquainted, I took occasion to inquire of him what diversion he had met with. 'Sir, (says he) I have but bad luck to-day; for I fish for barbel, and you know they are not to be caught like gudgeons.'—'Very true, (answered I) but what you want in *tale*, I suppose you make up in *weight*.'—'Why, sir, (replied he) that is just as it happens; I like the sport, and love to catch fish; but my great delight is in *going after them*. I'll tell you what, sir, (continued he) I am a man in years, and have been used to the sea all my life; (he had been an India captain) but I mean to go no more, and have bought that little house which you see there (pointing to it) for the sake of fishing: I get into this boat (which he was then mopping) on a Monday morning, and fish on till Saturday night, for barbel, as I told you; for that is my delight; and this I have sometimes done for *a month* together, and in all that while have not had *one bite*!"



## REYNARD'S FAREWELL.

By T. BEDDOES.

THE horses are panting, the bugle has blown,  
 The hare has pass'd by, and the partridge has flown;  
 The hunters are leaving the brow of the hill,  
 But Reynard alone stands mournfully still;  
 Depriv'd of his youth, of his strength, of his pow'r,  
 These words he repeats in the terrible hour—  
 "In vain have I hid 'midst the covert of thorn,  
 To my death I am call'd by the threatening horn;  
 In vain have my feet far distanc'd the pack,  
 Those feet shall be wrench'd, and their tendons shall crack;  
 That brush which was mine since the day of my birth,  
 Shall be torn from my body, and crush'd in the earth,  
 Shall be drown'd in the draught which is swallow'd with mirth.  
 Farewell, ye fair streams, where first I beheld  
 The form of my bride, where our nuptials were yell'd;  
 Farewell, thou low cave, where our dwelling we shar'd;  
 Farewell, ye soft herbs, where our couch was prepar'd;  
 Farewell, thou green farm, whence we oft have purloin'd  
 The straggling fowl, when the banquet we join'd;  
 Farewell, ye thick woods, where I trembling have laid,  
 Whilst the bugle has sounded around the broad glade;  
 Farewell, oh farewell! I am seiz'd by the hounds;  
 Farewell, oh farewell! I die cover'd wounds;  
 Farewell, ye dark woods, each dingle, each dell,  
 Ye mountains, ye valleys, for ever farewell!"

## AERIAL COMBAT.

TRUE courage, it should seem, is insensible to danger, as may be seen from the following circumstance. In July 1818, a mason and a labourer, both men of prowess, quarrelled on the scaffolding of the spire erected on the tower of the New Church at Newry,

in Ireland. A pugilistic encounter took place, and the two fearless combatants fought near the summit of the unfinished building, where it was not *quite a yard in diameter*. The scaffolding and railing which encircle it, include a space of about eighty inches in diameter, and here the champions buffeted each other lustily at the height of *one hundred and seventy-six feet* above the surface of the ground. Some knock-down blows were given and received; but fortunately neither of the warriors were thrown out of the ring, or, as the technical phrase is, over the ropes. It is indeed to be feared, that if they had been precipitated to mother earth, she would not have received them so kindly as she did her favourite son Antæus. The only men in modern times, who have equalled these genuine successors of Hercules, Eryx, and Entellus, were Massena and Suwarrow, who fought in the Swiss mountains, three-fourths of a mile above the clouds, and saw the lightning break, and heard the thunder roll, full many a fathom below the scene of action.

CURIOUS DEFINITION OF THE TITLE OF "A MAN  
OF THE WORLD."

ONE who has *ruined the woman* who loved him, and then abandoned her to shame, reproach, and penury—  
ONE who has *shot his man*, in what is deemed honourable warfare—ONE who has imposed on the *trusting confidence* of him he denominated his best friend, by ruining his fortune at the gaming table, and then by way of a *finish*, eloping with the wife of his bosom—  
ONE who has broken the hearts of his parents, by

raising the *needful* at a premium of *cent. per cent.* upon the ancient estate of his more prudent forefathers, by granting to the money-lending sharks, bonds, post-obits, and mortgages, to be paid at the death of his sire. This desideratum gained, he flies to the club, sets on the hazard of a die the cultivated meadows, druidical oaks, and the gothic domains of his progenitors; seven's the main; he loses, and the antique towers of his family mansion tremble to their foundation—ONE, who has *wasted his inheritance*; but who has *purchased* worldly wisdom; and the simple well-plucked *pigeon* becomes transmuted, by dire necessity, to *procure a livelihood*, into a wily wary *Rook*, thus denominated—A MAN OF THE WORLD!

## THE OLD ENGLISH HUNTSMAN AND MOLE-CATCHER.

By Mr. PRATT.

I MUST now beg you to accompany me to the hut of an ancient man; nor shall I make an apology for the liberty I take with you, since you liberally allow, I have more than once convinced you that places the least productive of scenic beauty, and the least distinguished in the map of the world, are the most favourable to the lover of his kind, and to the examiner of human nature. If it be true, that

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

It is the business of the moral florist, or, shall we rather say, of the mental botanist, to take care that every specimen of nature's noblest blooms and plants shall not

Waste their sweetness in the desert air.

Instead then, of asking your pardon, let me demand your thanks, for now leading you over the unsheltered heath and open fields from Woodhurst to Warboys. There, passing a hamlet, let me conduct you along the dreary moor, cold and comfortless as it is, but which supplies with many a warm sensation the peasant's hearth with peat, turf, and other cottage-fuel of the fenland poor.

Reared of those turfs, on a few poles by way of pillars, and here and there a rude lath to fence the sides, and to form the door-way, behold a sort of hermit-seeming hovel. Yet it is not the abode of an anchoret: it is the daily retirement of a social old man, aged ninety-three years, whose name is John Grounds. He has followed the occupation of a mole-catcher forty of those years, gaining from the parish the sum of twopence for the capture of each mole; and, so uninterrupted has been his health, that he has not been prevented in his employment more than thrice in the whole of that long space of time, though the walk from his cottage at Warboys to his turf hovel on the moor, is a full English league, and most of his time passed upon marshy land, amidst humidity and vapours. Yet how few people who live in the air of a palace, and in the bosom of luxury, can vie with our poor fenlander, in all that makes life desirable—health, spirits, and content.

But having shown you his place of business by day, I will re-conduct you to the hut where he has passed the nights of those forty years in unbroken repose; and as we bend our way to the spot, I will present

you with a true portrait of the man, and a brief sketch of his family, and of his adventures.

John Grounds, about sixty years preceding the date of this letter, had been a follower of my father's hounds, and distinguished himself as a lover of the sport; to partake of which, he would bound over the interposing fields, hedges, and ditches, with almost the speed, and more of the spirit, than the hounds themselves, upon the first summons of the bugle-horn. This early activity recommended him to the notice of the huntsman, who preferred him to the whipper-inship then vacant; and having, in this office, acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the squire, and of the pack, which, as he used to say, "all loved him to a dog," he was elevated, on the removal of his first patron, to another appointment, even to the entire command of the kennel; a situation which he filled for many years with great dignity and reputation. And although it was not till late in his reign I was of sufficient age to form any personal opinion of those achievements, which to the enthusiasts of the field-sports are reckoned as important as any which are appreciated by heroes of another description, in the field of battle—and perhaps with more reason, certainly with less criminality, considering the general causes of war,—I was old enough before he resigned the canine sceptre, to attest that his government exhibited that happy mixture of fortitude and moderation, encouraging the true, correcting the false, paying honour to the sagacious, and rearing up the young and thoughtless to steady excellence, at the same time punishing



the babbler, and teaching the ignorant.—And I remember, I even then thought that poor John Grounds might furnish no mean model, whereby to form those who are destined to rule a more disorganized and extensive empire; and how often has this idea since occurred to me, as I traced back the events of my boyish days! That simple monarch of my father's kennel, thought I, might come forth in the blameless majesty of dominion, and dictate wisdom to ministers and kings.

The only poetical work which my father seemed truly to enjoy, was Somerville's fine poem of the Chase, and often meeting it in my way, I perused and reperused it with avidity; not so much from any love of its glorious subject, as my father often called it, nor because I caught any thing of the spirit which the music of hounds and of the horn is said to inspire, for I was extremely degenerate in that respect; but because I seemed to be led over hills and dales, and scoured the plains, and followed the echoes through their woods, and brushed the dew, and passed the stream in company and under the muses. These appeared to show me the hare, her velocity and her energy, without worrying her. In numbers more harmonious than the sounds which were reverberated from the hills or thickets, these tuneful associates brought every thing of beauty and of sense to my mind's eye: and in reciting aloud different passages, that painted the loveliness of early morn, the fragrance of nature, the sagacity of the dog, and the pride of the horse, I was not seldom praised by my dear father, who thought

me at length a convert to the joys and honours of the chase, when in effect I was only animated by the charms of verse; and I was complimented for my feelings being congenial with the sportsman, when in truth I was in raptures only with the poet.

As time warned my father of the necessity of relinquishing the vehement exercise connected with these diversions, John Grounds passed with a fair character into the service of Lady St. John of Bletsoe, as her Ladyship's gamekeeper, in which office he remained, in "goodly favour and liking," as he expressed it, till the sorrowful day of her death. After this he married, and lived well pleased till his first wife's decease; but he found the holy estate so happy, that he entered upon it again; and jocosely now advises his second dame not to give him another opportunity, for fear the third time should not be so favourable.

This mole catching is united with the occupation of bird-frighter, in those parts of the year when the feathered plunderers assault the corn or fruits; or when, as their poetical advocate observed, "the birds of heaven assert their right to, and vindicate their grain." But "poor fools," would Grounds often say, "I sometimes think they have as good a right to a plum, or a cherry, or a wheat-ear, as any Christian person; and so I seldom pop at them with any thing but powder; and that more for the pleasure of hearing the noise of the gun, than to do any execution; except now and then, indeed, I let fly at a rascally old kite, who would pounce upon cherry and bird too, and

carry off one of my chicks into the bargain, if it lay in his way."

"And when I do try my hand at a thief, I am not often wide of my mark," cried the old man in a late interview; "I can still give him a leaden luncheon when I have a mind to it. Now and then, too, a carrion crow, with a murrain to him, and a long-necked heron, with a fish in his mouth, goes to pot: but, somehow I don't relish fixing my trap for these poor soft creatures!" taking one from the mole-bag slung across his shoulders; "they look so comfortable, and feel so soft and silky; and when they lay snugly under the earth, little think, poor souls! what a bait I have laid for them, seeing I cover the mumble-stick with fresh sod so slily, there seems to be no trap at all. Though they turn up the ground to be sure, and rootle like so many little hogs; and for that matter do a power of mischief: and as for blindness, 'none are so blind as those who won't see,' your Honour. These fellows know a trap as well as I do, and can see my tricks as plain as I can see theirs: and sometimes they lead me a fine dance from hillock to hedge, with a murrain to them! pass through my traps, and after turning up an acre of ground, sometimes in a single night, give me the slip at last."

But it is time to look at the portrait of the man, And, lo! seated on a brown bench cut in the wall, within the chimney-place, in a corner of yon rude cottage, he presents himself to your view. Behold his still ruddy cheeks, his milk-white locks, partly curled

and partly straight—see how correctly they are parted in the middle, almost to the division of a hair—a short pipe in his mouth—his dame's hand folded in his own—a jug of smiling beer warming in the wood-ashes—a cheerful blaze shining upon two happy old countenances, in which, though you behold the indent of many furrows, they have been made by age, not sorrow—the good sound age of health, without the usual infirmities of long life, exhibiting precisely the unperceived decay so devoutly to be wished. On the matron's knee sits a purring cat; at the veteran's foot, on the warm hearth, sleeps an aged hound of my father's breed, in the direct line of unpolluted descent; or, “a true chip of the old block,” as John phrased it; and who, by its frequent and quick-repeated whaffle or demi-bark, seems to be dreaming of the chase. An antique gun is pendant over the chimney: a spinning-wheel occupies the vacant corner by the second brown bench: and a magpie, with closed eyes, and his bill nestled under his wing, is at profound rest in his wicket cage. To close the picture, the mole-bag, half filled with the captives of the day, thrown into a chair, on which observe a kitten has clambered, and is in the act of playing with one of the soft victims, which it has contrived to purloin from the bag, for its pastime: while the frugal but sprightly light, from the well-stirred faggot, displays on the mud but clean walls, many a lime-embrowned ditty, as well moral as professional: such as—“God rest you, merry gentlemen”—“The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds”—

“The sportsman’s delight”—“Chevy Chase”—and  
“The jolly huntsman.”

Such exactly were persons and place, as in one of my visits of unfading remembrance to the good old folks, whom I had known in early days, I walked to Warboys, and surveyed its famous wood and fen.

But would you have a yet closer view of this happy, healthy, and innocent creature, who has passed near a century in blameless discharge of various employments, without having heaved one sigh of envy, or, as he told me, “shed one tear of sorrow, but when his parents died, or a friend and neighbour was taken away.”

You must suppose you see him in his best array, when he walked three miles after having before walked three to his mole-traps, “purposely and in pure love” as he assured me, “to return my kind goodness with goodness in kind.”

This happened at Woodhurst, and at the house of John Hills, from which my heart has already so successfully, as you tell me, addressed yours. The pencil of a painter from Nature could never have had a happier opportunity of sketching from the life an old sportsman of England, in the habit of his country and his calling. It was no longer the little mole-catcher in his worsted gaiters and leathern deep-tanned jacket, sitting on his oak bench in a jut of the chimney, with a short pipe in his mouth, and his torn round hat (till he recollected his guest) fixed side-ways on his head, like a Dutch peasant; it was an ancient domestic of



the old English gentleman, dressed cap-à-pie for the field. A painter, faithful to the apparel of other times, would have noticed the specific articles that formed this kind of character: the short green coat, the black velvet cap, with its appropriate gold band and tassel, the buck-skin gloves and breeches, the belt with its dependent whistle, and the all-commanding whip. Let your fancy assist you in placing these upon the person above described, and the exterior of John Grounds will figure before you. But this will be doing the good old man but half justice. O! the heart, the heart! what is the painting of the man, without a portrait of the heart?

Represent, I pray you, to your mind's eye this venerable personage running into my arms the moment he observed me, exclaiming in tones which nature never gave the hypocrite—"I beg pardon, Sir, for my boldness, but I thought you would like to see me in my old dress, which I have kept ever since in a drawer by itself, and never take it out but now and then of a sabbath, in a summer, and to put an old friend—as your honour, begging your pardon—in mind of old times. I know well enough it don't become me to take such a gentleman by the hand, and hold him so long in my arms, only seeing I have carried you in them, from one place to another all about the premises of the squire's old house and gardens, years upon years——"

After a pause, he adverted to the particulars of his dress; assuring me they were the very same things he wore the last year at my father's, except the plush waistcoat, which was a part of my Lady St. John's

livery. "To be sure, your honour," said he, gaily, "they are, like myself, a little the worse for wear; the old coat, you see, (turning it about) has changed colour a bit, from green to yellow; the cap is not altogether what it was; and this fine piece of gold round the crown is pretty much faded; but we are all mortal, your honour knows; but old friends must not be despised."

During this converse, John and Dame Hills may be truly said to have "devoured up his discourse." Every word he had said had reference to my family or myself—a magnet which had power to draw their attentions and affections at any time. Nor did they neglect the dues of hospitality, which, on my account, and their own, were doubled; and they placed before their guest, with whom they had always lived in good neighbourhood, whatever the farm, its pantry, and its cellar, could afford. "A flow of soul" soon followed this feast of friendship. Grounds had before forgot his fatigue, his long walks, and his new trades; and soon remembered only his fine days of youth, his masters, his kennel, and his former self. "You was too much of a youngling, I suppose," said Grounds, "to recollect the many times I carried you to see my hounds fed, and told you the names of every one of them, and, as I gave my signs, bade you hark to Ringwood, and Rockwood, and Finder, and Echo; then put you before me upon Poppet, your father's favourite hunting mare. But I think you can't forget my stealing you out from old Mrs. Margaret, the housekeeper's room, to show you a thing you had so often wished to see—

puss in her form—and your bidding me take it up gently, that you might carry it home and bring it up tame; then, on my telling you, laughing, it would not let me, your creeping on tip-toe to catch it yourself; upon which it jumped up and set off, and you after it as fast as you could run; and your coming back to me, crying—when it took the headland and got out of sight—‘you should have had it, if I, like an old fool, had not made so much noise;’ and when I told you you stood a good chance to see it again, and smoking on the squire’s table—after giving us a good morning’s sport—which, by the bye, was the case, for we had her the very next hunt—you said, you did not want to eat, but keep her alive, and make her know you.’ And when I offered to stick her scut in your hat you threw it at me; and Mrs. Margaret says you would not touch a morsel of it, for spite; ha! ha! ha!”

After some hours, passed in these and in other remarks, which, while they delineate character, and describe the present time and circumstances, renew, and give, as it were, a second life to the past, Grounds took leave of the party with tears, that spoke the sincerity of an apprehension, that he was looking at and embracing me for the last time; and then hurried over the fields, which gave me sight of him near a mile. And, when his figure became diminished, I did not quit the window, till an interposing hedge shut him wholly from my view.

P. S. The portrait of this laborious, grateful, long-lived, and blessed old man, will be rendered doubly acceptable to the public by the pencil of the elder

Barker, as that excellent painter has perpetuated the veteran, with his family and cottage, on canvas; whose figures genius will long preserve.

This is a most exquisite performance, and it is to be seen at Mr. Barker's house, Sion Hill, Bath.

A SPORTING BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM HABBERFIELD, SLANGLY DENOMINATED, "SLENDER BILLY."

JONATHAN WILD, in his day, it appears, was not of greater importance to the *cross\* part* of society, than a confidential acquaintance with SLENDER BILLY, rendered essentially necessary towards furthering the *exertions* of the *Family People*,† and also to *secure* them from detection, during the existence of his career. But with this difference—FIELDING's Hero possessed all the *machinery* and baser traits of man: *Wild* was made up of *design*—as insensible to feeling and humanity as a rock—and all his *calculations* were directed to *entrap*, and then *destroy* those persons connected with him, in order that he might obtain, without any danger to himself, the possession of their ill-gotten stores. BILLY, on the contrary, was not without generosity of disposition; *tenderness* to his offspring, and a desire to enrich their minds with learning, a qualification that he was wholly destitute of himself; a *heart* also that would have done honour to a better cause; and with *courage*, equal to any one; but as to his

\* Persons who live by unfair practices.

† Another term for people of the same description, for even slang is not without its synonyms.

notions of honour\* in dividing the *swag*† among his *pals*, or, in the capacity of an arbitrator, it was asserted, that SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY never entertained a higher sense of this most noble feeling than did SLENDER BILLY. But, alas! BILLY, like heroes of a greater school, could not avert his fate, and very early on the morning of Wednesday, the 29th of January, 1812, he was *twisted*‡ for his frailties, opposite the debtors' door at Newgate, in company with six other criminals. His death excited much public conversation, as he had been known *on the town* for many years by half the population, particularly in Westminster, from the figure he made in the gymnastic circles, and, also, as having been a *manager* of *badger-baitings*, *dog-fights*, &c.

BILLY's *cabin* in the centre of the Willow Walk, Tothilfields, was a menagerie for beasts of almost every description, and also a convenient *fencing*§ repository, from the lady's *tyke*|| to the nobleman's *wedge*.¶ Habberfield, from the figure he cut in his menagerial character with the *buffer*,\*\* or *badger-ring*, was much countenanced by many gentlemen of the *fancy*,†† and particularly by the Westminster collegians, who could have a fund of amusement at all times in the Willow-

\* Habberfield's conduct in this respect, was the praise and admiration of all the thieves who had any dealings with him.

† Stolen property.

‡ Hanged.

§ A receptacle for stolen goods.

|| Lap-dog.

¶ Plate.

\*\* A bull-dog.

†† The patrons of bull-baiting, &c.



walk. But BILLY's connexion amongst robbers of every description, exceeded by far the patronage bestowed on him by the higher orders in the *bull-ring*. He always bore the reputation of a man of strict probity in his nefarious dealings, and was considered as the safest *fence* about town, as his dwelling was suitable to concealment, and garrisoned by *buffers*, so as to render it impregnable to a sudden attack. BILLY was himself a *workman* too, and accounted as good a *cracksman*,\* or *peterman*,† as any in the ring, and as *close* as *midnight*. He dealt largely in dogs and horses, and several anecdotes are related of his often bargaining for the purchase of each, and on refusal, informing the owners that he must *have them* for nothing, if he could not buy them, and which promise he repeatedly carried into execution. He was a *knacker*‡ too; and it was a favourite expression of his, that he had stolen many a worn-out horse, rather *out of charity* to its carcase than the value of its flesh. He had been known for forty years to the police as a *cross-cove*, technically termed, but had always escaped, until his release of General Austen, and other French prisoners, when he was impeached by his *pal*, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. This was the prelude to his misfortunes; and such was the *generosity* of the Frenchman towards BILLY, who had thus risked the safety of his own person, added to the expenses of procuring a boat and the assistance of other persons

\* House-breaker.

† Cutter away of luggage from carriages, &c.

‡ A killer of horses.

to render the escape more certain, that, upon the French General's landing on his native soil, notwithstanding his great promises, BILLY was ungratefully *bilked* of his reward. This piece of INGRATITUDE touched the feelings of HABBERFIELD so *keenly*, (which often angrily escaped him on the recollection of the circumstance) that he often asserted he would sooner have forgiven the robbery of his whole *menagerie*, *blunt* and all, in one night, than any man should have forfeited to him his *word* and *honour*, in any transaction that he had been engaged.

During his imprisonment, being still anxious to *turn the penny* to account, and blindly flattering himself, from the *staunchness* of his own conduct towards all his *pals* who had been previously in *trouble*, that he was in no danger from *conking*,\* and that "*honour*" still existed "among *thieves*," he *dabbled* a little in forged notes: but BILLY ultimately was *sold*, and a *plant*† being put upon him, in spite of his caution, led to his untimely end. The notes were scarcely purchased by the *plant*, when the *office* was given to the *screws*‡ of Newgate, who were waiting outside of the door of his apartment for the result, when they rushed in and seized violently hold of the person of SLENDER BILLY; but his promptitude of action did not desert him in the hour of distress. HABBERFIELD was a strong man, full of resolution, and determined not to lose a *chance* while he had any strength left: he

\* To impose upon any person, under some disguise, &c.

† A person sent for the purpose of detecting any one.

‡ The turnkeys.

wrestled successfully with his keepers, and displayed *game*\* that astonished them, by thrusting his hand, which contained the *marked* notes of the *plant*, into the fire, till they were all burnt, exclaiming, “now it’s all right, you may search and be d—d.” But, unfortunately for BILLY, some forged notes were concealed in his bedstead, which he had forgotten, and added to a corroboration of circumstances, he was tried on two counts, one for *forging* the notes in question, and the other for *uttering*, knowing them to be forged, and sentenced to death. The Bank, it seems, had been some months previous making great exertions to find out this source; and however singular it may appear, it is an incontrovertible fact, that SLENDER BILLY could not *read*, although he was indicted for *forgery*! He had a vast number of good notes about him when searched; and it is said, the way he distinguished a large note from the “one pound” was from the length of the words “one hundred,” &c.

Upon being double-*slanged*† after his condemnation, and turned into his cell, his feelings momentarily gave way, and his bursting heart was relieved by a copious shower from his watery *ogles*.‡ The *shock* was now past; his fortitude returned; and he soon resumed his wonted cheerfulness. He divided his property in the most equitable manner between his family; and prepared himself to act upon his *notice to quit*,§ with all the regularity of tenant and landlord. He was, as

\* Courage and manliness.

† Eyes.

‡ Ironed.

§ To prepare for death.

before observed, counted a man of strict punctuality and integrity in his *honest* dealings; and had saved, it was thought, a large sum of money. His life was offered to him, if he would *split*\* against the persons who furnished him with the bad notes; but nothing could tempt him from his purpose; urging, that he preferred *death* to *dishonour*. That he had also *solemnly* pledged himself, in common with the rest of his *pals*, never to *impeach* the concern under any trouble, and that he was now too *game* to shrink from his word.

“ Besides,” he added, “ if he did *split*, he must hang several others, and render their families miserable; and therefore what happiness could he experience upon gaining his liberty, under such reflections, and more especially, to be pointed at as a *conk* as he walked along, and his life always be in danger. He had no terrors about dying; his mind was made up; and it was in vain to *chaff*† to him any more upon a subject upon which he was immoveable.” It is confidently asserted, that a *pardon* was not only offered to be procured for him on the night previous to his suffering, but on the morning of his execution. But he was too *game* to endanger the existence of his *pals*; declaring, he should have detested himself in the character of a *nose*; that he must also have *ruined* the peace of several other families; have *broken his oath*; crawled about in *secrecy*, and his life always have

\* To impeach any of the gang, &c.

† To talk.

been in danger : he therefore, in the language of his party, mounted the *stifler* \* as cool as a cucumber, and surrendered himself to be *twisted* without a sigh ! Such was the *finish* of SLENDER BILLY, whose singular exploits, if detailed, would fill a volume.

It was the maxim of Habberfield, that no man required more than six hours rest from his labours, and that the remaining part of the twenty-four ought to be actively employed upon the *square* ; † but if that could not be done, a man ought not to remain *mousy*. ‡ It is pretty generally suspected amongst his confidential friends, that he was the *fence*, after the ingenious *removal*, a few years since, of the plate from the Cathedral of St. Paul's. He was likewise suspected of being an extensive *gin-spinner*, § without the knowledge of the Board of Excise. It was BILLY's boast, that he had not for many years worn a single article of dress that had not been *prigged*. || He left a widow and two daughters.

After his condemnation the following lines were written by a theatrical amateur, who had attended his bull, badger, and dog fêtes :—

Ah, wretched BILLY ! *slender* is thy hope ;  
 How could'st thou be so silly,  
*Flash screens* ¶ to ring \*\* for home-spun-rope :  
 Oh, hapless SLENDER BILLY !

\* The gallows.

† To act honestly.

‡ Idle.

§ A distiller ; or, keeping a private still.

|| Stolen.

¶ Bad notes.

\*\* Change.



To *badger*, \* *beaks*, † and lawyers sage

No *kiddy* ‡ could be better;

He'd bear their baiting for an age,

But now he's *flush'd* § the fetter.

His race is run, his days are few,

To the ending post he's beacon'd;

The Judge could *place no more than two*;

Poor Billy he was second. ||

### DESCRIPTION OF THE AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.

*Exhibited in Spring Gardens, London, in 1819.*

THIS most curious invention originated with Wolfgang de Kempelen, an Hungarian gentleman, aulic counsellor to the royal chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary. Born at Vienna in the year 1769, he offered to the Empress Maria Theresa, to construct a piece of mechanism more unaaccountable than any she had previously witnessed; and accordingly within six months, the AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER was presented at Court, where his extraordinary *mental powers* excited the liveliest astonishment. In 1785, M. de Kempelen visited England, and at his death in 1802, this *Automaton* became the property of that gentleman's son, by whom he was sold to the present exhibitor.

The room where it was exhibited had an inner apartment, within which appeared the figure of a Turk, as large as life, dressed after the Turkish fashion, sitting

\* Bully. † Magistrates.

‡ Up to a thing or two. § Wears.

|| Habberfield was the second criminal tied up at the gallows.

behind a chest of three feet and a half in length, two feet in breadth, and two feet and a half in height, to which it is attached by the wooden seat on which it sits. The chest is placed upon four castors, and together with the figure, may be easily moved to any part of the room. On the plain surface formed by the top of the chest, is a raised immoveable chess-board of handsome dimensions, upon which the figure has its eyes fixed; its right arm and hand being extended on the chest, and its left arm somewhat raised, as if in the attitude of holding a Turkish pipe, which originally was placed in its hand.

The exhibitor begins by wheeling the chest to the entrance of the apartment within which it stands, and and in the face of the spectators. He then opens certain doors contrived in the chest, two in front, and two at the back, at the same time pulling out a long shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest made to contain the chess men, a cushion for the arm of the figure to rest upon, and some counters. Two lesser doors and a green cloth screen, contrived in the body of the figure, and in its lower parts, are likewise opened, and the Turkish robe which covered them is raised; so that the construction both of the figure and chest internally is displayed. In this state the Automaton is moved round for the examination of the spectators; and to banish all suspicion from the most sceptical mind, that any living subject is concealed within any part of it, the exhibitor introduces a lighted candle into the body of the chest and figure,

by which the interior of each is, in a great measure, rendered transparent, and the most secret corner is shown. Here it may be observed, that the same precaution to remove suspicion is used, if requested, at the close as at the commencement of a game of chess with the Automaton.

The chest is divided by a partition, into two unequal chambers. That to the right of the figure is the narrowest, and occupies scarcely one-third of the body of the chest. It is filled with little wheels, levers, cylinders, and other machinery used in clock work. That to the left contains a few wheels, some small barrels with springs, and two quarters of a circle placed horizontally. The body and lower parts of the figure contain certain tubes, which seem to be conductors to the machinery. After a sufficient time, during which each spectator may satisfy his scruples and his curiosity, the exhibitor recloses the doors of the chest and figure, and the drawer at bottom; makes some arrangements in the body of the figure, winds up the works with a key inserted into a small opening on the side of the chest, places a cushion under the left arm of the figure, which now rests upon it, and invites any individual present to play a game of chess.

At one and three o'clock in the afternoon, the Automaton plays only ends of games, with any person who may be present. On these occasions the pieces are placed on the board, according to a preconcerted arrangement; and the Automaton invariably wins the game. But at eight o'clock every evening, it plays an

entire game against any antagonist who may offer himself, and generally is the winner, although the inventor had not this issue in view as a necessary event.

In playing a game, the Automaton makes choice of the white pieces, and always has the first move. These are small advantages towards winning the game which are cheerfully conceded. He plays with the left hand, the right arm and hand being constantly extended on the chest, behind which it is seated. This slight incongruity proceeded from absence of mind in the inventor, who did not perceive his mistake till the machinery of the Automaton was too far completed to admit of the mistake being rectified. At the commencement of the game, the Automaton moves his head, as if taking a view of the board; the same motion occurs at the close of a game. In making a move, it slowly raises its left arm from the cushion placed under it, and directs it towards the square of the piece to be moved. Its hands and fingers open on touching the piece, which it takes up, and conveys to any proposed square. The arm then returns with a natural motion to the cushion upon which it generally rests. In taking a piece, the Automaton makes the same motion of the arm and hand to lay hold of the piece, which it conveys from the board; and then returning to its own piece, it takes it up, and places it on the vacant square. These motions are performed with perfect correctness; and the dexterity with which the arm acts, especially in the delicate operation of castling, seems to be the result of spontaneous feeling,

bending at the shoulder, elbow, and knuckles, and cautiously avoiding to touch any other piece than that which is to be moved, nor ever making a false move.

After a move made by its antagonist, the Automaton remains for a few moments only inactive, as if meditating its next move, upon which the motions of the left arm and hand follow. On giving check to the king, it moves its head as a signal. When a false move is made by its antagonist, which frequently occurs, through curiosity to observe in what manner the Automaton will act; as for instance, if a knight be made to move like a castle, the Automaton taps impatiently on the chest, with its right hand, replaces the Knight on its former square, and, not permitting its antagonist to recover his move, proceeds immediately to move one of its own pieces; thus appearing to punish him for his inattention. The little advantage in play which is hereby gained makes the Automaton more a match for its antagonist, and seems to have been contemplated by the inventor as an additional resource towards winning the game.

It is of importance that the person matched against the Automaton, should be attentive, in moving a piece, to place it precisely in the centre of its square; otherwise the figure, in attempting to lay hold of the piece, may miss its hold, or even sustain some injury in the delicate mechanism of the fingers. When the person has made a move, no alteration in it can take place; and if a piece be touched, it must be played some where. This rule is strictly observed by the Automaton. If its antagonist hesitates to move for a con-



siderable time, it taps smartly on the top of the chest with the right hand, which is constantly extended upon it, as if testifying impatience at his delay.

During the time that the Automaton is in motion, a low sound of clock-work running down is heard, which ceases soon after its arm returns to the cushion; and then its antagonist may make his move. The works are wound up at intervals, after ten or twelve moves, by the exhibitor, who is usually employed in walking up and down the apartment in which the Automaton is shown, approaching, however, the chest from time to time, especially on its right side.

At the conclusion of the exhibition of the Automaton, on the removal of the chess men from the board, one of the spectators indiscriminately is requested to place a knight upon any square of the board at pleasure. The Automaton immediately takes up the knight, and beginning from that square, it moves the piece, according to its proper motion, so as to touch each of the sixty-three squares of the chess-board in turn, *without missing one*, or returning to the same square: the square from which the knight proceeds is marked by a white counter; and the squares successively touched, by red counters, which at length occupy all the other squares of the board.

#### A CARD-TABLE COMPARED TO A FIELD OF BATTLE.

THE contending parties at a card-table are as eager there for victory and the spoils as soldiers in a battle. In the mimic game of war, kings are the commanders in chief, queens are generals in petticoats, and knaves

the army contractors. Then follow the undisciplined recruits, armed with *spades* and *clubs*. Stationed round the table, the hostile armies face each other, and begin the fight, resolved to conquer or to fall; the bravest *hearts* are taken in the conflict. Kings and queens lie prostrate, or are led away captive to the enemy's camp; and such a ransom is demanded for their freedom, as drains the coffers of the vanquished party.

#### INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

THE dog has long been regarded as excelling every other species of the brute creation in its attachment to man. For domestic uses, no animal has been found more serviceable to the human race, and its actions have so often bordered on ratiocination, that many incidents which have been related are deemed altogether incredible. Yet still the reader may regard the following narration as an absolute fact, however much of improbability there may appear in it to an unreflecting mind.

Donald Archer, a grazier, near Paisley, in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog, for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service which he performed with the greatest vigilance. The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it: but whenever the puppy was caressed, the old sheep-dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house and

notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he was never able to discover his abode.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighbouring fair, where he disposed of them, received his money, and was bent on returning home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence, as to cause him to look for a place of shelter; but not being able to perceive any house at hand, he struck out of the main road and ran towards a wood that appeared at some distance, where he escaped the storm by crouching under the trees; it was thus he insensibly departed from the proper way he had to go, until he had actually lost himself, and knew not where he was. He travelled, however, according to the best of his judgment, though not without the fear of meeting danger from the attack of robbers, whose depredations had lately been the terror of the neighbouring country. A smoke that came from some bushes, convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it prudent to go, in order that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path, and came to the door, knocked and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly-looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and he seated, in a room that wore but an indifferent aspect. Our traveller was hardly before the fire, when he was saluted with equal surprise and kindness by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer

immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at thus unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home; he did not think proper to inquire of his host, at that time, how he came into his possession, as the appearance of every thing about him rendered his situation very unpleasant. By this time it was dark, the weather still continued rainy, and no opportunity presented to the unfortunate grazier, by which he might pursue his journey; he remembered, however, to learn of the landlord where he was, who informed him that he was 14 miles from Paisley, and that if he ventured out again before day-light, it was almost impossible for him to find his way, as the night was so bad; but if he chose to remain where he was, every thing should be done to render his situation comfortable. The grazier was at a loss how to act; he did not like the house he was in, nor the suspicious looks of the host and family—but to go out in the wood during the dark, and to encounter the violence of the conflicting elements, might, in all probability, turn out more fatal than to remain where he was. He therefore resolved to wait the morning, let the event be what it would. After a short conversation with the landlord, he was conducted to a room, and left to take his repose.

It is necessary to observe, that from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him a moment, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller began to revolve in his mind the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the

manners of those about the house ; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came fawning from under the bed, and by several extraordinary gestures, endeavoured to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded, and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror ; the floor was stained with blood, which seemed to flow out of a closet, that was secured by a lock, which he endeavoured to explore, but could not open it ! No longer doubting his situation, but considering himself as the next victim of the wretches into whose society he had fallen, he resolved to sell his life as dear as possible, and to perish in the attempt or effect his deliverance. With this determination, he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect like the bristles of a boar, bent on destruction ; he reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation, that was held by several persons whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intention. The villainous landlord was informing them, in a low tone, of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him for that purpose ! Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost in doing his best endeavours to save his life ; he therefore, without hesitation, burst in amongst them, and fired his pistol at



the landlord, who fell from his seat; the rest of his gang were struck with astonishment at so sudden an attack, while the grazier made for the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran until day-light enabled him to perceive a house, and the main road at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party that were quartered upon him, the serjeant of which accompanied the grazier in search of the house in the wood. The services and sagacity of the faithful dog were now more than ever rendered conspicuous, for by running before his company, and his singular behaviour, he led them to the desired spot. On entering the house, not a living creature was to be seen—all had deserted it: they, therefore, began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murdered remains of a traveller, who was afterwards advertized throughout all the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fire-place with his feet, in such a manner as to raise the curiosity of all present; the serjeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap-door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been robbed and murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he

had been shot through the neck by the grazier. The wretches in their quick retreat had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fell victims to their cruelty, supposing him past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds, and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed. Thus was the life of a man preserved by the sagacity and attachment of a valuable quadruped.

EXTRAORDINARY CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN  
TWENTY-TWO FEMALES.

IN the year 1811, on Wednesday, the 2d of October, in a field belonging to Mr. Strong, at the back of Newington-Green, near Ball's Pond, Middlesex, this singular performance between the Hampshire and Surrey heroines, commenced at eleven o'clock in the morning. It was made by two noblemen, for 500 guineas aside. The performers in this contest were of all ages and sizes, from *fourteen* to *sixty*; the young had shawls, and the old long cloaks. The Hampshire were distinguished by the colour of *true blue*, which was pinned in their bonnets, in the shape of the Prince's plume. The Surrey were equally as smart; their colours were *blue*, surmounted with *orange*. The latter *eleven*, consisted of Ann Baker (sixty years of age, the best runner and bowler on that side), Ann Taylor, Maria Barfatt, Hannah Higgs, Elizabeth Gale, Hannah Collas, Hannah Bartlett, Maria Cooke, Charlotte Cooke, Elizabeth Stock, and Mary Fry.

The Hampshire eleven, were Sarah Luff, Charlotte

Palain, Hannah Parker, Elizabeth Smith, Martha Smith, Mary Woodson, Nancy Porter, Ann Poulters, Mary Novell, Mary Hislock, and Mary Jougan.

Very excellent play took place on Wednesday, one of the Hampshire lasses made forty-one innings before she was thrown out; and at the conclusion of the day's sport, the Hampshire eleven were 81 a-head—the unfavourableness of the weather prevented any more sport that day, though the ground was filled with spectators. On the following day, the Surrey lasses kept the field with great success; and on Monday the 7th, being the last day to decide the contest, an unusual assemblage of elegant persons were on the ground. At three o'clock the match was won by the Hampshire lasses, who not being willing to leave the field at so early an hour, and having only won by two innings, they played a single game, in which they were also successful. Afterwards they marched in triumph to the Angel at Islington, where a handsome entertainment had been provided for them, by the Nobleman that made the match.

#### THE COMMON HARE.

THIS little animal is found throughout Europe, and indeed in most of the northern parts of the world. Being destitute of weapons of defence, it is endowed by Providence with the passion of fear. Its timidity is known to every one: it is attentive to every alarm, and is, therefore, furnished with ears very long and tubular, which catch the remotest sounds. The eyes are

so prominent, as to enable the animal to see both before and behind.

The hare feeds in the evenings, and sleeps in his form during the day; and as he generally lies on the ground, he has the feet protected, both above and below, with a thick covering of hair. In a moonlight evening, many of them may frequently be seen sporting together, leaping about and pursuing each other: but the least noise alarms them, and they then scamper off, each in a different direction. Their pace is a kind of gallop, or quick succession of leaps; and they are extremely swift, particularly in ascending higher grounds, to which, when pursued, they generally have recourse, here their large and strong hind legs are of singular use to them. In northern regions, where, on the descent of the winter's snow, they would, were their summer fur to remain, be rendered particular conspicuous to animals of prey, they change in the autumn their yellow-grey dress, for one perfectly white; and are thus enabled, in a great measure, to elude their enemies.

In more temperate regions they choose in winter, a form exposed to the south, to obtain all the possible warmth of that season: and in summer, when they are desirous of shunning the hot rays of the sun, they change this for one with a northerly aspect: but in both cases they have the instinct of generally fixing upon a place where the immediately surrounding objects are nearly the colour of their own bodies.

In one hare that a gentleman watched, as soon as

the dogs were heard, though at the distance of nearly a mile, she rose from her form, swam across a rivulet, then lay down among the bushes on the other side, and by this means evaded the scent of the hounds. When a hare has been chased for a considerable length of time, she will sometimes push another from its seat, and lie down there herself. When hard pressed, she will mingle with a flock of sheep, run up an old wall, and conceal herself among the grass on the top of it, or cross a river several times at small distances. She never runs in a line directly forward, but constantly doubles about, which frequently throws the dogs out of the scent; and she generally goes against the wind. It is extremely remarkable that hares, however frequently pursued by the dogs, seldom leave the place where they were brought forth, or that in which they usually sit; and it is a very common thing to find them, after a long and severe chase, in the same place the following day.

The females have not so much strength and agility as the males: they are, consequently, more timid, and never suffer the dogs to approach them so near, before they rise, as the males. They are likewise said to practise more arts, and to double more frequently.

This animal is gentle, and susceptible even of education. He does not often, however, though he exhibits some degree of attachment to his master, become altogether domestic: for, although when taken very young, brought up in the house, and accustomed to kindness and attention, no sooner is he arrived at a



certain age, than he generally seizes the first opportunity of recovering his liberty, and flying to the fields.

Whilst Dr. Townson was at Gottingen, he had a young hare brought to him, which he took so much pains with, as to render it more familiar than these animals commonly are. In the evenings it soon became so frolicsome, as to run and jump about his sofa and bed; sometimes in its play it would leap upon, and pat him with its fore-feet, or, whilst he was reading, even knock the book out of his hand. But whenever a stranger entered the room, the little animal always exhibited considerable alarm.

Mr. Borlase saw a hare that was so familiar as to feed from the hand, lay under a chair in a common sitting-room, and appear, in every other respect, as easy and comfortable in its situation as a lap-dog. It now and then went out into the garden, but after regaling itself always returned to the house as its proper habitation. Its usual companions were a greyhound and a spaniel, both so fond of hare-hunting, that they often went out together, without any person accompanying them. With these two dogs this tame hare spent its evenings: they always slept on the same hearth, and very frequently would rest itself upon them.

Hares are very subject to fleas. Linnæus tells us, that cloth made of their fur will attract these insects, and preserve the wearer from their troublesome attacks.

Dogs and foxes pursue the hare by instinct: wild cats, weasels, and birds of prey, devour it: and man,

far more powerful than all its other enemies, makes use of every artifice to seize upon an animal which constitutes one of the numerous delicacies of his table. Even this poor defenceless creature is rendered an object of amusement, in its chase, to this most arrogant of all animals, who boasts his superiority over the brute creation in the possession of intellect and reason: wretchedly, indeed, are these perverted, when exercised in so cruel, so unmanly a pursuit:—

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!  
 Yet vain her best precaution, though she sits  
 Conceal'd with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,  
 By nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;  
 And head conceal'd betwixt her hairy feet,  
 In act to spring away. The scented dew  
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep  
 In scatter'd, sullen openings, far behind,  
 With ev'ry breeze she hears the coming storm.  
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads  
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all  
 The savage soul of game is up at once.

In India the hare is hunted for sport, not only with dogs, but with hawks, and some species of the cat genus. The flesh, though in esteem amongst the Romans, was forbidden by the Druids, and by the Britons of the early centuries. It is now, though very black, dry, and devoid of fat, much esteemed by the Europeans, on account of its peculiar flavour.

The female goes with young about a month: she generally produces three or four at a litter, and this about four times in a year. The eyes of the young

ones are open at birth: the dam suckles them about twenty days, after which they leave her and procure their own food. They make forms at a little distance from each other, and never go far from the place where they were brought forth. The hare lives about eight years.

## NATURE.

ONE of the sons of GOSDEN, whose father was celebrated as the bold rider of *Datchett*, was out upon his favourite poney with the King's stag hounds, he came to a part where the present D— of C—r—d was refusing a leap. When the bolder son of Nimrod, without thinking of the importance and rank of the person he was addressing, exclaimed, “*Stand away, and let me take it—a pretty sort of Duke you are.*”

## LAYING A WAGER WELL.

At Brighton, in October, 1795, Sir John Lade for a trifling wager, undertook to carry Lord Cholmondeley *on his back*, from opposite to the Pavilion twice round the Steyne. Several ladies attended as spectators of this extraordinary feat of the dwarf carrying the giant. When his Lordship declared himself ready, Sir John desired him to *strip*—“Strip?” exclaimed the other; “why surely you proposed to carry me in my clothes?”—“By no means,” replied the Baronet; “I engaged to carry you, but not an inch of clothes! So therefore my Lord, make ready, and let us not *disappoint* the ladies.” After much laughable altercation, it was at length decided that Sir John had won his wager; the peer having declined to exhibit *in puris naturalibus*.

## TURNING A PACK OF CARDS TO GOOD ACCOUNT.

A PRIVATE soldier, of the name of Middleton, attending divine service with the rest of his regiment in the Kirk, at Glasgow, instead of referring to a Bible like his brother soldiers to find the parson's text, pulled out from his pocket a *pack of cards*, which he spread before him. This singular behaviour did not long pass unnoticed, both by the clergyman and the serjeant of the company to which he belonged: the latter, in particular, commanded him to put up the cards, and on his refusal, conducted Middleton, after church service, before the Mayor, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Middleton's indecent demeanour during the Divine ceremony. "Well, Soldier," said the Mayor, "what excuse have you to offer for this strange and scandalous conduct? if you can make any apology, or assign any reason for it, 'tis well; if you cannot, assure yourself that I will cause you to be severely punished."

The Soldier entered upon his *defence* in the following words—"Since your honour is so good as to permit me to speak for myself, an't please your worship, I have been eight days on the march with the bare allowance of sixpence per day, which your honour will surely allow is hardly sufficient to maintain a man in meat, drink, washing, and other necessities, and consequently he may be without a Bible, Prayer-Book, or any other good book." On saying this, Middleton drew out his pack of cards, and presenting one of the

aces to the Mayor, continued his address to the magistrate as follows:—"When I see an ace, may it please your honour, it reminds me that there is only one God: and when I look upon a *two* or a *three*, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son; the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A *four* calls to my remembrance the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; a *five*, the *five* wise virgins, who were ordered to trim their lamps, (there were ten indeed, but *five* your worship may remember were wise, and *five* were *foolish*;) a *six*, that in six days God created heaven and earth; a *seven*, that on the seventh day he rested from all that he had made; an *eight*, of the eight righteous persons preserved from the deluge; viz. Noah and his wife, with his three sons and their wives; a *nine*, of the lepers cleansed by our Saviour; there were ten, but one only returned to offer his tribute of thanks; and a *ten*, of the ten commandments."

Middleton then took the *knave*, placed it beside him and passed on to the *queen*, on which he observed, as follows:—"This *Queen* reminds me of the *Queen of Sheba*, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon: as her companion the *king* does, of the great King of Heaven, and of our most gracious King George the Third.

"Well," returned the mayor, "you have given me a very full and good description of all the cards, except the *knave*."

"If your honour will not be angry with me," re-



plied Middleton, "I can give you the same satisfaction upon that as any in the pack."—"No," said the Mayor, "I will not be angry; proceed."

"Well," resumed the soldier, "the greatest knave I know, is the serjeant who brought me before you."

"I do not know," answered the Mayor, "whether he be the greatest knave or not, but I am sure he is the greatest fool." The soldier then continued as follows:—"When I count the number of *dots* in a **PACK OF CARDS**, there are *three hundred and sixty-five*, so many days are there in a year; when I count how many cards are in a pack, I find *fifty-two*, so many weeks are there in a year; when I reckon how many tricks are won by a pack, I find there are *thirteen*, as many months are there in a year. So that this *pack of cards* indisputably proves itself both **BIBLE, ALMANAC, and PRAYER-BOOK** to me."—The Mayor calling his servants, ordered them to entertain the soldier, and, giving him money, pronounced Richard Middleton the cleverest fellow he had ever heard of.

#### THE INSPIRED GAMESTER.

AN Archbishop of Canterbury making a tour into the country, stopped at an inn for refreshment. Being at the window, he observed at a distance, in a solitary wood, a well-dressed man alone, talking, and acting a kind of part.

The prelate's curiosity was excited, to know what the stranger was about, and accordingly sent some of his servants to observe him, and hear what he was rehearsing. But they bringing back an answer far from

satisfactory, his Grace resolved to go himself; he accordingly repaired to the wood, ordering his attendant to keep at a distance. He addressed the stranger very politely, and was answered with the same civility. A conversation having been once entered into, though not without interruptions, by an occasional soliloquy, his grace asked what he was about. "I am at play," he replied. "At play," said the prelate, "and with whom? you are all alone!"—"I own," said he, "Sir, you do not perceive my antagonist, but I am playing with God."—"Playing with God, (his lordship thinking the man out of his mind,) this is a very extraordinary party; and pray at what game, Sir, are you playing?"—"At chess, Sir."—The Archbishop smiled; but the man seeming peaceable, he was willing to amuse himself with a few more questions. "And do you play for any thing, sir?"—"Certainly."—"You cannot have any great chance, as your adversary must be so superior to you!"—"He does not take any advantage, but plays merely like a man."—"Pray, Sir, when you win or lose, how do you settle your accounts?"—"Very exactly and punctually, I promise you."—"Indeed! pray how stands your game?" The stranger, after muttering something to himself, said, "I have just lost it."—"And how much have you lost?"—"Fifty guineas."—"That is a great sum; how do you intend paying it, does God take your money?"—"No, the poor are his treasurers; he always sends some worthy person to receive the debt, you are at present the purse-bearer." Saying this, he pulled out his purse, and counting fifty guineas, put them

into his Grace's hand, and retired, saying, "He should play no more that day."

The prelate was quite fascinated; he did not know what to make of this extraordinary adventure, he viewed the money, and found all the guineas good; recalled all that had passed, and began to think there must be something in this man more than he had discovered. However, he continued his journey, and applied the money to the use of the poor, as had been directed.

Upon his return, he stopped at the same inn, and perceiving the same person again in the wood, in his former situation, he resolved to have a little further conversation with him, and went alone to the spot where he was. The stranger was a comely man, and the prelate could not help viewing him with a kind of religious veneration, thinking, by this time, that he was inspired to do good in this uncommon manner. The prelate accosted him as an old acquaintance, and familiarly asked him how the chance stood since they had last met. "Sometimes for me, and sometimes against me; I have both lost and won." "And are you at play now?"—"Yes, Sir, we have played several games to day."—"And who wins?"—"Why, Sir, at present the advantage is on my side, the game is just over, I have a fine stroke; check mate, there it is."—"And pray, Sir, how much have you won?"—"Five hundred guineas?"—"That is a handsome sum; but how are you to be paid?"—"I pay and receive in the like manner: he always sends me some good rich man

when I win; and you, my lord, are the person. God is remarkably punctual upon these occasions."

The Archbishop had received a very considerable sum on that day: the stranger knew it, and produced a pistol by way of receipt; the prelate found himself under the necessity of delivering up his cash; and, by this time, discovered the divine inspired gamester to be neither more nor less than a thief. His Lordship had, in the course of his journey, related the first part of this adventure, but the latter part he prudently took great pains to conceal.

#### SPORTING EPITAPH.

ON the death of the late  
 JOHN PRATT, Esq,  
 Of Askrigg, in Wensleydale,  
 Who died at Newmarket, May 8, 1785.  
 A character so eccentric—so variable—so valuable,  
 Astonish'd the age he liv'd in.  
 Tho' small his patrimony,  
 Yet, assisted by that and his own genius,  
 He, for upwards of thirty years,  
 Supported all the hospitality  
 Of an ancient BARON.  
 The excellent qualities of his heart  
 Were eminently evinced  
 By his bounty to the poor,  
 His sympathetic feelings for distress,  
 And his charity for all mankind.  
 Various and wonderful were the means  
 Which enabled him, with unsullied reputation,  
 To support his course of life:  
 In which he saw and experienced

Many TRIALS, and many vicissitudes  
 of fortune;  
 And tho' often hard press'd, whipt, and spurr'd,  
 By that Jockey NECESSITY,  
 He never swerv'd out of the course  
 of honour.  
 Once, when his finances were impair'd,  
 He received a seasonable supply,  
 By the performance of a MIRACLE! \*  
 At different periods he exhibited  
 (Which were the just emblems of his own life)  
 A CONUNDRUM, an ENIGMA, and a RIDDLE;  
 And, strange to tell! even these  
 Enrich'd his pocket.  
 Without incurring censure,  
 He trained up an INFIDEL, †  
 Which turned out to his advantage.  
 He had no singular partiality  
 For flowers, shrubs, roots, or birds.  
 Yet for several years he maintain'd a FLORIST, ‡  
 And his RED ROSE, more than once,  
 Obtain'd the premium.  
 He had a HONEYSUCKLE and a PUMPKIN,  
 Which brought hundreds into his purse:  
 And a PHENIX, a NIGHTINGALE, a GOLDFINCH, § and a  
 CHAFFINCH,  
 Which produc'd him thousands.  
 In the last war,  
 He was owner of a PRIVATEER,  
 Which brought him several valuable prizes.

\* A famous horse of his, got by Changeling.

† Got by Turk, dam (Goldfinch and Miss Nightingale's dam)  
 by Crab.

‡ Got by Match'em.

§ Got by Match'em out of Infidel's dam.



Though never fam'd for gallantry,  
 Yet he had in keeping at different periods,  
 A VIRGIN, a MAIDEN,\* an ORANGE GIRL, and a

BALLAD-SINGER:†

Besides several Misses, ‡  
 To all ~~whom~~ his attachment was notorious.  
 And (what is ~~still~~ more a paradox)  
 Tho' he had no issue by his law-ful wife,  
 Yet the numerous progeny, and quick abilities,

Of these very females,  
 Prov'd to him a source of supply.  
 With all his seeming peculiarities and foibles,

He retain'd his PURITY ‡  
 Till a few days before his death:  
 When the great CAMDEN  
 Spread the fame thereof so extensively,  
 As to attract the notice of his Prince,  
 Who thought it no diminution of royalty  
 To obtain so valuable an acquisition by purchase.

Although he parted with his PURITY  
 At a great price,

Yet his honour and good name  
 Remain'd untarnish'd to the end of his life.

At his death, indeed, SLANDER,

(In the semblance of PITY)

Talk'd much of his insolvency.  
 And much of the ruin of individuals;  
 But the proof of his substance,  
 And of a surplus not much inferior

\* Got by Match'em, out of his famous Squirt Mare, the dam  
 of Conundrum, Pumpkin, Ranthus, Ænigma, &c. and grandam of  
 Miracle, Virgin, Dido, &c.

† The dam of Rockingham, got by Match'em, out of his Squirt  
 mare.

‡ Afterwards Rockingham.

To his original patrimony,  
Soon answered—refuted—and wip'd away the calumny.

To sum up the abstract of his character,

It may truly be said of him,

That his frailties were few;

His virtues many.

That he liv'd,

Almost universally belov'd;

That he died,

Almost universally lamented.

### SURPRISING COURAGE OF A CAT.

IT is generally acknowledged that the dog often reaches to the point of human sagacity: but the following instance of maternal courage and affection in a cat is no less deserving of admiration.

A cat, who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of noon, about the stable door. While she was joining them in a thousand tricks and gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barn-yard in expectation of prey; and in a moment, swift as lightning, darted upon one of the kittens, and had as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize: the battle presently became seemingly dreadful to both parties, for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had, for a while, the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict; but puss, no

way daunted at the accident, strove with all her cunning and agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary: in this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself, apparently with additional vigour, and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of grimaldin, to the great entertainment of many spectators. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage: for, by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk motionless beneath her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore the head of the vanquished tyrant; and immediately, disregarding the loss of her eye, ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds made by the hawk's talons in its tender sides, purring while she caressed her liberated offspring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them, or their affectionate parent.

Ah! wanton cruelty, thine hand withhold,  
 And learn to pity from the tale that's told:  
 Caress Felina, for in her we find  
 A grand example to instruct mankind.  
 Who leaves her young unguarded, or unfed,  
 Has far less virtue than this quadruped.

#### THE SPORTING DRESS AND ITS CONCOMITANTS.

*From "British Field Sports."\**

THE first consideration, in our variable climate, is defence against rheumatic attacks, which ultimately

\* The above work, is not only one of the most elegant of its kind, from its superior embellishments; but also contains very

may occasion even the pleasures of the field to be bought at too great a price; and against danger to the lower limbs, whilst passing hedge, ditch, wood, or waste, and the attacks of venomous reptiles. In point of general convenience, HALF BOOTS, which lace close, and having a sole as substantial as consists with good speed, and the safety of the ankle joints and back sinews, with trowsers, or overalls, strongly defended within side by leather, and *thorn-proof*, deserve a preference as lower attire. The sole and leather of the boots should be varnished, and rendered water-proof. For the upper attire there is no need to urge the use of flannel, so suited to our climate, since, at some periods, our young men have been accustomed to load and waistcoat themselves in the style of *wasting jockeys*. I entirely agree with Mr. Hawker on the proper materials for the SHOOTING JACKET—in the early and warm season, *jean, satteen, or nankeen*; for late autumn and winter, *fustian or velveteen* are to be chosen, the SHOOTING WAISTCOAT being made of the same stuff. Men, as the French say, *d'un certain age*, who would wish to guard against those exquisite comforts during a sleepless night, *lumbago* and *sciatica*, will not be offended at the caution, to have their

useful information to the Lovers of Sporting. It is illustrated with upwards of fifty highly finished Sporting Subjects connected with Shooting, Hunting, Coursing, Racing, Fishing, &c. published in parts at 3s. each, or handsomely put up in boards, at 1l. 18s. by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. No Sportsman's library is complete without the British Field Sports. There is also a fine edition of this work.

winter jackets and waistcoats made long, as a defensive comfort to the loins. A SIDE-POCKET, next the heart, is with me a *sine qua non*, being so convenient for wadding, and various small articles; and the larger, or HARE POCKET should either be lined with oil skin, which may be sponged, or that which is still more cleanly, have a thick lining, which may be taken out and washed. A copper wire, pendant from a button should always be at hand to clear the touch-hole; and generally the sportsman should go into the field fully provided with all those little tools, which will readily occur to the memory, and which are indispensable in cases of emergency, by no means forgetting a flask of the best Nantz and biscuits.

INSTANCE OF EXTRAORDINARY AFFECTION IN A  
BADGER.

THE following circumstance is related in a letter to a friend from Chateau de Venours:—

“ Two persons were on a short journey, and passing through a hollow way, a dog which was with them started a badger, which he attacked, and pursued, till he took shelter in a burrow under a tree. With some pains they hunted him out, and killed him. Being a very few miles from a village, called Chapellatiere, they agreed to drag him there, as the Commune gave a reward for every one which was destroyed; besides, they purposed selling the skin, as badger's hair furnishes excellent brushes for painters. Not having a rope, they twisted some twigs, and drew him along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far, when



they heard a cry of an animal in seeming distress, and stopping to see from whence it proceeded, another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, notwithstanding which it drew near, came up to the dead animal, began to lick it, and continued its mournful cry. The men, surprised at this, desisted from offering any further injury to it, and again drew the dead one along as before ; when the living badger, determining not to quit its dead companion, lay down on it, taking it gently by one ear, and in that manner was drawn into the midst of the village ; nor could dogs, boys, or men induce it to quit its situation by any means, and to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill it, and afterwards to burn it, declaring it could be no other than a witch."

## ORIGIN OF COCK-FIGHTING.

WHEN Themistocles led an army of his countrymen against their barbarian neighbours, he beheld two cocks engaging in furious combat ! The spectacle was not lost upon him ; he made his forces halt, and thus addressed them :—

"These *cocks*, my gallant soldiers, are not fighting for their country, their paternal gods, nor do they endure this for the monuments of their ancestors, for their offspring, or for the sake of glory in the cause of liberty : THE ONLY MOTIVE is, *that the one is heroically resolved not to yield to the other !*" This impressive harangue rekindled their valour, and led them to conquest. After their decisive victories over the Persians, the Athenians decreed, by law, that one

day should be set apart in every year for the *public exhibition* of COCK-FIGHTING, at the expense of the state.

#### ON THE BREEDING OF GAME COCKS.

*From "British Field Sports."*

THE cock is said to be in his prime and full vigour at *two years* old, which he probably retains to his fifth year; the *hen* somewhat longer. Cockers breed *in* and *in*, without scruple. The following is Mr. Sketchley's description of a BROOD COCK, in full health and vigour — "A ruddy complexion, feathers close and short, not cold or dry; flesh firm and compact, full-breasted, yet taper and thin behind; full in the girth, well coupled, lofty and spiring, with a good thigh; the beam of his leg very strong, a quick large eye, strong beak, *crooked*, and big at setting on." Such a one, not more than two years old, to be put to early *pullets*, or a *blooming stag* with two-year old hens; and when a cock, with pullets of his own getting. Uniformity of *colours* is generally sought, and the hens selected of similar plumage to that of the cock; the same of *shape*, which is of greater object in the hen, than size; only she should be lofty crested, short, and close feathered, with clean, sinewy, blood-like legs. *Shropshire* and *Cheshire* have long been famous for their breed of GAME COCKS; and the *Shropshire reds* are in particular high estimation. There was formerly in Staffordshire a famous breed of cocks, of a perfect *jet black*, gipsy faced, black legs, and rather elegant than muscular; lofty in fighting, close in feather, and

well shaped. This breed soon degenerated; and, I presume, is now extinct. The following *procreative* comparison of Mr. Sketchley speaks volumes:—

Years.	Years.	Years.	Years.
Stag....1..with Hens....2....	Man 18.....	Woman 22	
Cock...2..with Pullets .. ....	Man 25.....	Woman 22	
Cock...2..with Hens....2....	Man 25.....	Woman 22	
Cock...3..with Hens....3....	Man 40 to 50..	Woman 45	
Cock...4..with Hens....3....	Man 50 to 60..	Woman 45	

# ANCIENT AND MODERN COURSING.

By MAJOR TOPHAM.

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start—the game's a-foot!"

SHAKSPEARE, *Hen. Vth.*

THE greyhound, under the ancient name of gaze-hound, formed one of the earliest dogs of the chase; and from the very nature of his first appellation was intended only to run by sight. He was the original accompaniment of royalty in the sports of the field; and in lieu of fines and forfeitures due to the crown, King John was wont to accept of greyhounds; whether, when received as a tax, he was able to obtain those of a superior description, is not to be ascertained. But the dog of that day, which under kings was the concomitant of hawking, was long-haired, and somewhat resembling the one used by warreners; and in the oldest pictures now extant on the subject, the spaniel, and sometimes the pointer, accompanied the sportsman in what was at that period denominated coursing.

The greyhound then employed was probably larger

than even the warren mongrel, resembling more the shaggy wolf-dog of former times than any sporting dog of the present day. The Wolds of Yorkshire, which like the Wealds of Kent, are a corruption of the word "Wilds," appear, from the dates of parish books, to have been infested with wolves later than any other part of England. In the entries at Flixton, Stackston, and Folkston, in the east riding of Yorkshire, are still to be seen memoranda of payments made for the destruction of wolves at a certain rate per head. They used to breed in the cars below among the rushes, furze, and bogs, and in the night time came up from their dens, and unless the sheep had been previously driven into the town, or the shepherds indefatigably vigilant, great numbers of them were destroyed; it being observed of all wild animals, that when they have opportunity to depredate, they prefer the blood to the flesh of the victim, of course commit much unnecessary carnage.

From the wolves having so long remained in the parts just mentioned, it is not more than fifty years since many of the long-haired, curl-tailed greyhounds were to be traced, bred originally from the wolf-dog; and some of these, for a short distance, could run with surprising velocity. That a dog of this description should sufficiently gratify the coursing sentiment of that day, is by no means surprising; the uncultivated face of the country, covered with brakes, bushes, wood, and infinite obstacles, may readily account for it. In running their game, they had to surmount these impediments, and to dart through thorn hedges (in that

unimproved state) which covered eighteen or twenty feet in width, and frequently to kill their object of pursuit in the middle of them.

These dogs were accustomed to lie unhoused upon the cold ground, and to endure all hardships of indifferent food, and more indifferent usage; but when the owner, or protector, lived in the open air, unmindful of the elements, and regardless of the storm, it can create no surprise that the faithful dog should fare no better than his master. This most likely was the earliest stage of the gaze or greyhound; wild in his aspect, erect in his ears, and shaggy in his coat; but even in that unimproved state they had many good points; as straight firm legs; round, hard, fox-hound feet; were incredibly quick at catching view, and being instantaneously upon their legs, which modern sportsmen term "firing quickly."

In uniform progress with time, improvement proceeded also; during "the merry days of good Queen Bess," when maids of honour could breakfast upon beef, and ride a-gallop for a day together, the sports of the field were objects of due attention. It was then her Majesty, divested of regal dignity, would condescend to see a brace of deer pulled down by greyhounds after dinner; and it was then that coursing began to assume a more regulated form, and to acquire a more universal degree of emulative estimation.

Instead of the wild man with his wilder dogs, taking his solitary quest for game; the hourly enlightened sportsmen of that day, began to form themselves into more friendly congeniality, and rules were adopted, by



which a general confidence and mutual intercourse might be maintained. The Duke of Norfolk, who was the leading sportsman of that time, was powerfully solicited, and ultimately prevailed upon, to draw up a proper code of laws, which constitute the magna charta of the present day.

These rules, though established by a duke, and regulated by a queen, rendered the coursing of that period but of a very sterile description. Pointers were used for the purpose of finding the game, and when any of these made a point, the greyhounds were uncoupled as a necessary prelude to the sport which was to ensue. The greyhounds, even at this time, deviated but little from the kind already described; rough and heavy, with strength enough to overcome any difficulty it might be necessary to break through. To found the æra of improved coursing, and for introducing greyhounds of superior form, and higher blood, was reserved for the late princely owner of Houghton. If the agricultural meetings in the most distant counties feel themselves gratefully justified in drinking, as their first toast, "The Memory of Mr. Bakewell," no true and consistent coursing meeting can ever omit to give, with equal enthusiasm, "The Memory of the Earl of Orford."

It is the distinguishing trait of genius to be enthusiastically bold, and daringly courageous. Nothing in art or science, nothing in mental, or even in manual labour, was ever achieved of superior excellence, without that ardent zeal, that impetuous sense of eager avidity, which to the cold, inanimate, and unimpass-

tioned, bears the appearance, and sometimes the unqualified accusation of insanity. When a monarch of this country once received the news of a most heroic action maintained against one of his own fleets, and seemed considerably chagrined at the result, the then Lord of the Admiralty endeavoured to qualify and soften down the matter, by assuring the king that "the commander of the enemy's fleet was mad."—"Mad! would he were mad enough to bite one of my admirals."

Lord Orford had absolutely a phrenetic furor of this kind, in any thing he found himself disposed to undertake; it was a predominant trait in his character never to do any thing by halves, and coursing was his most prevalent passion beyond every other pleasurable consideration. In consequence of his most extensive property, and his extra-influence as lord lieutenant of the county, he not only interested numbers of opulent neighbours in the diversion, but from the extent of his connexions, could command such an immensity of private quarters for his young greyhounds, and of making such occasional selections from which, that few, if any, beside himself could possess.

There were times when he was known to have fifty brace of greyhounds; and, as it was a fixed rule never to part from a single whelp till he had a fair and substantial trial of his speed, he had evident chances (beyond almost any other individual) of having, amongst so great a number, a collection of very superior dogs: but, so intent was he upon this peculiar object of attainment, that he went still farther in every possible

direction to obtain perfection, and introduced every experimental cross from the English lurcher to the Italian greyhound. He had strongly indulged an idea of a successful cross with the bull-dog, which he could never be divested of, and after having persevered (in opposition to every opinion) most patiently for seven removes, he found himself in possession of the best greyhounds ever yet known; giving the small ear, the rat-tail, and the skin almost without hair, together with that innate courage which the high-bred greyhound should possess, retaining which instinctively he would rather die than relinquish the chase.

One defect only this cross is admitted to have, which the poacher would rather know to be a truth, than the fair sportsman would come willingly forward to demonstrate. To the former it is a fact pretty well known, that no dog has the sense of smelling in a more exquisite degree than the bull dog; and, as they run mute, they, under certain crosses, best answer the midnight purposes of the poacher in driving hares to the wire or net. Greyhounds bred from this cross, have therefore some tendency to run by the nose, which, if not immediately checked by the master, they will continue for miles, and become very destructive to the game in the neighbourhood where they are kept, if not under confinement or restraint.

In a short space of time after Lord Orford's decease, his greyhounds (with various other sporting appurtenances) came under the hammer of the auctioneer. Colonel Thornton, of Yorkshire, who had passed much of his early life with Lord Orford, and had been an ac-

live associate with him in his hawking establishments, was the purchaser of Czarina, Jupiter, and some of his best dogs, giving from thirty to fifty guineas each. It was by this circumstance the select blood of the Norfolk dogs was transferred to Yorkshire; and thence a fair trial was obtained how the fleetest greyhounds that had ever been seen on the sands of Norfolk could run over the Wolds of Yorkshire.

Old Jupiter, when produced by Colonel Thornton in that county, presented to the eye of either the sportsman or the painter, as gallant and true a picture of the perfect greyhound as ever was submitted to judicious inspection. He was a dog of great size, with a very long and taper head, deep in the chest, strong in the loins, with a skin exceedingly soft and pliable, ears small, and a tail as fine as whip-cord. From this uniformity of make and shape, a cross was much sought after by members of the different coursing meetings in the northern districts, and it was universally admitted that the breed in Yorkshire was considerably improved by the Norfolk acquisition.

Notwithstanding these dogs were amongst the best Lord Orford had ever bred from his experimental crosses, and were the boast of the greatest coursers the south of England ever knew; yet when they came to be started against the hares of the High Wolds, they did not altogether support the character they had previously obtained. This was more particularly demonstrated when the hares turned short on the hill sides, where the greyhounds, unable to stop themselves, frequently rolled like barrels from the top to the bottom,



while the hare went away at her leisure, and heard no more of them; it was, however, unanimously agreed by all the sportsmen present, that they ran with a great deal of energetic exertion, and always at the hare; that though beaten, they did not give it in, or exhibit any symptoms of lurching, or waiting to kill.

In the low flat countries below the Wolds they were more successful; such gentlemen, therefore, as had been witnesses of the Norfolk, as well as the Berkshire coursing, and saw how the best dogs of the south were beaten by the Wold hares, were led to observe, and afterwards to acknowledge, the superiority of the Wold coursing, and the strength of the hares there. By those who have never seen it, this has been much doubted; the good sportsmen of the south, each partial to his own country (from a strong small enclosure to an open marsh pasture), deny this totally, and many invitations have passed from them to the sporting gentlemen of Yorkshire, to have a midway meeting of greyhounds from the respective countries.

To have capital coursing, a good dog is only one part of the business; it is not only necessary to have a good hare also, but a country where nothing but speed and power to continue it can save her. Over the high wolds of Stackton, Flixton, and Sherborne, in Yorkshire, where hares are frequently found three or four miles from any covert or enclosure whatever; the ground the finest that can possibly be conceived, consisting chiefly of sheep-walk, including every diversity of hill, plain, and valley by which the speed and strength of a dog can be fairly brought to the test; it



will not require many words to convince the real sportsman, that such courses have been seen there, as no other part of the kingdom in its present enclosed state can possibly offer, and these necessarily require a dog to be in that high training, for which in coursing of much less severity there cannot be equal occasion. But the day is fast approaching when coursing of such description will no more be seen; in a very few years these wolds will be surrounded, and variously intersected with fences, and thus equalized with other countries: the husbandman (who will then have his day of triumph over the sportsman) may justly and exultingly exclaim,

Seges est, ubi Troja fuit!

The man who in any way challenges the whole world should recollect—the world is a wide place. Lord Orford once tried the experiment, and the challenge thus confidently made, was as confidently taken up by the present Duke of Queensberry (then Lord March), who had not a greyhound belonging to him in the world. Money will do much; with indefatigable exertion it will do more; and it is a circumstance well known to many of the sporting world, that upon particular occasions, some of the best pointers ever seen have emerged from cellars in the metropolis, who it might be imagined had never seen a bird in the field. The duke in this instance applied to that well-known character, old Mr. Elwes, who recommended him to another elderly sportsman of Berkshire (Captain Hatt), a courser of no small celebrity, who produced a grey-

hound, that in a common country, beat Lord Orford's Phænomenon.

This same kind of challenge was some few years since given for Snowball, and was the only challenge of similar import, that has not been accepted; but it is requisite, at the same time, to remark, that the match was restricted to be run only in such places where a fair and decisive trial could be obtained. Those who have seen great matches decided by short courses, and bad hares (where chance frequently intervenes), must know that such trials are uncertain and deceptive, and that the real superiority of either dog may still remain unknown when the match is over. Perhaps, even in the best country, should the contest be for a large sum, and between two greyhounds of equal celebrity, the most equitable mode of ascertaining the merit of each, would be to run three courses, and adjudge the prize to the winner of the main of the three; it being very unlikely, that in three courses, ran in an open country, the superiority of one greyhound over the other should not be evidently perceived.

The excellence of Snowball, whose breed was Yorkshire on the side of the dam, and Norfolk on that of the sire, was acknowledged by the great number who had seen him run; and, perhaps, taken "for all in all," he was the best greyhound that ever ran in England. All countries were nearly alike to him, though bred where fences seldom occur; yet, when taken into the strongest enclosures, he topped hedges of any height, and in that respect equalled, if not surpassed, every dog in his own country. They who did

not think his speed so superior, all allowed, that for wind, and for powers in running up long hills without being distressed, they had never seen his equal.

On a public coursing day given to the township of Flixton, the continuance of his speed was once reduced to a certainty by the known distance, as well as the difficulty of the ground. From the bottom of Flixton Brow, where the village stands, to the top of the hill where the wold begins is a measured mile, and very steep in ascent the whole of the way. A hare was found midway, and there was started with Snowball, a sister of his given to the Rev. Mr. Minithorpe, and a young dog about twelve months old, of another breed. The hare came immediately up the hill, and after repeated turns upon the wold, took down the hill again; but finding that in the sandy bottom she was less a match for the dogs, she returned, and in the middle of the hill the whelp gave in, Snowball and his sister being left with the hare; reaching the wold a second time, she was turned at least fifty times, where forcibly feeling the certainty of approaching death, she again went down the hill, in descending which the bitch dropped, and by immediate bleeding was recovered; Snowball afterwards ran the hare into the village, where he killed her.

The length of this course, by the ascertained distance, was full four miles without adverting to the turns which must have much increased it; this, with a hill a mile high, twice ascended, are most indubitable proofs of continuance which few dogs could have given,

and which few but Elixton hares could have required. The people of Elixton talk of it to this day, and accustomed as they are to courses of the richest description in the annals of sporting, they reckon this amongst the most famous they have seen.

Snowball, Major, his brother, and Sylvia, were perhaps the three best and most perfect greyhounds ever produced at one litter. *They never were beaten.*

The shape, make, systematic uniformity, and all the characteristics of high blood were distinguishable in the three; the colour of Major and Sylvia were singularly brindled, that of Snowball a jet black, and when in good running condition was as fine as black satin. *Snowball won ten large pieces of silver plate, and upwards of forty matches, having accepted every challenge, from whatever dogs of different countries were brought against him.* His descendants have been equally successful: Venus, a brindled bitch; Blacksmith, who died from extreme exertion in running up a steep hill; and young Snowball have beat every dog that was ever brought against them.

For several years Snowball covered at three guineas, and the farmers in that, and the neighbouring districts, have sold crosses from his breed at ten and fifteen guineas each. Major, his brother, has displayed his powers before the gentlemen of the south as already described; this, as a public exhibition of the dog to a few sporting amateurs, might be bearable, but could he have found a tongue, when he beheld himself brought to run a hare out of a box, in the

month of March, upon Epsom Downs, amidst whistles, buggies, and gingerbread carts, well might he have exclaimed,

"To this complexion am I come at last!"

## DEEP PLAY.

THE late General Ogle was a noble-minded man, a pleasant companion, a sincere friend, and a most indulgent parent. His only failing—which in these fashionable dissipated times the fashionable will not call a fault—was his unconquerable attachment to play.

A few weeks before he was to sail for India, he constantly attended Pain's, in Charles Street, St. James's Square, where he alternately won and lost large sums. One evening there were before him two wooden bowls full of gold, which held fifteen hundred guineas each: and also four thousand guineas in *rouleaus*, which he had won.—When the box came to him, he shook the dice, and with great coolness and pleasantry said—"Come, I'll either win or lose seven thousand upon this hand: will any gentleman set me the whole? Seven thousand is the main." Then rattling the dice once more, cast the box from him, and quitted it, the dice remaining covered. Though the General did not consider this too large a sum for one man to risk at a single throw, the rest of the gentlemen did, and for some time he remained unset. He then said—"Well, gentlemen, will you make it up amongst you?" One set him 500*l.* another 500*l.*—"Come," says he,



“whilst you are making up this money—7000*l*.—I’ll tell you a story.” Here he began to relate a story that was pertinent to the moment; but perceiving that he was completely set, stopped short—laid his hand upon the box, saying, “I believe I am set, gentlemen?”—“Yes Sir: seven is the main.” He threw out! then, with astonishing coolness, took up his snuff box, and smiling, exclaimed, “Now, gentlemen, I’ll finish my story, if you please!”

#### METHOD OF FISHING WITH FOX-HOUNDS.

*Described by Colonel THORNTON.*

“IN order to describe this mode of fishing,” (says the Colonel) “it may be necessary to observe, that I make use of pieces of *cork* of a conical form, and having several of these all differently painted, and named after different hounds, trifling wagers are made on their success, which rather adds to the spirit of the sport.

“The mode of baiting them is, by placing a live bait, which hangs at the end of a line, of one yard and a half long, fastened only so slightly, that on the pike’s striking, two or three yards more may run off, to enable him to gorge his bait. If more line is used, it will prevent the sport that attends his diving and carrying under water the hound; which being thus pursued in a boat down wind, (which they always take) affords very excellent amusement; and where pike, or large perch, or even trout are in plenty, before the hunters, if I may so term these fishers, have run down the first

pike, others are seen coming towards them, with a velocity proportionable to the fish that is at them.

"In a fine summer's evening, with a pleasant party, I have had excellent diversion, and it is, in fact, the most adapted of any for ladies, whose company gives a *gusto* to all parties."

It may not be amiss to introduce in this place the following anecdote, in illustration of this mode of fishing, as related by Colonel Thornton, in his *Sporting Tour to Scotland*.

"After breakfast," says he, "we went again to Loch Alva, having got a large quantity of fine trout for bait; but, for many hours could not obtain a rise. Captain Waller baited the fox-hounds, and as his boat was to be sent forward, I came down to him, having killed a very fine pike of above twenty pounds, the only one I thought we had left in the loch. The captain came on board, and we trolled together, without success, for some time, and, examining the fox-hounds, found no fish at them. At length I discovered one of them which had been missing, though anxiously sought for, from the first time of our coming here; it was uncommonly well baited, and I was apprehensive that some pike had run it under a tree, by which means both fish and hound would be lost. On coming nearer, I clearly saw that it was the same one which had been missing, that the line was run off, and, by its continuing fixed in the middle of the lake, I made no doubt but some monstrous fish was at it. I was desirous that Captain Waller, who had not met with any success that morning, should take it up, which he accordingly did;

when, looking below the stern of the boat, I saw a famous fellow, whose weight could not be less than between twenty and thirty pounds. But notwithstanding the great caution the captain observed, before the landing net could be used, he made a shoot, carrying off two yards of cord.

“ As soon as we had recovered from the consternation this accident occasioned, I ordered the boat to cruise about, for the chance of his taking me again, which I have known frequently to happen with pike, who are wonderfully bold and voracious: on the second trip, I saw a very large fish come at me, and collecting my line, I felt I had him fairly hooked; but I feared he had run himself tight round some root, his weight seemed so dead: we rowed up, therefore, to the spot, when he soon convinced me he was at liberty, by running me so far into the lake, that I had not one inch of line more to give him. The servants, foreseeing the consequences of my situation, rowed with great expedition towards the fish, which now rose about seventy yards from us, an absolute wonder! I relied on my tackle, which I knew was in every respect excellent, as I had, in consequence of the large pike killed the day before, put on hooks and gimps, adjusted with great care; a precaution which would have been thought superfluous in London, as it certainly was for most lakes, though here barely equal to my fish. After playing him for some time, I gave the rod to Captain Waller, that he might have the honour of landing him; for I thought him quite exhausted, when, to our surprise, we were again constrained to follow the monster

nearly across this great lake, having the wind, too, much against us. The whole party were now in high blood, and the delightful *Ville de Paris* quite manageable; frequently he flew out of the water to such a height, that though I knew the uncommon strength of my tackle, I dreaded losing such an extraordinary fish, and the anxiety of our little crew was equal to mine. After about an hour and a quarter's play, however we thought we might safely attempt to land him, which was done in the following manner: *Newmarket*, a lad so called from the place of his nativity, who had now come to assist, I ordered, with another servant, to strip and wade in as far as possible; which they readily did. In the mean time I took the landing-net, while Captain Waller, judiciously ascending the hill above, drew him gently towards us. He approached the shore very quietly, and we thought him quite safe, when seeing himself surrounded by his enemies, he in an instant made a last desperate effort, shot into the deep again, and, in the exertion, threw one of the men on his back. His immense size was now very apparent; we proceeded with all due caution, and being once more drawn towards land, I tried to get his head into the net, upon effecting which, the servants were ordered to seize his tail, and slide him on shore: I took all imaginable pains to accomplish this, but in vain, and began to think myself strangely awkward, when, at length having got his snout in, I discovered that the hoop of the net, though adapted to a very large pike, would admit no more than that part. He was, however, completely spent, and in

a few moments we landed him, a perfect monster! He was stabbed by my directions in the spinal marrow, with a large knife, which appeared to be the most humane manner of killing him, and I then ordered all the signals with the *sky-scrapers* to be hoisted; and the whoop re-echoed through the whole range of the Grampians. On opening his jaws to endeavour to take the hooks from him, which were both fast in his gorge, so dreadful a forest of teeth, or tushes, I think I never beheld: if I had not had a double link of gimp, with two swivels, the depth between his stomach and mouth would have made the former quite useless. His measurement, accurately taken, was *five feet four inches*, from eye to fork.

OWEN CARROL,

*The celebrated Irish Huntsman.*

THIS man died, some time since, at Duffry Hall, the seat of Cæsar Colclough, Esq. at the advanced age of 96; near 60 years of which he passed in the Colclough family. Being originally a farmer, he had such an inclination for hunting, that he always kept a horse of his own, and hunted with the hounds of Colonel Colclough for many years; but when the late Adam Colclough set up a pack of his own, he came and hunted his hounds at first for his amusement; but as he lived at too great a distance, to be always regular, Mr. C. gave him a farm near him; and he acted in the triple capacity of huntsman, steward, and master of the family. During the rebellion, in 1798, he and his family acted with uncommon fidelity to their



employers; as one of his sons, when Mr. C. was obliged to fly, came down and remained to protect the house and property: and he never quitted his post. Another of his sons brought off horses and clothes to his master, at the risque of his life, when he was informed where to find him; and during that period the old man buried a large quantity of the family plate, which he afterwards conveyed to a place of safety. Until the last year of his life, he regularly went out with the hounds, and his voice retained its clearness and sweetness; he was well known to all sportsmen in that part of Ireland. Mr. Kelly, the late judge, about his own age, some time since, spent a day at Duffry Hall, to see and hunt with him. At one period, his and his horse's age amounted to 106 years, and yet neither could be beat. As the custom in Ireland is to attend funerals, for 70 years he never missed one within many miles.

#### THE LAMENTATION OF A WIDOWED FLEA.

Flow, flow my tears—my nimble love's no more :  
 Dear lost companion! Cursed be the hand,  
 Thy hand, O! ruthless Molly, that did gripe  
 His agile body, 'tween thy greasy thumb  
 And coarse red finger, squeezing out his life.  
 Thou wast a flea indeed! a lovely flea!  
 How nimble was thy pace; thy slender legs  
 How finely shaped! brighter thy polish'd coat,  
 Than varnish'd bed-post, or the curtains glaze.  
 And then thy jetty eyes, through which shone clear  
 The hero's fire! oh, my lost murder'd love!  
 'Twas those bright orbs that won my tender heart  
 And lur'd my virgin honours to thy arms.

O busy memory ! wherefore wilt thou croud  
Upon my grief-swoln mind, the happy days  
My spruce young spouse and I united spent ?  
Full well the joyous night I recollect,  
When, after many a day of courtship sweet,  
He led me, pleas'd, a blushing trembling bride,  
To where the shady bristling covert grows,  
Snug in the arm-pit of a dozing priest,  
Whose nasal pipings were our marriage mirth.  
O ! thine was love indeed ! how oft hast thou  
Leap'd nimbly this fat vicar's body round  
To seek a vein for me, thy petted one,  
Through which the finest purple current flow'd,  
Then led me, nothing loth, to taste its sweets.  
And many a time, when as the sleeper wak'd,  
Feeling proboscis sharp, the surly brute  
Has tried to seize me in the act, hast thou  
Dextrously prick'd him in another part,  
Dividing his attention, while I 'scap'd.  
Well could I number over other proofs  
Of conjugal fidelity and love ;  
Could tell how oft, when frisky wanton fleas  
Leer'd softly on thee invitation, thou,  
Faithful and fond remaind'st to me, and still  
Had'st liv'd so—but that last sad fatal morn,  
O ! how shall I the doleful tidings tell !  
My dearest spouse was showing to a bug,  
Th' old fat bug that lives i'th' blanket folds,  
His newest gambols, and his latest leaps,  
When cruel Molly down the bed clothes turn'd,  
And saw my hero in his gambols gay ;  
Quickly she seized him in her cruel gripe,  
His kickings all were vain ; she pinch'd him hard,  
And then she overwhelm'd him in the briny wave !  
He sunk to night, and left me here to mourn !

## SPORTING SONGS.\*

## THE JOLLY FALCONER.

HEIGHO ! heigho ! the morning is up,

And the gallant Falconer's abroad ;

We've each of us had a stirruping cup,

And of game we'll bring home a load—

Uncouple the spaniels, and let the dogs try,

See the partridge there on the wing ;

Quick, quick ! jolly Falconer, let the hawks fly,

'Tis a pleasure fit for a king.

Then mark the swift hawk, see him now make his stoop,

Ah ! down goes the game ! call him in then ! la leup ! la leup !

Barons of old, and princes so high,

Lov'd hawking as their lives ;

The health of the field, and the Falconer's cry,

Drown'd even the pipes of their wives :

Our hawks, they are a gallantie show,

With rings and feathers so fine ;

The Falconer laughs at sports below,

And cries " the air is mine ! "

What sportsmen to joys then inferior would stoop,

When the summit of sporting is hawking ! la leup ! la leup !

## THE ANGLER.

O ! the jolly angler's life, it is the best of any,

It is a *fancy* void of strife, and belov'd by many.

It is no crime, at any time, but a harmless pleasure ;

It is a bliss, of lawfulness, it is a joy, not a toy,

\* Selected from an elegantly printed small pocket volume, in-  
titled "SONGS OF THE CHASE ;" published by Sherwood, Neely,  
and Jones, price 9s. with two fine engravings, &c. by Scott.

It is a skill that breeds no ill, it is sweet and complete  
Adoration to the mind, it's witty, pretty, decent,  
Pleasant pastime, we shall sweetly find,  
If the weather proves but kind, we'll enjoy our leisure.

In the morning up we rise, soon as day light's peeping,  
Take a cup to cheer the heart, leave the sluggard sleeping.  
Forth we walk, and merry talk, to some pleasant river,  
Near the Thames, silver streams, there we stand, rod in hand,  
Fixing right, for a bite, all the time the fish allure,  
Come leaping, skipping, bobbing, biting,  
Dangling at our hooks secure :  
With this pastime sweet and pure, we could fish for ever.

As we walk the meadows green, where the fragrant air is,  
Where the object's to be seen, O! what pleasure there is ;  
Birds do sing, flowers spring, full of delectation,  
Whistling breeze runs thro' the trees, there we meet meadows sweet,  
Flowers find to our mind, it is a scene of sweet content.  
From the sweet refreshing bowers,  
Living, giving, easing, pleasing, vital powers,  
Exhaled from those herbs and flowers,  
Raised by the falling showers, for man's recreation.

Thro' the shady forest, where the horn is sounding,  
Hound and huntsman roving, there is sport abounding ;  
A hideous noise, is all their joys, not to be admired,  
While we fish, to gain a dish, with our hook, in the brook,  
Watch our float, spare our throat,  
While they are sweltering to and fro ;  
Tantivee, tantivee, the horn does loudly blow,  
Hounds and huntsmen all a row, with their pastime fired.

We have gentles in our horns, we have worms and paste too,  
Great coats we have, to stand a storm, baskets at our waists too,  
We have line, choice of twine, fitting for our angle,  
If it's so, away we go, seeking out carp or trout,  
Eel or pike, or the like, dace or bleak, what we lack,

Barbel, jack, or any more,  
 Gudgeons, roaches, perches, tenches, here's the jolly angler's store,  
 We have choice of fish galore, we will have our angling.

If the sun's excessive heat should our bodies swelter,  
 To bush or hedge we'll retreat for a friendly shelter;  
 If we spy a shower nigh, or the day uncertain,  
 Then we flee beneath a tree, there we eat victuals sweet;  
 Take a coge, smoke and foge,  
 If we can no longer stay,  
 We go laughing, joking, quaffing, smoaking,  
 So delightful all the way,  
 Thus we conclude the day, with a cup at parting.

## THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.\*

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,  
 What confusion, but hear! I'll bet you, Sir,—done! done!  
 Ten thousand strange rumours resound far and near,  
 Lords, hawkers, and jockeys assail the tir'd ear;  
 While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,  
 Pamper'd, prancing, and pleased, his head touching his breast,  
 Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,  
 The High-mettled Racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reyard's turned out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush  
 Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;  
 They run him at length, and they have him at bay,  
 And by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way;  
 While alike born for sports of the field and the course,  
 Always sure to come thro' a staunch and fleet horse;  
 When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,  
 The High-mettled Racer is in at the death.

\* On the publication of this song, it was so much admired in the *Sporting World*, that it is said, the late Mr. Charles Dibdin, cleared upwards of £2000 by it.



Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,  
 Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood;  
 Whilst knowing postillions his pedigree trace,  
 Tell his dam won that sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race;  
 And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er,  
 As they loiter their time at some hedge alehouse door;  
 Whilst the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,  
 The High-mettled Racer is a hack on the road!

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,  
 Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;  
 Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,  
 Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still;  
 And now cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,  
 In the very same cart which he yesterday drew;  
 Whilst a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,  
 The High-mettled Racer is sold for the hounds.

## FOX-HUNTING.

SCARCE the hounds were in cover, when off Reynard flew,  
 Not a sportsman who view'd him a syllable spoke;  
 The dogs remain'd threading the thorny brake thro',  
 But at length in a *burst*, from a deep thicket broke!

The Fox knew his country, and made all the play,  
 Whilst many a stubble and meadow were cross'd;  
 O'er valleys and woodlands he kept on his way,  
 When, lo! with the pack of his brush—he was lost.

To a church-yard they rattled,—there came to a check;—  
 The huntsman grew furious, and halloo'd "Hark, back!"  
 On the hounds all his vengeance he swore he would wreak,  
 And he curs'd from his soul "such a riotous pack!"

"Twice before Reynard 'scap'd them in this spot, or near—  
 "And now 'mongst the tombs in disorder they spread!"  
 Still the huntsman was certain no Fox would stop there,  
 As "None took to an *earth* in that place but the *dead*!"

The Doctor—whose patients, reposing at rest,

Fill'd one half the graves--nay, perhaps, twice that number!

For he, of physicians, was one of the best!

His sleeping draughts always ensur'd a *sound slumber* :

He, the Doctor, rode up, while the hounds were all riot,

And archly exclaim'd—as his eye the graves ran o'er,

"I warn you all off! let the dead rest in quiet.—

"This is sporting, my friends, without leave, on *my manor*!"

While many a cast at a distance was made,

Old *Gaylass*, alone of the pack, kept aloof :—

Near the wall of the chancel unceasing she bay'd—

Where a close-clinging ivy spread high to the roof.

"Reynard's here," all proclaim'd, "that's as certain as fate,

"In the belfry perhaps!!!—leaving us in the lurch;

"There's one Fox we know, who'd be head of the State,

"But this spark aspires to the top of the Church."

That Reynard had harbour'd before in that place,

Seem'd to mark the Lord's house *not* too strictly frequented;

That the people were not over-burthen'd with grace,

And their souls, without sermons or psalms, were contented.

In respect to the Fox, at a moment so pressing,

He might think, that although he had drawn many there;

Yet some might have throng'd to the church for a blessing,

And has follow'd the parson for the sake of a prayer.

No matter—a Sportsman who led in the chase,

Climb'd the buttress, resolv'd a close search to bestow;

And tracking the Fox to his sly lurking place—

With the *view halloo*! cheer'd his companions below.

Three couple of hounds, fam'd for many a feat,

Soon were lifted aloft—these of courage well tried;

Scrambled up to the Fox in his final retreat,

Where o'erpower'd by numbers he gallantly died!

Poor Reynard ! this legend records thy fate *hard*,—  
No praise to the vigorous deed can I give :—  
Thy *sanctuary* should have commanded regard ;  
And there, for its sake, been permitted to live ! \*

\* In the year 1785, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley's fox-hounds, that hunted the Dengey Hundred Country, in Essex, had frequently a drag on the banks of the Crouch river, without finding their fox. One morning as they were drawing the remote church-yard of Crickseth, overgrown with thick blackthorn bushes, a labouring man called out to the huntsman, "*You are too late to find Reynard at home, he crept off when he heard the hounds challenge, about a quarter of an hour ago !*" Although; in consequence of this information, the hounds chopped in different spots for some miles, and a fall of sleet prevented their hunting up to their fox for that day ; but, about a fortnight afterwards, he was found in an adjoining copse, and after a very sharp run of more than two hours, he shaped his course to his favourite church-yard. Upon the hounds being there at a check, a bitch, named *Gaylass*, raised herself against an old buttress of the church, and gave tongue ; on which the master of the pack, declaring his confidence in the staunchness of this favourite hound, dismounted ; and, with another of the gentlemen, ascended the broken buttress up to the low roof of the church, which was thickly covered with ivy, wherein they found five or six fresh kennels. While viewing these extraordinary retreats, some of the sportsmen below assisted the eager spirit of the hounds, by lifting them up to the buttress, when three or four couple were, in an instant, *in full cry* on the chancel roof ; and there, after a short contest, this *extraordinary Fox* was compelled to surrender his life without *benefit of Clergy* !

## THE PLEASURE OF THE CHASE.

*As sung by Mr. PORCH, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, with great applause.*

A SOUTHERLY wind, and a cloudy sky,

Proclaim a hunting morning,

Before the sun rises, we nimbly fly

Dull sleep and a downy bed, scorning.

To horse, my boys, to horse, away,

The chase admits of no delay ;

On horseback we've got, together we'll trot :

On horseback, &c.

Leave off your chat, see the cover appear ;

The hound that strikes first, cheer him without fear ;

Drag on him ! ah, wind him, my steady good hounds ;

Drag on him ! ah, wind him, the cover resounds.

How complete the cover and furze they draw !

Who talks of Barry, or Meynell ?

Young *Lasher* he flourishes now thro' the shaw,

And *Sauce-box* roars out in his kennel.

Away we fly, as quick as thought ;

The new-sown ground soon makes them fault ;

Cast round the sheep's train, cast round, cast round !

Try back the deep lane, try back, try back,

Hark ! I hear some hound challenge in yonder spring sedge ;

Comfort bitch hits it there, in that old thick hedge.

Hark forward ! hark forward ! have at him, my boys,

Hark forward ! hark forward ! Zounds, don't make a noise.

A stormy sky, o'ercharg'd with rain,

Both hounds and huntsmen opposes ;

In vain on your mettle you try, boys, in vain,

But down, you must, to your noses.

Each moment, now, the sky grows worse,

Enough to make a parson curse :

Pick through the plow'd ground, pick thro', pick thro',  
 Well hunted good hounds, well hunted, well hunted,-  
 If we can but get on, we shall soon make him quake;  
 Hark! I hear some hounds challenge in the midst of the brake.  
 Tallio! tallio, there! across the green plain!  
 Tallio! tallio, boys! have at him again!

Thus we ride, whip, and spur, for a two hours' chase,  
 Our horses go panting and sobbing,  
 Young *Madcap* and *Riot* begin now to race,  
 Ride on, Sir, and give him some mobbing.  
 But, hold—alas! you'll spoil our sport,  
 For tho' the hound you'll head him short.  
 Clap round him, dear Jack, clap round, clap round!  
 Hark *Drummer*, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, back.  
 He's jumping and dangling in every bush;  
 Little *Riot* has fastened his teeth in his brush!  
 Who-hoop, who-hoop, he's fairly run down!  
 Who-hoop, &c.

## HUNTING THE HARE.

SONGS and sonnets, and rustical roundelays,  
 Forms of fancies are whistled on reeds,  
 Songs to solace young nymphs upon holidays  
 Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds;  
 Phæbus ingenious  
 With witty Silenus,  
 His haughty genius taught to declare;  
 In words nicely coin'd,  
 And verse better join'd,  
 How stars divine lov'd hunting the hare.

Stars enamour'd with pastimes Olympical  
 Stars and planets that beautifully shone,  
 Would no longer endure, that mortal man only  
 Should swim in pleasure, while they but look on;



Round about horned  
Lucina they swarmed,  
And her informed, how minded they were,  
Each god and goddess,  
To take human bodies,  
As lords, and ladies, to follow the hare.  
Chaste Diana applauded the motion,  
And pale Proserpina sate in her place,  
Which guides the Welkin and governs the ocean,  
While she conducted her nephews in chase ;  
Till by her example  
Their father to trample  
The earth old and ample leave they the air ;  
Neptune the water,  
And wine Liber Pater,  
And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.  
Young God Cupid mounted on Pegasus,  
Beloved by nymphs, with kisses and praise,  
Strong Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus,  
Mounted a Centaur, which proudly him bare ;  
Postillion of the sky,  
Swift-footed Mercury,  
Makes his courser fly, fleet as the air ;  
Tuneful Apollo  
The kennel doth follow,  
With whip and hollow after the hare.  
Young Amintas thought the Gods came to breathe,  
After their battle, themselves on the ground,  
Thiris did think the Gods came here to dwell beneath,  
And that hereafter the world would go round.  
Corydon aged,  
With Phillis engaged,  
Was much enraged with jealous despair,  
But fury was faded,  
And he was persuaded,  
When he found they applauded hunting the hare.

Stars but shadows were, joys were but sorrows,  
They without motion, these wanting delight ;  
Joys are jovial, delights are the marrows  
Of life and motion, the axle of might.  
Pleasure depends  
Upon no other friends,  
But still freely lends to each virtue a share ;  
Alone is pleasure  
The measure of treasure,  
Of pleasure, the treasure in hunting the hare.  
Drowned Narcissus from his metamorphosis,  
Roused by Echo new manhood did take :  
And snoring Somnus up-started from Cimmeris,  
The which this thousand year was not awake.  
To see club-footed  
Old Mulcibes booted,  
And Pan too promoted on Corydon's mare,  
Proud Pallas pouted,  
And Æolus shouted,  
And Momus flouted, yet followed the hare.  
Hymen ushers the Lady Astrea,  
The jest takes hold of Minerva the bold  
Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea,  
With Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold.  
Shame-faced Aurora,  
With witty Pandora,  
And Maia with Flora did company bear ;  
But Juno was stated  
Too high to be mated,  
Although she hated not hunting the hare.  
Three broad bowls to the olympical rector,  
The Troy-born boy presents on his knee,  
Jove to Phœbus carouses his nectar,  
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me ;  
Where with infused  
I piped and mused,

In language unused, their sports to declare,  
Till the house of Jove,  
Like the spheres round do move,  
Health to all those that love hunting the hare.

## ARCHERY ; OR SHOOTING WITH THE LONG BOW.

By Mr. WARING.

THERE never was a *mistaken* notion more prevalent than that the Bow is too simple to require any study ; but, simple as it may appear, it will be found that without a theoretical knowledge the practical part can never be obtained, and so many inconveniences arise to a person attempting one without having acquired the other, that he soon grows disgusted because not able to overcome a few difficulties : it is these difficulties that the Author wishes to remove by pointing out to the learner a proper method to pursue, for many thinking it too insignificant, as not worthy a moment's study, adopt what their own ideas suggest, and by that fall into such bad habits as to break bow after bow till at last they get disheartened from pursuing the amusement any further, and lay it aside altogether as appearing to them trifling and childish, and in the end expensive. How any one could ever think the amusement of the long bow as childish can only be from the recollection that it was once his juvenile recreation, and supposing no greater feats can be performed by a manly weapon, than was done by a boyish plaything : but supposing his contempt of the bow is founded upon that idea alone, it cannot justify him for the slur he throws upon all the lovers of archery,

and those not a few; for travel into any part of the globe and he will discover that it is or has been the amusement of the nobles and sovereigns of every nation, and is the general amusement of many eastern countries to this day. But the bow need not travel out of this kingdom to obtain honours, for it has received sufficient to stamp its fame both as an instrument of war and amusement in its native soil; but at present it must be confessed that the inhabitants of Turkey, Persia, and of various other countries, far excel the best of English archers, and the reason is obvious, "want of practice," and a few examples of feats and achievements; a novice witnessing the performance of an unskilful archer wonders how a man can amuse himself with what he remembers was only looked upon at school as a toy, but when he beholds the shooting of an expert archer, and is shown the strength and powers of the bow, his wonder changes to the opposite side, and he admires with delight what he before treated with contempt.

As the use of arms is universally allowed to be an honourable profession, why should not the pursuit of an amusement founded upon that warlike weapon preceded by the present be deemed likewise honourable? and when it is recollected that the deeds achieved by our forefathers, which secured to England its present constitution, were with the bow, it cannot be denied but that it is the noblest amusement, and in its admirers seeming to draw forth a tribute of gratitude for past services too worthy to be buried in oblivion. Be this as it will, it was in former times thought of such

importance as to become the object of the legislature's care, many acts of parliament having at various periods passed in support of it, long after it was laid aside as a weapon of war, and which even went so far as to compel every man, except the clergy and the judges, to practice shooting, and to have continually in his possession a bow and at least three arrows; the City of London was obliged by other acts to erect butts and to keep them in repair; and when after a lapse of a few years archery began to decline, and shooting to be discontinued, the bow-makers petitioned Queen Elizabeth for authority to put the acts of Henry the VIIIth in force, by which they obliged every man who had not a bow and three arrows in his possession to provide himself accordingly; if the bow-makers of the present age could again enforce the act, they might raise a sum that would go nigh to pay the debt of the nation.

Archery was so much approved of as a bodily exercise by *Bishop Latimer*, that he even preached a sermon in favour of it before Edward the VIth. After the restoration, archery became again the general amusement; Charles II. himself took such delight in it, that he even knighted a man for excelling an excellent shot,\* whose portrait is in the possession of the Toxophilite Society. After the death of Charles it again began to decline, and was confined in practice to a few counties only, till about thirty years ago, when it was revived with increased splendour through-

\* Sir William Wood.



out every part of England, as will appear by the number of Societies that were instituted, many of which exist and continue their yearly and monthly meetings to this day.

As an amusement, archery has these advantages over all others as a field diversion, which is not only approved of by our ablest physicians, but strongly recommended by them as being the most healthy exercise a man can pursue, strengthening and bracing the bodily frame without that laborious exertion common to many games, every nerve and sinew being regularly brought into play, without the danger of being exposed to those alternate heats and colds incident to many diversions, as in cricket, tennis, &c.

On Sir William Wood's Tomb-stone were these two lines:—

Long did he live the honour of the bow,  
And his long life to that alone did owe.

Archery is an amusement which steals (if it may be so expressed) upon a man's affections, and often makes him perform more than he thinks is in his power: for many an archer who would not undertake to walk five miles in a journey has walked six at the targets; for in shooting forty-eight times up to one target, and forty-eight times back again to the other, (the number of rounds the Toxophilite Society shoot on grand days,) besides walking to the arrows shot beyond the targets which upon a reasonable calculation may be reckoned five yards each time and that five back again, makes ninety-six times one hundred and ten yards, which is exactly six miles. Another advantage attend-

ing the amusement of archery is, that it is equally open to the fair sex, and has for these last thirty years been the favourite recreation of a great part of the female nobility, the only field diversion they can enjoy without incurring the censure of being thought masculine. It will be needless to enumerate the many advantages received in pursuing this amusement; those who have tried, do not require any further encomium in support of it, than what their own experience has already convinced them of.

Madame Bola, formerly a famous Opera dancer, upon being taught the use of the bow, declared that of all attitudes she ever studied, (and surely some little deference of opinion ought to be paid to one whose whole life was spent in studying attitudes) she thought the position of shooting with the long bow was the most noble; certain it is, that the figure of a man cannot be displayed to greater advantage, as when drawing the bow at an elevation: every archer ought to study well this part of archery.

It will be observed that every bow has generally a number immediately over the handle, which is the number of pounds it takes, to draw the bow down to the length of an arrow.

The way this is ascertained, is thus—the bow being strong, is placed horizontally on a ledge; a scale is hooked on the string in which weights are put, and that quantity which bears the string down till it is the length of an arrow from the bow, is its weight. Thus a man, according to the bow he can pull, may judge of his own strength—fifty-four pounds is the standard

weight of a bow ; and he who can draw one of sixty with ease, *as his regular shooting bow*, may reckon himself a strong man ; though a great many archers can draw one of seventy and eighty pounds, and some ninety, but they are very few.

Ladies' bows are from twenty-four pounds to thirty-four.

The CROSS BOW.—This can hardly be said to come under the head of archery ; but those who used them in former times in battle, were always stiled *Archers*, or Cross-Bow Men, and indeed they might be called so with more propriety than those who use them now, for those archers discharged arrows from their bows ; the present ones shoot only bullets. Whatever might have been its powers as a weapon of war, it is now, like the long bow, reduced to an instrument of amusement ; and that amusement is chiefly confined, and for which it is well adapted, to shooting rooks, hares, rabbits, and game in general.

The modern cross bow for that purpose possesses one great advantage over the fowling piece, which is, that, in the discharge, it is free from any loud noise ; for a person when shooting with a fowling-piece in a rookery or warren, is sure to alarm the whole fraternity by the report of the first fire, which makes it a considerable time before he can get a second, but a cross bow has only a slight twang in the loose.

It likewise possesses an advantage equal with the rifle, the arm being guided by the position of a small moveable bead, and which can be placed to such an exactness as to bring down at ninety or one hundred and twenty feet, to a certainty, the object aimed at.

## SPORTING SKETCH OF JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

THIS eccentric gentleman, at one period of his life, was a distinguished sportsman, but generally denominated a miser, and was born in the parish of St. James, Westminster. His family name was Meggot; and his father was an eminent brewer in Southwark: he received his education at Westminster school, where he paid the greatest attention to his studies, and made vast progress: but, singular as it may appear, after he left the seminary, he hardly ever read any book. From Westminster, he went to Geneva, where he laid the foundation of those sports for which he professed so much partiality to the day of his death: his contemporaries were Mr. Worsley, and Sir Sidney Meadows, which three were reckoned the best horsemen in Europe: it was here he was introduced to Voltaire. On his return to England, he found it his interest to increase the acquaintance of his uncle Sir Harvey Elwes, who was an astonishing and real instance of a miser. On his uncle's death, he became possessed of his great wealth, and agreeably to his will, assumed the name of Elwes.

Mr. Elwes had now advanced beyond the fortieth year of his age; and for fifteen years previous to this period it was that he was known in all the fashionable circles of London. He had always a turn for play; and it was only late in life, and from paying always, and not always being paid, that he conceived disgust at the inclination.

The acquaintances which he had formed at West-

minster school, and at Geneva, together with his own large fortune, all conspired to introduce him into whatever society he liked best. He was admitted a member of the club at Arthur's, and various other clubs at that period. Few men, even from his own acknowledgement, had played deeper than himself, and with success more various. He once played two days and a night without intermission; and the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to their knees in cards. He lost some thousands at that sitting.

Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been richer by some thousands, for the mode in which he passed this part of his life; but the vowels I, O, U were then in use; and the sums that were owing him, even by very noble names, were not liquidated. The theory which he professed, "that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money," he perfectly confirmed by the practice; and he never violated this peculiar feeling to the last hour.

His manners were so gentle, so attentive, so gentlemanly, and so engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude break their observance. He had the most gallant disregard for his own person, and all care about himself.

After sitting up a whole night at play, for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sophas, wax lights, and servants attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but into Smithfield! to meet his own cattle, which were coming



to market from Thaydon-Hall, a farm of his, in Essex. There would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold or rain, bargaining with a carcase-butcher for a shilling. Sometimes he would walk on or in the mire to meet them; and more than once he has gone on foot the whole way to his farm without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up all night.

Mr. Elwes, on the death of his uncle, came to reside at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion-house he found here, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which the late Colonel Timms, his nephew, used to mention the following proof.—A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain falling in the night, he had not been long in bed before he found himself wet through; and putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dropping from the ceiling upon the bed. He got up, and moved the bed; but he had not lain long, before he found the same inconvenience continued. He got up again, and again the rain came down. At length, after pushing the bed quite round the room, he retired in a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened. —“Aye! aye!” said the old man, seriously; “I don’t mind it myself, but to those who do, that’s a nice corner in the rain.”

Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to Mr. Elwes in Berkshire, had made a match for seven thousand pounds, which, it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the sum, though

the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked, unsolicited, Mr. Elwes made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

On the day when this match was to be run, a clergyman had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to see the fate of it. They were to go, as was his custom, on horseback, and were to set out at seven in the morning. Imagining they were to breakfast at Newmarket, the gentleman took no refreshment, and away they went. They reached Newmarket about eleven, and Mr. Elwes began to busy himself in inquiries and conversation till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of Lord Abingdon. He then thought they should move off to the town, to take some breakfast; but old Elwes still continued riding about till three; and then four arrived. At which time the gentleman grew so impatient, that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket Heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," said old Elwes; very true. So, here, do as I do;"—offering him at the same time, from his great-coat pocket, a piece of an old crushed pancake, which he said, he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, but that it was as good as new.

The sequel of the story was, that they did not reach home till nine in the evening, when the gentleman was so tired, that he gave up all refreshment but rest; and old Elwes, having hazarded seven thousand pounds in the morning, went happily to bed, with the reflection that he had saved three shillings.

When this inordinate passion for saving did not

interfere, there are upon record some kind offices, and very active services, undertaken by Mr. Elwes. He would go far and long to serve those who applied to him; and give—however strange the word from him—himself great trouble to be of use. These instances are gratifying to select, it is plucking the sweet-briar and the rose from the weeds that overspread the garden.

When Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had for some neglect incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court, and were threatened with immediate “excommunication!” The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church and penance; and their ideas immediately ran upon a white sheet. They concluded, if they once got into that, it was over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost. Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly speaking, not one man in five thousand would have done. He had his horse saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels. Riding sixty miles in the night to confer a favour on two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was really what not one man in five thousand would have done; but where

personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes never wanted alacrity.

The ladies were so overjoyed, so thankful, so much trouble and expense, what return could they make? an old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote thus to them by way of consolation: "My dears, is it expense your talking of? send him sixpence, and he then gains twopence by the journey."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes whenever he went to London, to occupy any of his premises which might happen to be then vacant. He travelled in this manner from street to street; and whenever any body chose to take the house where he was, he was instantly ready to move into any other. He was frequently an itinerant for a night's lodging; and though master of above an hundred houses, he never wished to rest his head long in any he chose to call his own. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised all his furniture; and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the old woman was the only one which gave him trouble; for she was afflicted with a lameness, that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose.

Mr. Elwes had come to town in his usual way, and taken up his abode in one of his houses that were empty. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, by some accident, was informed his uncle was in London; but then how to find him was the difficulty. He inquired at all the usual places where it was probable he might be heard of. He went to Mr. Hoare's,

his banker; to the Mount Coffee-house; but no tidings were to be heard of him. Not many days afterward, however, he learnt, from a person whom he met accidentally, that he had seen Mr. Elwes going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough Street.

Of course, Colonel Timms went to the house, he knocked very loudly at the door; but no one answered. Some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man; but no answer could be obtained from the house. The Colonel, on this, resolved to have the stable-door opened; which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower parts of it, all was shut and silent; but, on ascending the stair-case, they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there upon an old pallet-bed, lay stretched out, seemingly in the agonies of death, the figure of old Mr. Elwes. For some time he seemed insensible that any body was near him; but, on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary, who was sent for, he recovered enough to say, "That he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house; but for some reason or other she had not been near him. That she had been ill herself; but that she had got well, he supposed, and was gone away.

They afterwards found the *old woman*—the companion of all his movements, and the partner of all his journeys—stretched out lifeless on a rug upon the floor, in one of the garrets. She had been dead to all appearance about two days.

Thus died the servant; and thus would have died,



but for a providential discovery of him by Colonel Timms, old Mr. Elwes, her master ! His mother, Mrs. Meggot, who possessed *one hundred thousand pounds*, starved herself to death : and her son, who certainly was then worth *half a million*, nearly died in his own house for absolute want.

Mr. Elwes, however, was not a hard landlord, and his tenants lived easily under him : but if they wanted any repairs, they were always at liberty to do them for themselves ; for what may be stiled the comforts of a house were unknown to him. What he allowed not himself, it could scarcely be expected he would give to others.

He had resided about thirteen years in Suffolk, when the contest for Berkshire presented itself on the dissolution of parliament ; and when, to preserve the peace of that county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. To this Mr. Elwes consented ; but on the special agreement, that he was brought in for nothing. All he did was dining at the ordinary at Abingdon ; and he got into parliament for the moderate sum of *eighteen-pence !*

Mr. Elwes was chosen for Berkshire in three successive parliaments ; and he sat as a member of the House of Commons above twelve years. It is to his honour, that, in every part of his conduct, and in every vote he gave, he proved himself to be an independent country gentleman.

A circumstance happened to him, in one of his pedestrian returns, which gave him a whimsical opportunity of displaying a singular disregard of his own

person. The night was very dark : and hurrying along, he went with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. As usual, he thought not of any assistance ; but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, in Orchard Street, insisted upon some one being called in. He at length submitted ; and an apothecary in consequence attended, who immediately began to expatiate on the bad consequences of breaking the skin ; the good fortune of his being sent for ; and the peculiar bad appearance of Mr. Elwes's wound. " Very probably," said Mr. Elwes. " But, Mr. —, I have one thing to say to you—in my opinion, my legs are not much hurt ; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement ; I will take one leg, and you shall take the other : you shall do what you please with your's, and I will do nothing to mine : and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well before yours !" He exultingly beat the apothecary by a *fortnight* !

The income of Mr. Elwes, all this time, was increasing hourly, and his present expenditure was next to nothing, for the little pleasures he had once engaged in, he had now given up. He kept no house, and only one old servant, and a couple of horses. He resided with his nephew. His two sons he had stationed in Suffolk and Berkshire, to look after his respective estates : and his dress was certainly no expense to him. When he left London, he went on horseback to his country seats, with his couple of hard eggs, and without once stopping at any house upon the road. He always took the most unfrequented road. But

Marcham was the seat now chiefly visited; which had some reason to be flattered with the preference, as his journey into Suffolk cost him only *two-pence half-penny*! while that into Berkshire amounted to *four-pence*.

When this singular character thought he had got into the House of Commons for nothing, he had not taken into the account the inside of the house—the outside only had entered into the calculation. In a short time, therefore, he found out that members of Parliament could want money; and he had the misfortune to know *one member* who was inclined to lend them. Perhaps Fate ordained this retribution, and designed that thus only, some of the enormous wealth of Mr. Elwes should escape from his grasp. Be this as it may, there does, however, exist a pile of bad debts, and uncanceled bonds, which could they be laid on a table of the House of Commons, would strike dumb some orators on both sides of the House. Time, however, at length, conquered this passion of lending in Mr. Elwes; and an unfortunate proposal which was made to him, of vesting twenty-five thousand pounds in some *iron works* in America, gave, at last, a fatal blow to his various speculations. The plan had been so very plausibly laid before him, that he had not the smallest doubts of its success; however, he had the disappointment never to hear more of his iron or his gold.

At this time one of his maid servants was taken ill of the small-pox; it was thought necessary to send her out of the house; and Mr. Elwes paid eighteen shil-

ings weekly for her lodging, board, and nursing; and took her home after her recovery.

He retired voluntarily from a parliamentary life, and even took no leave of his constituents by an advertisement. But, though Mr. Elwes was now no longer a member of the House of Commons, yet, not with the venal herd of expectant placemen and pensioners, whose eyes too often view the House of Commons as another Royal Exchange, did Mr. Elwes retire into private life.

Thus, duly honoured, shall the memory of a good man go to his grave; for, while it may be the painful duty of the biographer to present to the public the follies which may deform a character, but which must be given to render perfect the resemblance, on those beauties which arise from the bad parts of the picture, who shall say it is not a duty to expatiate?

Nearly at the same time that Mr. Elwes lost his seat, he also lost *that famous servant* "of all work," compared to whom, Scrub was indolence itself. He died as he was following his master upon a hard trotting horse into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor; for his yearly wages were not above five pounds; and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified a saying which Mr. Elwes often used, which was this; "If you keep *one* servant, your work is done; if you keep *two*, your work is half done; but if you keep *three*, you may do it yourself."

The numerous acts of liberality in Mr. Elwes, ought to atone for many of his failings. But, behold the

inequalities which so strongly mark this human being! Mr. Spurling, of Dynes-Hall, was once requested by Mr. Elwes to accompany him to Newmarket. It was a day in one of the spring meetings which was remarkably filled with races; and they were out from six in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening before they again set out for home. Mr. Elwes, in the usual way, would eat nothing; but Mr. Spurling was somewhat wiser, and went down to Newmarket. When they began their journey home, the evening was grown very dark and cold, and Mr. Spurling rode on somewhat quicker; but, on going through the turnpike by the Devil's Ditch, he heard Mr. Elwes calling to him with great eagerness. On returning before he had paid, Mr. Elwes said, "Here! here! follow me—this is the best road!" In an instant he saw Elwes, as well as the night would permit, climbing his horse up the precipice of the ditch. "Sir," said Mr. Spurling, "I can never get up there." "No danger at all!" replied old Elwes: "but if your horse be not safe, lead him!" At length he with great difficulty, and with one of the horses falling, they mounted the ditch, and then, with not less toil, got down on the other side. When they were safe landed on the plain, Mr. Spurling thanked Heaven for their escape. "Aye," said old Elwes, "you mean from the *turnpike*: very right; never *pay a turnpike* if you can avoid it!" In proceeding on their journey, they came to a very narrow road; on which Mr. Elwes, notwithstanding the cold, went as slow as possible. On Mr. Spurling wishing to quicken their pace, old Elwes observed,



that he was letting his horse feed on some hay that was hanging on the sides of the hedge. "Besides," added he, "it is nice hay, and you have it for nothing!"

Thus, whilst endangering his neck to save the payment of a turnpike, and starving his horse for a *half-penny worth* of hay, was he risking the sum of *twenty-five thousand pounds* on some iron works across the Atlantic Ocean, and of which he knew nothing, either as to produce, prospect, or situation.

He still retained some fondness for play, and imagined he had no small skill at piquet. It was his ill-luck however, one day, to meet with a gentleman at the Mount Coffee-house, who thought the same, and on much better grounds: for, after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with perseverance, he rose the loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal—though there is reason to think it was not less than *three thousand pounds*. Some part of it was paid by a large draft on Messrs. Hoares, and was received very early the next morning. Thus while, by every art of human mortification, he was saving *shillings, sixpences*, and even *pence*, he would kick down in one moment the *heap* he had gained.

At the close of the spring, 1785, he wished again to visit, which he had not done for some years, his seat at Stoke. But then the journey was a most serious object: the famous old servant was dead: all the horses that remained with him were a couple of worn-out brood mares; and he himself was not in that vigour

of body in which he could ride sixty or seventy miles on the sustenance of *two boiled eggs*. The mention of a post-chaise would have been a crime.—“He afford a post-chaise, indeed! Where was he to get the money!” would have been his exclamation.

At length he was carried into the country, as he was carried into parliament, free of expense, by a gentleman who was certainly not quite so rich as Mr. Elwes. When he reached his seat at Stoke—the seat of more active scenes, of somewhat resembling hospitality, and where his fox-hounds had spread somewhat like vivacity around—he remarked “he had expended a great deal of money once very foolishly; but that a man grew wiser by time.

The rooms of his seat at Stoke, that were now much out of repair, and would have all fallen in, but for his son, John Elwes, Esq. he thought too expensively furnished, as worse things might have done. If a window was broken, there was to be no repair, but that of a little brown paper, or that of piecing in a bit of broken glass, which had at length been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say, “what figure they described.” To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old green-house, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn, on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common, to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish.

In the advance of the season, his morning employ-

ment was to pick up any stray chips, bones, or other things, to carry to the fire, in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a *crow's nest*, for this purpose. On the gentleman wondering why he gave himself this trouble—"Oh, Sir," replied he, "it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Do but see what waste they make!"

As, in the day, he would not afford himself any fire, he went to bed as soon as day closed, to save candle; and had begun to deny himself even the pleasure of sleeping in sheets. In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life—the perfect vanity of wealth.

The lapses of his memory had now become frequent and glaring. All recent occurrences he forgot entirely; and as he never committed any thing to writing, the confusion he made was inexpressible. As an instance of this, the following anecdote may serve. He had one evening given a draft on Messrs. Hoares, his bankers, for twenty pounds; and having taken it into his head, during the night, that he had over-drawn his account, his anxiety was unceasing. He left his bed, and walking about his room with that *little feverish irritation* that always distinguished him, waited with the utmost impatience till morning came, when, on going to his banker, with an apology for the great liberty he had taken, he was assured there was no occasion for his apology, as he happened to have in their hands, at that time, the sum of *fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds!*

However singular this act of forgetfulness may appear, it serves to mark, amidst all his anxiety about money, that *extreme conscientiousness*, which was to the honour of his character. If accident placed him in debt to any person, even in the most trivial manner, he was never easy till he was paid; and it should be noted, that never was he known on any occasion to *fail in what he said*. Of the punctuality of his word, he was so scrupulously tenacious, that no person ever requested better security; and he was so particular in every thing of promise that in any appointment or meeting, or the hour of it, he exceeded even military exactness.

Among the generous actions of Mr. Elwes, the following bears a striking feature: when his son was in the Guards, he was frequently in the habit of dining at the officers' table there. The politeness of his manner rendered him generally agreeable, and in time he became acquainted with every officer in the corps. Amongst the rest, was a gentleman of the name of Tempest, whose good humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchase; but as money is not always to be got upon landed property immediately, it was imagined that some officer would have been obliged to purchase over his head. Old Mr. Elwes, hearing of the circumstance, sent him the money the next morning, without asking any security. He had not then seen Capt. Tempest, but which happened shortly after the money was replaced.

His very singular appetite Mr. Elwes retained till

within a few days of his dissolution, and walked on foot twelve miles but a fortnight before he died.

The first symptom of more immediate decay, was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. Frequently he was heard at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property!" On any one of the family going into his room, he would start from his fever of anxiety, and, as if wakening from a troubled dream, again hurry into bed, and seem unconscious of what had happened. At other times, when perfectly awake, he would walk to the spot where he had hidden his money, to see if it was safe.

Mr. Elwes, on the 18th of November, 1789, discovered signs of that utter and total weakness, which carried him to his grave in eight days. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed—from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone. He had but a faint recollection of any thing about him; and his last coherent words were addressed to his son, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping "he had left him what he wished." On the morning of the 26th of November he expired without a sigh!

Thus died Mr. Elwes, an example of the most extraordinary punctuality, generosity, and nearness in living, that ever existed. It has always been asserted by his biographers, that he was a *Miser*; but I hope I shall prove, in honour to his memory, that he was not.



MISER.—1. A wretched person; one overwhelmed with calamity. [Sidney.]—2. A wretch; a mean fellow. [Shakspeare.]—3. A wretch, covetous to extremity. [Otway.]

I shall try to prove that Mr. Elwes was neither of the above characters; and of course not a *miser*.

1. His manners were gentle, attentive, and engaging: a person possessing these heavenly qualities, can neither be a *wretch* nor *overwhelmed with calamity*; and consequently not a *miser*.

2. He passed most of the early part of his life, with "the gayest of the gay," and sat up for nights, and played for thousands; thereby portraying more of the libertine and the spendthrift than the *miser*.

3. His extreme generosity towards Lord Abingdon, in lending him unasked, in the time of his greatest need, the sum of 7000 pounds, was the character of the open-hearted Englishman, and not that of a *miser*.

4. His vast speculations, both in England and abroad, spoke like the man who wished to improve his country and his countrymen, more than that of a *miser*.

5. His lending to certain noblemen, and members of the House of Commons, who were in distress, the enormous sum of £150,000, was not the act of a *miser*.

6. He was a kind landlord, and never distressed any of his tenants for his rent; but feelingly forgave them when he found that, by misfortune, they could not pay; an action worthy of the best of men, and not like that of a *miser*.

7. His liberality towards Captain Tempest, in lending him a sufficient sum to purchase a majority in the Guards, must always be contemplated, by every good man, with pleasure; amply manifesting the feelings of his heart, and generosity of conduct; qualities that do not take possession of the heart of a *miser*.

8. His bequeathing property to his illegitimate sons in such a way that it was impossible for it to be wrested from them, was a strong instance of *paternal honour*—honour, which many a croaking puritanical wretch does not possess; who leaves his offspring un-

provided, because it was *not born in lawful matrimony* ! A child who has the misfortune to be so born, I maintain, has a tenfold claim on the protection of its father : the man who lets his little infant starve, because, *as the saying is*, he was not *lawfully begotten*, is a character too wicked to live : the young, unsuspecting female, who listens to the tale of her seducer, and unfortunately brings to the object of *her* affection, a child—I say the man who would desert *that child* is a wretch ! a monster ! a devil ! Mr. Elwes nobly provided for his children ; and honour steered all his actions.—*Are these the attributes of A MISER ?*

9. Because he could not expend yearly his immense property, and did not lavish his money on doctors, at inns, and on clothes ; because he enjoyed a few eccentricities, is he to be called A MISER ? We don't see in the course of his long life, *one act of oppression* ; but *many of generosity* and *Christian fellow-feeling* : if these constitute the character of a miser, it is my earnest prayer that I may die *dis*.

#### A RECEIPT TO MAKE A JOCKEY.

TAKE a pestle and mortar of moderate size,  
Into Queensbury's head put Bunbury's eyes ;  
Cut Dick Vernon's throat, and save all the blood,  
To answer your purpose, there's none half so good ;  
Pound Clermont to dust, you'll find it expedient,  
The world cannot furnish a better ingredient,  
From Derby and Bedford, take plenty of spirit,  
Successful or not, they have always that merit—  
Tommy Pauton's address, John Wastell's advice,  
And touch of Prometheus, 'tis done in a trice !

#### PRODIGIOUS LEAP.

ON the last day of December, 1801, as Mr. Robin-son, and two other gentlemen, were coursing with a brace of greyhounds, in Surrey, between Croydon and Sutton, the dogs so pressed a hare they had put up, that she was forced to leap a precipice of not less than

sixty feet deep, into a chalk pit, and was followed by the dogs. Nothing short of death to both hare and greyhounds was expected; but, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it, none of them were hurt, nor was the course impeded; as the hare, after getting out of the pit, by a cart road, was followed by the dogs, and though turned several times by them, at length made his escape.

#### MANNER OF HUNTING THE BEAR IN NORTH AMERICA.

A VERY curious account of this sport is described by Mr. Pennant as follows:—

“The chase of these animals is a matter of the first importance, and never undertaken without abundance of ceremony. A principal warrior first gives a general invitation to all the hunters. This is followed by a most serious fast of eight days, a total abstinence from all kinds of food: notwithstanding which, they pass the day in continual song. This they do to invoke the spirits of the woods to direct them to the places where there are abundance of bears. They even cut the flesh in divers parts of their bodies, to render the spirits more propitious. They also address themselves to the manes of the beasts slain in the preceding chases, as if these were to direct them in their dreams to plenty of game. One dreamer alone cannot determine the place of the chase, numbers must concur; but as they tell each other their dreams, they never fail to agree. This may arise from complaisance, or from a real agreement in their dreams, on account of

their thoughts being perpetually turned on the same thing.

The chief of the hunt now gives a great feast, at which no one dares to appear without first bathing. At this entertainment they eat with great moderation, contrary to their usual custom. The master of the feast alone touches nothing; but is employed in relating to the guests ancient tales of the wonderful feats in former chases; and fresh invocations to the manes of the deceased bears conclude the whole.

They then sally forth amidst the acclamations of the village, equipped as if for war, and painted black. Every able hunter is on a level with a great warrior; but he must have killed his dozen great beasts before his character is established; after which his alliance is as much courted as that of the most valiant captain.

They now proceed on their way in a direct line; neither rivers, marshes, nor any other impediments, stop their course; driving before them all the beasts which they find in their way. When they arrive at the hunting ground, they surround as large a space as their company will admit, and then contract their circle, searching as they contract, every hollow tree, and every place fit for the retreat of a bear, and continue the same practice till the time of the chase is expired.

As soon as a bear is killed, a hunter puts into his mouth a lighted pipe of tobacco, and blowing into it, fills the throat with the smoke, conjuring the spirit of the animal not to resent what they are going to do to his body, nor to render their future chases unsuccessful. As the bear makes no reply, they cut out the string

of the tongue, and throw it into the fire: if it crackles and runs in (which it is almost sure to do) they accept it as a good omen; if not, they consider that the spirit of the beast is not appeased, and that the chase of the next year will be unfortunate.

The hunters live well during the chase, on provisions which they bring with them. They return home with great pride and self-sufficiency; for, to kill a bear forms the character of a complete man. They give a great entertainment, and now make a point to leave nothing. The feast is dedicated to a certain genius, perhaps that of gluttony, whose resentment they dread, if they do not eat every morsel, and even sup up the very melted grease in which the meat was dressed. They sometimes eat till they burst, or bring on themselves some violent disorders. The first course is the greatest bear they have killed, without even taking out the entrails, or taking off the skin; contenting themselves with singeing the skin, as is practised with hogs.

#### ANECDOTE OF THE DEER.

*By Colonel THORNTON.*

EVERY circumstance relative to the sports of the field, that contain the least interest, is highly valued by those who make this healthful diversion an object of pursuit:—the following observations on the deer are from the pen of the most accomplished sportsman of the present day, and cannot but prove acceptable to the reader.

“Deer” (says the Colonel) “cast their horns about the month of May. Nature seems to have intended this



for the purpose of supplying those which have broke their horns by fighting, with new ones the succeeding year; as no animal fights more desperately or viciously than the deer. Their fencing and parrying, to those who have witnessed it, is beyond every thing, and, it may be said, scientific. During the time of the velvet they remain concealed as much as possible, conscious of their inability to attack or defend themselves, as the most trifling touch upon the velvet, in this state, gives them exquisite torture. The velvet, when shed, is considered by epicurean sportsmen, the most delicate part of the deer. The growth of the horns only occupies about six weeks between the casting to the bringing them to perfection, when they have been known to weigh twenty pounds. It is a mistaken notion, that the antlers impede the deer in cover, as they enable him, on the contrary, to dash through thickets and save his eyes, as also to aid him when reared on his hind legs (which they do to an extraordinary height) to draw down the young branches for sustenance.

## PLUCKING A PIGEON.

*From "The Pigeons."*

FROM fashion alone Pigeons oft go astray,  
And thus, to some masquerade Greek fall a prey,  
Who, like Proteus, with exquisite cunning and skill,  
Can vary his form and his part at his will.  
At one time most dext'rously hiding his crime,  
He proposes; a hit for the killing of time;  
A lounge to a racquet court, or to a belle,  
Or to take, just for fun, a short peep into hell,

Where the poor Pigeon, yawning, will negligent stray,  
 But will find, *s'en allant*, the devil to pay ;  
 Else the Greek swears that legs are all thieves, d—— their eyes!  
 But amid such great blanks, there must sure be a prize ;  
 So he'll just go for *once*, though not long he'd remain,  
 Stake his last fifty pound, throw just *one* single main.  
 Then he wins. "Jack, you'll back me" once more in the round,  
 And the Pigeon is pluck'd of his last hundred pound.  
 Or else at advising the Greek will pretend,  
 And will thus safely counsel his gull of a friend :—  
 " Dear Bob, you and I have been *had* to our cost,  
 " And it now is high time to make up what we've lost :  
 " I begin to *be up*—I'm *awake* to the thing—  
 " Have you got a last thousand ? say, what can you bring ?  
 " I know of a Martingale, excellent plan !  
 " Tho' you're dish'd my old boy, you'll be soon made a man ;  
 " Come to-morrow night early, and join stock with me,  
 " And the happy result you'll most certainly see."  
 The Pigeon delighted, with fluttering wing,  
 Melts his plate, sells his horses, his favourite ring ;  
 Unfurnishes cottage, and sleeps on the ground,  
 Is denied to his tailor, and brings his last pound,  
 Regretting there's nothing remaining unsold,  
 Since the stake is ensur'd to produce him tenfold.  
 Behold his high plumage, his triumphant air,  
 As to haunts of perdition you see him repair ;  
 He meets with his friend with a squeeze of the hand,  
 And at *rouge et noir* table he firm takes his stand,  
 All absorbed, scarcely eyeing the gambling crew.  
 The cards fly like lightning, he keeps them in view ;  
 " Red loses the colour ! "—the sound strikes his ear :  
 Red loses again,—and he shudders with fear.  
 The colour is changed—there's *an après*—what then ?  
 Why the colour he bets upon—loses again ;  
 The locks from his temples he's ready to rend ;  
 But he hopes for a moment. A wink from his friend

Encourages him on—then again—death and shame!  
 His luck on *each* colour continues the same;  
 Till his friend cries, “ dear Bob, our last shilling we lose;  
 “ I see, my dear fellow, ’tis all of no use; ”  
 Then indignant he throws down his purse in a rage,  
 And he acts disappointment as if on the stage;  
 Takes the arm of his friend, pallid, fault’ring, and weak,  
 And looks round at the bank with his tongue in his cheek:  
 ’Twas thus Paddy L——r, gay, frothy, and green,  
 Was ta’en in, though a Greek long his uncle had been;  
 For Greeks stick at nothing to gain their own ends,  
 And they sacrifice all their acquaintance and friends.  
 And thus luckless P—, to gain what he lost,  
 Put his faith in a Greek, which he knows to his cost;  
 Join’d a bank, as he thought, when the sly Greeking elf  
 Of a friend, soon contriv’d for to break it himself.  
 Ye credulous Pigeons! I would have ye beware  
 Of thus falling yourselves in a similar snare.  
 When your honesty totters, by interest blind,  
 And you purpose to bite, you’ll be bitten, you’ll find,  
 Whilst you’ll meet with no pity, and merit it less,  
 Since you meant to dishonour to owe your success.  
 When virtue’s unsullied, and fair is your name,  
 Turn your back on the crew, and avoid their foul blame;  
 The first loss is best, let it be great or small,  
 And the *cut* to regain it is—*cutting* them all.

\* \* \* \* \*

A youth just from college let loose on the town,  
 Meets the friend of his heart, whom at school he has known:  
 Ev’ry vein now expands with the glow of regard,  
 He unbosom’s each thought, ev’ry caution’s unbarr’d;  
 He tells his adventures, his hopes and his fears,  
 His fortune, the secrets of juvenile years;  
 Lives his childhood again, and ’s delighted to spend  
 A day of enchantment along with his friend;  
 Then he pledges the cup, with his friend by his side,  
 And drowns every care in the full purple tide.

Not so with his friend ; who, from playing the fool,  
 When he first enter'd college, or quitted the school,  
 Expense, and bad company, avarice, art,  
 Has chang'd ev'ry feeling, and poison'd his heart ;  
 No avenue's open which leads to the soul ;  
 Not even the impulse which springs from the bowl ;  
 When good fellows drinking, their sympathies blend,  
 And when wine makes each feel—he could die for his friend.  
 No—that sentiment's gone, it is long out of date,  
 'Tis unworthy the prudent, and scorn'd by the great.  
 Yet I joy to record, that not very long since,  
 I have seen such a feeling in breast of a *Princee*.  
 But the schoolfellow felt not that exquisite glow,  
 As the brief, and *true* sequel will easily show.  
 The friend who's become a contemptible *hack*  
 Of Jockeys experienc'd, and black legged pack.  
 Waits the moment, when now most unguarded appears,  
 The playmate almost of his infantine years ;  
 Gets a party to meet him, and, smiling the while,  
 Plucks the pigeon, and triumphs whilst parting the spoil.  
 Then the system of terror is sometimes employ'd  
 'Gainst the pigeons whose fortune and peace are destroy'd ;  
 And they menace his life, if he's backward to pay,  
 And perchance in a duel they take it away.  
 Thus the *robber to day*, to the pigeon's great sorrow,  
 Turns a *murd'rer* most foul on the dawn of to-morrow.  
 Or by bullying letters, and impudent strife,  
 The pigeon is frighten'd quite out of his life.

## TREGONVILLE FRAMPTON, ESQ.

THIS extraordinary character was born in the reign  
 of King Charles the First, when the sports of racing  
 commenced at Newmarket: he was Keeper of the  
 Running Horses to their Majesties William the Third,  
 Queen Anne, George the First, and George the Se-

cond, and died 12th March, 1727, aged 86 years. The most remarkable event in the lives of this gentleman and his horse Dragon, is most pathetically depicted by Dr. John Hawkesworth, (in No. 37 of the *Adventurer*) in the following words, supposed to be spoken by the horse in the Elysium of beasts and birds. "It is true, (replied the steed,) I was a favourite; but what evils it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity: my tyrant was a man who had gained a considerable fortune by play, particularly by racing. I had won him many large sums; but being at length excepted out of every match, as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet still I lived in ease and plenty; and as he was able to sell even my pleasure, though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared: I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I rushed into the field, panting for the conquest; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to one thousand guineas. Mr. —, the proprietor of the mare that I had distanced, notwithstanding this disgrace, declared with great zeal, that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world for double the sum: my master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him that he would, the next day, produce a gelding that should beat her; but what was my astonishment and indignation, when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify me



for the match upon the spot; and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service. As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound: the operation was performed, and I was instantly mounted, and spurred on to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge. I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and having again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life."

" ' When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion and blushed that I was a man.' "

#### SUFFERINGS OF THE POST-HORSE.

(*From BLOOMFIELD'S "Farmer's Boy."*)

COULD the poor Post-Horse tell thee all his woes—  
Show thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold  
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold!  
Hir'd at each call of business, lust, or rage.  
That prompt the trav'ller from stage to stage,  
Still on his strength depends their boasted speed.  
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed  
And though he, groaning, quickens at command,  
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand  
Becomes his bitter scourge—'tis he must feel  
The double efforts of the lash and steel,  
Till when, up hill, the destin'd inn he gains,  
And trembling under complicated pains,  
Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,  
His breath emitted floats in clouds around;  
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,  
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides;

Thro' his swollen veins the boiling torrent flows,  
And every nerve a separate torture knows.  
His harness loos'd, he welcomes, eager-eyed,  
The pail's full draught that quivers by his side;  
And joys to see the well-known stable-door,  
As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.

Ah! well for him, if here his suff'rings ceas'd,  
And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd!  
But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,  
And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,  
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,  
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,  
Come forth he must, tho' limping, maim'd, and sore;  
He hears the whip—the chaise is at the door;  
The collar tightens, and again he feels  
His half heal'd wounds inflam'd; again the wheels,  
With tiresome sameness, in his ears resound,  
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.

## CURIOUS MAP OF A SPORTSMAN.

THE late Mr. O'Kelly, well known to all the lovers of the turf, having, at a Newmarket meeting, proposed a considerable wager to a gentleman, who it seems had no knowledge of him; the stranger suspecting the challenge came from one of the black-legged fraternity, begged to know what security he would give for so large a sum, if he should lose, and where his estates lay. "O! by Jasus, my dear crater, I have the *map of them about me*, and here it is sure enough," said O'Kelly, pulling out a pocket-book, and giving unequivocal proofs of his property, by producing *bank notes* to a considerable amount.

## A CHARACTERISTIC EPIGRAPH.

AN old huntsman being on the point of death, requested his master would see a few legacies disposed of, as follows:—

“*Imprimis*, I give to the sexton, for digging my grave, my tobacco-box. *Item*, to the clerk, for two staves, my gin-bottle with silver top. *Item*, to our sporting parson, Dr. Dasher, my silver-mounted whip, with old Merrilass and her litter of puppies engraved, for a funeral sarment (if he can make one) on the following text—

‘Foxes have holes,’ &c.

“An’t, please your honour (he continued) I have made some varses too, to save the clerk the trouble, for my grave stone, if your honour will say something first about my birth, parentage, and education.” The gentleman promised, and he *died*.

Here lies

TIMOTHY FOX,

who was unkenelled

at seven o’clock, November 5th, 1768;

and having

availed himself of many shifts through the chase,

but at last not being able to get into any hole or crevice,

was run down

by CAPTAIN DEATH’S bloodhounds,

Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Catarrh, Asthma,

and Consumption.

---

FROM early youth I learnt to hoop and halloo,  
And o’er the Cotswold the sharp hound to follow;

Oft at the dawn I've seen the glorious sun,  
 Gang from the east till he his course had run.  
 I was the fam'd Mendoza of the field,  
 And to no huntsman would give in or yield;  
 And when it fancied me to make a push,  
 No daring Nimrod ever got the brush.  
 But all my life-time death has hunted me,  
 O'er hedge and gate, nor from him could I flee;  
 Now he has caught my brush, and in this hole  
 Earth my poor bones—" Farewell! thou flowing bowl,  
 Scented \* with Reynard's foot, for death my rum† hath stole.

#### SKETCH OF A SPORTSMAN OF THE LAST AGE.

THIS character, now worn out and gone, was the independent gentleman of three or four hundred pounds a year, who commonly appeared in his drab or plush coat, with large silver buttons, and rarely without boots. His time was principally spent in field amusements, and his travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and sessions, or to attend an election. A journey to London was by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies; and it was undertaken with scarcely less precaution and pre-

\* A custom with enthusiastic fox-hunters, to put a foot, or pad, of the fox killed into a bowl of punch; deduced, perhaps, from the unenlightened heroes amongst the ancient northern tribes, who thought the beverage more highly flavoured when drank out of the skin of their enemies. The writer of the present anecdote must confess, that he has carried his ardour more than once so far, as to immerse the foot of a fox recently killed in a bumper of port.

† His aquavitæ.

paration. At church, upon a Sunday, he always appeared, never played at cards but at Christmas, when he exchanged his usual beverage of ale, for a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster, or of red brick, striped with timber, called callimanco work, large casement bow window, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house were well inhabited by martins, and the court set round with holly-hocks and clipt yews; the hall was provided with flitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with fowling pieces and fishing-rods, of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partisan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars; the vacant spaces were occupied by stag's horns; in the window lay *Baker's Chronicle*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, *Glanvil on Witches*, *Quincy's Dispensatory*, *Bracken's Farriery*, and the *Gentleman's Recreation*; in this room, at Christmas, round a glowing fire, he entertained his tenants; here were told and heard exploits in hunting, and who had been the best sportsman of his time; and although the glass was in continual circulation, the traditionary tales of the village, respecting ghosts and witches, petrified them with fear; the best parlour which was never opened but on some particular occasion, was furnished with worked chairs and carpets, by some industrious female of the family, and the wainscot was decorated with portraits of his ancestors, and pictures of running horses and hunting pieces.

Among the out-offices of the house was a warm



stable for his horses, and a good kennel for his hounds; and near the gate was the horse-block, for the convenience of mounting.

But these men and their houses are no more; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country to become the humble dependents on great men, and to solicit a place or a commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house, until, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some nabob limb of the law, or contractor!

#### PORTRAIT OF A PROFESSED GAMBLER.

GOLDSMITH has observed, with much truth, that one half of the world are in complete ignorance how the other half obtain a livelihood. In London, for instance, the ways are so multiplied to procure money; the deceptions so numerous to deprive the unthinking part of society of their cash; and the plans, traps, and specious devices held out to excite the attention of mankind in general are so diversified, that a volume would not suffice to give even a mere outline of the talents displayed by the "children of *Chance*!" Singular, as it may seem to those persons unacquainted with the Sporting World, yet it is beyond dispute, that several men have by mere *card-playing*, and possessing the advantages of a *delicate hand*, obtained a competency: splendid fortunes have also been realized from an acquired knowledge of the transactions of the

*Turf* and *Horse-Racing*; and the dextrous use of the *mace* and *queue* have often produced such large sums of money as to render the downhill of life comfortable and independent to many adventurers. The following outline of a "Sporting Adventurer," may tend, in a great degree, to illustrate some of the above characters:—

DICK ENGLAND, otherwise *Captain* England, for modern courtesy admits Captains as well as Esquires, was *faber suæ fortunæ*, the architect of his own fortune, and during some years nearly at the head of his profession of *aventurier*, gambler, or black leg. A character with such requisites has not usually been neglected, either by ancient or modern biography. He was born in Ireland, of the lowest parentage, and was in the capacity of a journeyman cabinet-maker, at Dublin, when his determination first broke into activity, as an aspirant, to better his condition in life. In the Irish phrase to set up for a *jontleman*. His *débüt*, however, was not the most genteel or elevated; since, according to common report, it was that of a bully in the boxing line, and chiefly in the service of the fair-sex, to a certain class of which, his *Herculean* form and athletic constitution, rendered him peculiarly acceptable. He was considered a good racket player; and at *single stick* he had so much strength as to beat all his antagonists by downright ferocity. At one time, he had sixteen indictments preferred against him for assaults. He was said to have obtained considerable pugilistic renown at Dublin, and to have first crossed the Channel with views of rising in that profession, so

much encouraged in this country, in which he met an instant and total disappointment; his bulk and muscular powers, however great, being of themselves insufficient to form the complete boxer, independently of certain qualities of constitution in which the English pre-eminently excel. To use a vulgar, but most expressive phrase, DICK ENGLAND, a *milo*, and a conqueror at Dublin, was found in London to be *turkey*; his valour was not malleable or Hudibrastic; and if his sledge-fist could deal the most formidable and knock-down blows, his too *sensible flesh* could not bear the return of such; or, in the phrase of the ring, he was a *good giver*, but a *bad taker*. A true Irishman, like his still more renowned competitor, Dennis O'Kelly, *England* still remained in the honourable service, although he found it necessary to relinquish all pretensions to the fist.

According to early chronicles, he first served as a protector, in language less courtly, but more significant, as *bully*, at a house of accommodation near Charing Cross. From the above introduction into life, and its usual indispensable concomitants, *all-fours*, *put*, *whist*, and the *tables*, the gradation of our candidate for gentility towards the turf, was easy and in course. He is reported to have passed his probationary term in that mystical profession, with consummate prudence and caution, indeed his characteristics; and there is no doubt, but he ultimately acquired a proficiency in the science of betting, and the profitable arrangement of his account, equal to that of any *professional sportsman* of his time; he moreover,

by dint of sedulous observation, attained considerable knowledge of the race-horse, and the practical business of the course; branches with which mere betters seldom concern themselves, holding the opinion, generally, that in a race, far more depends on the state of the proprietor's betting account, than on the qualities of the horse. ENGLAND, however, made little use of his skill as a jockey, very seldom *training* a horse, but contented himself with betting and *hazard*, in which his success was eminent, and his conduct amongst the men of rank and family with whom he had the opportunity to associate professionally, was so guarded and gentlemanly, that he was held in general respect.

The Golden Cross, Charing Cross, was his usual place of resort, where he was continually upon the look out for raw Irishmen coming by the coaches to London, who ultimately were *plucked* by him. From his rapid success he soon left an obscure lodging to take up his residence in an elegant house in St. Alban's Street, and had various masters to teach him the polite arts; by which means he obtained a smattering of the French language.

The period of his life now alluded to lies between the years 1779 and 1783, when he kept a good house and table in London, and was probably at the summit of his fortune. If recollection serve faithfully, he then sported his *vis-a-vis*, and was remarkably choice in the hackneys he rode, giving as high as eighty or ninety guineas for a horse, a price, perhaps, equal to two hundred at the present time. In those days, Jack

Munday's coffee-house, Round Court, in the Strand, was one of the chief houses of resort for men of the betting persuasion; and there might be found in the evening, O'Kelly, England, Hull, the Clarkes, Tetherington, and most others of turf repute, ready to lay money to any amount, or to *accommodate* those that required it with a bet on either side of the question. The company were also habitually amused with the exhaustless fund of racing anecdote and saturnine *bizarre* humours of Old Medley. It was here that a big butcher challenged England as being a thief, and reflected on his origin: the latter, without any hesitation, beat the butcher almost to a jelly, and compelled him to acknowledge he had asserted a lie. England soon got into high play, but not into good company.

There was, on certain days, an ordinary at four o'clock, at which England shone in his most brilliant colours as a companion, and generally as a president. On these occasions his manner was polite and conciliating, and his conversation shrewd and intelligent, evincing that meritorious industry which he had used to make amends for his defect of education; the semblance of which he often affected, by the introduction in conversation of the classical words Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Nereids, and Dryads. He was sometimes the hero of his own tale, and unguardedly exposed traits of nature in his character, which his acquired prudence and command of temper (his *forte*) in general, enabled him to conceal.

He related to us one evening, *con amore*, his dock-



*ing* a defaulter in payment, and a delinquent of another description. A certain young tradesman met him one evening, at a house in Leicester Fields, in order to have an hour or two's diversion, at rattling the bones. England lost some three or four score pounds, for which he gave his draft upon Hankey, the banker. Having persuaded his antagonist to give him his revenge, luck thenceforth turned, and England not only won his money back, but as much more in addition, and it being late, desired to retire, requesting the other party to follow his example, to give the cash or a check upon his banker, for the money which he had lost. This the tradesman resolutely refused, on plea that he had been tricked, and that the money had not been fairly won. England once more demanded the money, which, being still refused, he tripped up the young man's heels, rolled him up in the carpet, and snatching a case-knife from the side-board, cut off his long hair close to the scalp. This violent action and menacing attitude of England flourishing the knife, and not sparing the most deep-toned imprecations, had such an effect upon the young man in the stillness of past three o'clock in the morning, that he arose and with the meekness of a lamb, wrote a draft for the amount of his loss, took his leave civilly, wishing the Captain a good morning, and never mentioned the circumstance, though he frequently saw England.

His other similar exploit was upon George Mahon, a noted man upon the town, and the friend of an actress and singer of considerable celebrity at that period. Captain England, it seemed, had translated a

great fat cook from his kitchen to better living, at the head of his table, at which Mahon was a frequent visitor, and in a few weeks the woman actually eloped with him. It was impossible to conceal this from the prying eyes and inquiries of England, who yet dissembled so well as to persuade Mahon, on the pretence of a trotting match, to meet him at an inn at Barnet, where, having previously prepared himself with an excellent knife, he threw the amorous delinquent on the floor, and cutting off his *queue* close to his head, he then kicked him out of doors, with the most contemptuous reproaches. Said England, on this occasion, (in the hearing of the writer,) "*Had it been my wife, I could have forgiven him, but to seduce my w——, it was not to be endured.*"

By England's constant attendance at the tennis courts, billiard tables, &c. he became intimately acquainted with the most noted black legs on the town, particular Jack Teth—on, Bob W—r, Tom H—ll, Capt. O'Kelly, &c. who found England a necessary auxiliary, as at *landing a dye*\* England shone unrivalled. But his *despatches* turned to his greatest emolument, as he would often swear, "by J——s! there is nothing *aqual* to a few pigeons with a pair of despatches." The *slip*, the *bridge*, the *brief*, &c. he was also expert at, as nature had been prolific in giving him a very large hand, and of course a pack of cards could be very easily concealed.

\* A cant phrase for dice, that have just so many spots, that are not regularly marked, but, are so numbered that the thrower cannot possibly lose.

England quarrelled at Newmarkmet with a *gentleman* of black-leg fame about their *honesty*: the former accusing him of having loaded dice always in his pocket, the black-leg in return, swore, "that if he had, he knew who made them for England."

Mr. Blomberg, of Yorkshire, used to relate the following anecdote. Being at York, in the race week, he after supper proposed to his brother-in-law, Mr. Maynard, to put ten pounds to his, and they would go to *hell* (the hazard table) and sport it: the proposal being acceded to, the two gentlemen sallied out, inquiring where *hell* was kept this year; a sharp boy (for there are few flats in York) answered them, "It is kept at the *clerk's* of the minster, in the minster-yard, next the church."

On being admitted into this *honourable* and *pious* house, they found England, at the head of 13 black legs, who observed, "he had been playing for some hours, and had had such a run of bad luck, that he must sell his horse, and go to the *big city* in the basket of the York Fly: but make up ten pounds among you, and break me at once." Mr. B. put down a ten pound note, and England, threw calling "7 is the main; if 7 or 11 is thrown next, the *caster* wins:" but Dick made a blunder, and threw 12; the truth was, he had *landed* at 6, and the die he threw did not answer his hopes; it should have been a five to have made 11; and though five squares out of the six were dotted with 5 spots each, yet our hero had the mortification to lose his bet; yet he with matchless effrontery, swore he called 6 instead of 7: but Mr.

B. and his friend, insisting he called 7, they at last agreed to abide by the decision of the majority, when thirteen *honest gemmen* voted for England, and Mr. B. and his brother were obliged to leave their money to be *shared* among this group of *worthies*.

It is related of England, that, in company with several other gamblers, he procured a Frenchman to play booty at tennis, by which means a Mr. Damer lost 44,000 guineas, which operated so powerfully on his mind, that he blew out his brains with a pistol.

England was always on the *look-out* for a *customer*, and never gave a *chance* away, as the following anecdote evinces. The former being at Scarborough, observed a chaise drive into the town, and the necessary inquiries made to ascertain his name, &c. England soon found means to introduce himself to Mr. Dunn, accompanied him to the rooms, and as Mr. D. was by himself, England invited him to supper, and, with two associates, ultimately made him drunk. Mr. D. however, resisted all importunities to *play*; but the triumvirate to save appearances, lest any *improper* questions were asked the waiter, played for five or six minutes, and then they each marked a card thus:—"Dunn owes me a hundred guineas."—"Dunn owes me eighty guineas." England, being the principal, marked his card, by way of *finessing* it completely, "I owe Dunn thirty guineas." The waiter touched five guineas for *lush* money, and the party broke up.

In the course of the next day, England met Mr. Dunn on the Cliff.—"Well, Sir, how do you do, after your night's regale—upon my conscience we were all



very merry." "Yes," replied the *dove*, "we were indeed, Sir, and I hope I did not offend, for Bacchus, and the fatigue of travelling, prevailed rather too powerfully." England, with a smile, "Not at all, Sir;" and presented him with a thirty guinea banker's note, payable to R. England, Esq.; saying, "I lost this sum to you last night—put it in your pocket, and I hope I shall have better luck another time." Dunn stared, positively denied having played for a shilling; but *England* assured him, upon his *honour*, he had; observing that he had paid hundreds to gentlemen when in liquor, that knew nothing of the matter till he showed them his account. Mr. Dunn thus *fell into the trap* laid for him, and being a *novice* put the note into his pocket, thinking *England* the most upright man he ever met with.—Shortly after Mr. *England's* friends presented their cards, Mr. Dunn, thunder-struck with their demand, averred he never played with them; and, indeed, he did not know of his playing at all, but that Captain *England*, very much to his credit, had paid him thirty guineas, though he did not remember a circumstance of a card or dice being in the room. George Brereton replied, with great warmth, "Sir, it is the first time my *honour* was ever doubted; Captain *England* and the waiter will tell you I won 100 guineas of you, though I was a great loser by the night's play." Mr. Dunn, with his usual moderation, said, "Sir, I shall have the pleasure to see you at the coffee-house to-morrow morning, and I make no doubt but every thing will be amicably settled. The above *trick* was soon blown; the waiter,



on being strictly interrogated, confessed they were all *black legs*; and Mr. Dunn sent a letter to *England*, enclosing the draft for 30 guineas, and adding five more to pay the expenses of the supper. Upon the receipt of this letter, *England* and his companions made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough.

A volume of sporting anecdotes are told concerning this distinguished *gambler*, but the most material and serious incident of *England's* life, was his duel with Mr. Le Rowles, a brewer, at Kingston; and which circumstance compelled him to fly this country, and become a fugitive in a foreign land for several years. Mr. Le Rowles was the intimate friend of *England*, but having lost a large sum at hazard, he put off the payment from time to time, till *England* arrested him on his bond, which produced a duel, and ended in the death of Mr. Le Rowles. Upon *England's* hurrying off from the ground, he was met by an old friend, who inquired of him the cause of his great haste, when he replied,—“By Jasus, I have shot a man, and must be after making myself scarce.”

*England* reached the continent, in safety, and being *outlawed*, thenceforth resided at Paris, subsisting, as was understood, in his usual profession, but with what degree of success was not known. On the breaking out of the revolution—a report has always been current, that he furnished the heads of our army with some valuable intelligence, in its celebrated campaign in Flanders; and that as a remuneration, his return to this country was smoothed, with the addition of an

annuity, or of a sum of money adequate to such a privilege.

During his residence in France, he was several times in prison, and once sentenced to be *guillotined*, but got pardoned, through the interest of a member of the Convention, who also procured a passport for him, by which means he got back to this kingdom. It may be said, that he had a very narrow escape, for, before he received his pardon, he had been *terrified by the arrival of the executioner!*

England was tried, after an absence of 12 years, before Mr. Justice Rook, on Feb. 18, 1796, for the murder of the above gentleman, which took place on June 18, 1784, at Cranford Bridge. He was found guilty of manslaughter, fined one shilling, and sentenced to 12 months imprisonment. The Marquis of Hertford, the late Mr. Whitbread, M.P. Col. Bishopp, Col. Woolaston, Mr. Breton, and Lord Derby: all of these gentlemen spoke of England as a well behaved man, and Lord Derby added, that Mr. England's behaviour at the races, where this unfortunate quarrel happened, was more temperate and moderate than his Lordship himself should have been from the provocation that he received.

England, during his trial, conducted himself with the manners of a gentleman; but the latter part of his life was passed in obscurity at his residence in Leicester Square, and he was found dead on his sofa on being called to dinner. He was about 80 years of age.

## THE PHEASANT.

CLOSE by the borders of the fringed lake,  
And on the oak's expanding bough is seen ;  
What time the leaves the passing zephyrs shake,  
And sweetly murmur thro' the sylvan scene,

The gaudy pheasant, rich with varying dyes,  
That fade alternate, and alternate glow ;  
Receiving now his colours from the skies,  
And now reflecting back the wat'ry bow,

He flaps his wings, erects his spotted crest,  
His flaming eyes dart forth a piercing ray ;  
He swells the lovely plumage of his breast,  
And glares a wonder on the orient day.

Ah ! what avails such heav'nly plumes as thine,  
When dogs and sportsmen in thy ruin join.

## EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF A DRAUGHT HORSE.

AN unparalleled instance of the power of a horse, when assisted by art, was shown near Croydon. The Surrey Iron Rail-way, being completed, and opened for the carriage of goods all the way from Wandsworth to Merstham, a bet was made between two gentlemen, that a common horse could draw 36 tons for six miles along the road, and that he should draw his weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road.

A number of gentlemen assembled near Merstham to witness this extraordinary triumph of art. Twelve waggons loaded with stones, each waggon weighing above three tons, were chained together, and a horse taken procured from the timber cart of Mr. Harwood, was

yoked into the team. He started from near the Fox public-house, and drew the immense chain of waggons with apparent ease to near the turnpike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-one minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour. In the course of this time he stopped four times, to show that it was not by the impetus of the descent that the power was acquired—and after each stoppage he drew off the chain of waggons from a dead rest. Having gained his wager, Mr. Banks, the gentleman who laid the bet, directed four more loaded waggons to be added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power. And still further to show the effect of the rail-way in facilitating motion, he directed the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, to mount on the waggons, and the horse proceeded without the least distress; and in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial, the waggons were taken to the weighing machine, and it appeared that the whole weight was as follows:—

	tons.	cwt.	qrs.
12 Waggons, first linked together, weighed	38	4	2
4 Ditto, afterwards attached - - - -	13	2	0
Supposed weight of fifty labourers - - -	4	0	0
	<hr/>		
	Tons	55	6 2

#### GOOD HOUNDS.

PETER BECKFORD, Esq. having heard of a small pack of beagles to be disposed of in Derbyshire, sent his coachman (the person he could then best spare) to fetch them. It was a long journey, and the man, not

having been used to hounds, had some trouble in getting them along; besides, it unfortunately happened, that they had not been out of the kennel for many weeks before, and were so riotous, that they ran after every thing they saw; sheep, cur-dogs, and birds of all sorts, as well as hare and deer, had been his amusement all the way along. However, he lost but one hound: and when Mr. Beckford asked him what he thought of them, he replied—“They could not fail of being good hounds, for they would hunt *any thing*!”

## SINGULAR STRATAGEM OF A FOX.

SOME gentlemen being a hunting in Derbyshire, found a fox in good style, went away with him, and had a severe run of two hours and a half, when the hounds came to a sudden check. After trying for a quarter of an hour to no purpose, one of the old hounds ran up to a dead sheep, (which appeared to have been recently killed) and could not be prevented smelling about it, and sometimes biting it. Every one was surprised at this, till the dog absolutely gave tongue, and the whole pack came up, and tore the sheep to pieces in a moment. But what was their astonishment, when Reynard himself appeared, covered with the blood and entrails of the sheep? He was of course immediately killed.

It seems, that running through a flock of sheep, and fading himself very hard pushed, and unable to go much farther, he had killed one, ripped open its belly, and secreted himself within, as the only means of saving his life.



## TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

*A Sporting Satirical Effusion, attributed to the pen of*  
MR. T. MOORE.

[Account of a Grand Pugilistic Meeting, held at Belcher's, (Castle Tavern, Holborn) TOM CRIB in the Chair, to take into consideration the propriety of sending Representatives of the Fancy to Congress. — Extracted from a letter written on the occasion by Harry Harmer, the Hammerer, to Ned Painter.]

LAST Friday night a *bang-up* set  
Of *milling blades* at Belcher's met;  
All high-bred Heroes of *the Ring*,  
Whose very *gammon* would delight one;  
Who, nurs'd beneath *The Fancy's* wing,  
Show all her *feathers*—but the *white one*.

Brave TOM, the Champion, with an air  
Almost *Corinthian*, took the Chair;  
And kept the *Coves* in quiet tune,  
By showing such a *fist of mutton*,  
As, on a point of order, soon  
Would take the *shine* from Speaker Sutton.  
And all the lads look'd gay and bri/  
And *gin* and *genius* flash'd about,  
And whosoe'er grew unpolite,  
The well-bred Champion *serv'd him out*.

As we'd been summon'd thus, to quaff  
Our *Deady* o'er some State Affairs,  
Of course we mix'd not with the *raff*,  
But had the *Sunday room*, up stairs.  
And when we well had *sluic'd* our *gobs*,  
'Till all were in *prime twig* for *chatter*,  
TOM rose, and to our learned *nobs*  
Propounded thus th' important matter:—

"Gemmen," says he—Tom's words, you know,  
 Come, like his *hitting*, strong but slow—  
 "Seeing as how those *Swells*, that made  
 "Old Boney quit the *hammering* trade,  
 "(All Prime Ones in their own conceit),  
 "Will shortly at the CONGRESS meet—  
 "(Some place that's like the FINISH, lads,  
 "Where all your high pedestrian *pads*,  
 "That have been *up* and *out* all night,  
 "Running their *rigs* among the *rattlers*,  
 "At morning meet, and,—honour bright,—  
 "Agree to share the *blunt* and *tatlers*!)  
 "Seeing as how, I say, these *Swells*  
 "Are soon to meet, by special summons,  
 "To chime together, like '*hell's bells*,'  
 "And laugh at all mankind, as *rum ones*—  
 "I see no reason, when such things  
 "Are going on among these Kings.  
 "Why *We*, who're of the *Fancy lay*,  
 "As *dead hands* at a *mill* as they,  
 "And quite *us* ready, *after* it,  
 "To share the spoil and *grab* the *bit*,  
 "Should not be there, to *join* the *chat*,  
 "To see, at least, what fun they're at,  
 "And help their Majesties to find  
 "New modes of *punishing* mankind.  
 "What say you, lads? is any spark  
 "Among you ready for a *lark*  
 "To this same Congress?—Caleb, Joe,  
 "Bill, Bob, what say you? yes, or no?"

Thus spoke the Champion, prime of men,  
 And loud and long we *cheer'd* his *prattle*  
 With shouts, that thunder'd through the *ken*,  
 And made Tom's *Sunday tea-things* rattle!  
 A pause ensued—'till cries of "Gregson,"  
 Brought Bob, the Poet, on his legs soon—

(My eyes, how prettily Bob writes !  
 Talk of your *Camels*, *Hogs*, and *Crabs*,  
 And twenty more such *Pidcock* frights—  
 Bob's worth a hundred of these *dabs* :  
 For a short *turn up* at a sonnet,  
 A *round* of odes, or pastoral *bout*,  
 All *Lombard-street* to *nine-pence* on it,  
 Bobby's the boy would *clean* them out !)  
 " *Gemmen*," says he—(Bob's eloquence  
 Lies much in C—nn—g's line, 'tis said,  
 For, when Bob can't afford us *sense*,  
 He *tips* us *poetry*, instead—)  
 " *Gemmen*, before I touch the matter,  
 " On which I'm here *had up* for *patter*,  
 " A few short words I first must spare,  
 " To him, the *HERO*, that sits there,  
 " *Swigging Blue Ruin*, in that chair.  
 " (*Hear, hear*)—His fame I need not tell,  
 " For *that*, my friends, all England's loud with ;  
 " But this I'll say, a *civiller Swell*  
 " I'd never wish to *blow a cloud* with !"  
 At these brave words, we, ev'ry one,  
 Sung out "hear—hear"—and clapp'd like *fun*.  
 For knowing how, on Moulsey's plain,  
 The Champion *fibb'd* the *POET's nob*,  
 This *buttering-up* against the grain,  
 We thought was *curs'd* genteel in Bob.  
 And, here again, we may remark  
 Bob's likeness to the Lisbon Jobber,  
 For though, all know, that *flashy spark*  
 From C—st—r—gh receiv'd a *nobber*,  
 That made him look like *sneaking Jerry*,  
 And *laid him up* in ordinary ;  
 Yet now, such *loving pals* are they,  
 That Georgy, wiser as he's older,  
 Instead of *facing C—st—r—gh*,  
 Is proud to be his *bottle-holder* !

But to return to Bob's harangue,  
 'Twas deuced fine—no *slum* or *slang*,  
 But such as you could *smoke* the bard in,—  
 All full of *flowers*, like Common Garden,  
 With *lots* of *figures*, neat and bright,  
 Like Mother Salmon's—wax-work quite !

The next was Turner—*nobbing* Ned,  
 Who put his right leg forth, and said,  
 " Tom, I admire your motion much ;  
     " And, *pleuse the pigs*, if well and hearty,  
 " I somehow thinks I'll *have a touch*  
     " Myself at this said Congress party.  
 " Though *no great shakes* at learned *chat*,  
     " If settling Europe be the *sport*,  
 " They'll find I'm just the boy for that,  
     " As *tipping settlers* is my *forte* !"

Then, up rose Ward, the veteran Joe,  
 And, 'twixt his whiffs, suggested briefly,  
 That but a *few*, at first, should go,  
     And those, the *light-weight Gemmen* chiefly ;  
 As if too many "*Big ones*" went,  
 They might *alarm the Continent* !

Joe added, then, that, as 'twas known  
 The R—g—t, bless his wig ! had shown  
 A taste for Art (like Joey's own)  
 And meant, 'mong other sporting things,  
 To have the heads of all those Kings,  
 And conqu'rors, whom he loves so dearly,  
 Taken off—on *canvas*, merely ;  
 God forbid the *other mode* !—  
 He (Joe) would from his own abode,  
 (The *Dragon*—fam'd for *Fancy* works,  
 Drawings of Heroes, and of—*corks*)  
 Furnish such *Gemmen* of the *Fist*,  
 As would complete the R—g—t's list,

"Thus, Champion Tom," said he, "would look  
 "Right well, hung up beside the *Duke*—  
 "Tom's noddle being (if its *frame*  
 "Had but the *gilding*) much the same—  
 "And, as a partner for *Old Blu*,  
 "Bill Gibbons or *myself* would do."

Loud cheering at this speech of Joey's—  
 Who, as the *Dilettanti* know, is  
 (With all his other learned parts)  
 Down as a *hammer* to the Arts!

Old Bill, the Black\*—you know him, Neddy—  
 (With *mug*, whose hue the ebon shames,  
 Reflected in a pint of *Deady*,  
 Like a huge collier in the Thames)  
 Though somewhat *cut*, just begg'd to say  
 He hoped that *Swell*, Lord C—st—r—gh,  
 Would show the *lily-whites* fair play;  
 "And not, as once he did, " says Bill,  
 "Among those Kings, so high and *squirish*,  
 "Leave us, poor blacks, to fare as ill,  
 "As though we were but pigs, or—Irish!"

Bill Gibbons, rising, wish'd to know  
 Whether 'twas meant *his Bull* should go—  
 "As should their Majesties be dull,"  
 Says Bill, "there's nothing like a Bull :  
 "And *blow me tight*"—(Bill Gibbons ne'er  
 In all his days was known to swear,  
 —Except light oaths, to grace his speeches,  
 Like "dash my wig," or "burn my breeches!")  
 "Blow me—"

—Just then, the Chair,† already  
 Grown rather *lively* with the *Deady*,

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Richmond.

† From the respect which I bear to *all sorts* of dignitaries, and my unwillingness to meddle with the "imputed weaknesses of the great," I have been induced to suppress the remainder of this detail.



## EXTRAORDINARY EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCES.

ONE of the earliest in the order of time, in this country, occurred in the year 1604, in the reign of James I. when John Lepton, Esq. of Kenwick, in Yorkshire, who was one of his Majesty's grooms, undertook to ride five times between London and York, from Monday morning till Saturday night. He accordingly set out from St. Martin's-le-Grand, between two and three in the morning of the 26th of May, and arrived at York on the same day, between five and six in the afternoon; rested there that night, and the next day returned to St. Martin's-le-Grand, about seven in the evening, where he staid till about three o'clock the next morning. He reached York, a second time, about seven at night, from whence he set off again for London about three in the morning, and reached London between seven and eight. He set off again for York between two and three in the morning following, and getting there between seven and eight at night, completed his undertaking in five days. On the Monday following he left York, and came to his Majesty's court at Greenwich, as fresh and as cheerful as when he first set out.

In the year 1619, on the 17th of July, one Bernard Calvert, of Andover, rode from St. George's church, Southwark, to Dover, from thence passed by barge to Calais, in France, and from thence back to St. George's church, the same day; setting out about three o'clock in the morning, and returning about eight in the evening, fresh and hearty.

In 1701, Mr. Sinclair, a gentleman, of Kirby Lonsdale, in Cumberland, for a wager of five hundred guineas, rode a galloway of his, on the Swift, at Carlisle, a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours.

In 1745, Mr. Cooper Thornhill, master of the Bell Inn, at Stilton, in Huntingdonshire, made a match, for a considerable sum, to ride three times between Stilton and London. He was allowed as many horses as he pleased, and to perform it in fifteen hours. He accordingly started on Monday, April 29, 1745, and rode

	h.	m.	sec.
From Stilton to Shoreditch church, London			
(71 miles) in - - - - -	3	52	59
From London to Stilton, in - - - - -	3	50	57
From Stilton to London, in - - - - -	3	49	56

Which was two hundred and thirteen miles in eleven hours, thirty-three minutes, and fifty-two seconds; and three hours, twenty-six minutes, and eight seconds within the time allowed him.

On Wednesday, June 27, 1759, Jenison Shafto, Esq. performed a match against time, on Newmarket Heath; the conditions of which were, he was to ride fifty miles (having as many horses as he pleased) in two successive hours, which he accomplished with ten horses, in one hour, forty-nine minutes and seventeen seconds.

In 1761, a match was made between Jenison Shafto and Hugo Meynel, Esqrs. for two thousand guineas; Mr. Shafto to get a person to ride one hundred miles a day (on any one horse each day) for twenty-nine

days together; to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine. The person chose by Mr. Shafto was Mr. John Woodcock, who started on Newmarket-Heath, the 4th of May, 1761, at one o'clock in the morning, and finished (having used only fourteen horses) on the first of June, about six in the evening.

On Tuesday, August the 14th, 1773, at thirty-five minutes past ten in the evening, was determined a match between Thomas Walker's, Esq. hackney gelding and Captain Adam Hay's road mare, to go from London to York. Mr. Walker rode his horse, and Captain Mulcaster rode for Mr. Hay. They set out from Portland Street, London, and Captain Mulcaster, with the winning mare, arrived at Ouse-bridge, York, in forty hours, and thirty-five minutes. Mr. Walker's horse tired within six miles of Tadcaster, and died the next day. The mare drank twelve bottles of wine during her journey, and on the following Thursday was so well as to take her exercise on Knaves-mire.

The last week in September, 1781, a great match of four hundred and twenty miles in one whole week, was rode over Lincoln two-mile course, and won by Richard Hanstead, of Lincoln, and his famous grey horse, with great ease, having three hours and a half to spare.

October the 15th, 1783, Samuel Haliday, a butcher of Leeds, undertook for a bet of ten pounds, to ride from Leeds to Rochdale, from thence to York, and back again to Leeds (one hundred and ten miles) in twenty hours. He started at ten o'clock at night,

upon a slender mare not fourteen hands high; and though he rode above fourteen stone, he finished his journey with ease, in less than eighteen hours.

December 29th, 1786, Mr. Hull's horse Quibbler, run a match for a thousand guineas, twenty-three miles in one hour, round the Flat at Newmarket, which he performed in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds.

August 15th, 1792. To decide a wager of fifty pounds, between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Brewer of Stamford, the latter gentleman's horse, Labourer, ran twenty times round the race ground (exactly a mile) at Preston, in fifty-four minutes.

In October 1791, at the Curragh meeting in Ireland, Mr. Wilde, a sporting gentleman, made bets to the amount of two thousand guineas, to ride against time, viz. one hundred and twenty-seven English miles in nine hours. On the 6th of October he started, in a valley near the Curragh course, where two miles were measured, in a circular direction: each time he encompassed the course it was regularly marked. During the interval of changing horses, he refreshed himself with a mouthful of brandy and water, and was no more than six hours and twenty-one minutes, in completing the one hundred and twenty-seven miles; of course he had two hours and thirty-five minutes to spare.—Mr. Wilde had no more than ten horses, but they were all blood, and from the stud of ——— Daley, Esq.—Whilst on horseback, without allowing any thing for changing of horses, he rode at the rate of twenty miles an hour, for six hours. He was so little

fatigued with this extraordinary performance, that he was at the Turf Club-House, in Kildare, the same evening.

The expedition of the express, with the account of the drawing of the Irish lottery, for 1792, has never yet been equalled, as will appear from the following road bill of the third day's express, Nov. 15, 1792.

	m.	h.	m.
Holyhead to Birmingham - - -	163½	in	11 45
Birmingham to Stratford upon Avon - -	23½		2 4
Stratford upon Avon to London - -	105		7 45
	292		21 34

October the 14th, 1791, a trotting match took place on the Romford road, between Mr. Bishop's brown mare 18 years old, and Mr. Green's chesnut gelding, six years old, twelve stone each, for fifty guineas a side; which was won with ease by Mr. Bishop's mare. They were to trot sixteen miles, which the mare performed in fifty-six minutes and some seconds.

#### AN EPISTLE FROM ECLIPSE TO KING FERGUS.

“DEAR SON,

“I SET out last week from Epsom, and am safe arrived in my new stables at this place. My situation may serve as a lesson to man: I was once the fleetest horse in the world, but old age has come upon me, and wonder not, *King Fergus*, when I tell thee, I was drawn in a carriage from Epsom to Cannons, being unable to walk even so short a journey. Every horse, as well as every dog, has his day; and I have had mine. I have outlived two worthy masters, the late



Duke of Cumberland, that bred me, and the Colonel with whom I have spent my best days; but I must not repine, I am now caressed, not so much for what I can do, but for what I have done; and with the satisfaction of knowing that my present master will never abandon me to the fate of the *high mettled racer!*"

"I am glad to hear, my grandson, Honest Tom performs so well in Ireland, and trust that he, and the rest of my progeny, will do honour to the name of their grandsire."

"*Cannons, Middlesex.*"

"ECLIPSE."

"P. S. Myself, *Dungannon, Volunteer, and Virtumnus*, are all here.—Compliments to the Yorkshire horses."

#### HIS MAJESTY AS A SPORTSMAN.

A RETROSPECT of the sporting career of this illustrious character, renowned for his personal worth, intrinsic merit, and transcendant greatness, must be highly gratifying to all the lovers of the chase, particularly as it must call to their recollection, that a few years ago, the FIRST MAN in the kingdom, was to the sporting world in general a complete model for imitation. Innately superior to all the little arts of affectation and fashionable duplicity, he personally entered into, and for a length of time happily enjoyed all the pleasures of rationality, all the comforts of society, without a prostitution of judgment, or a degradation of dignity.

The most distinguishing trait in his Majesty's character, as a sportsman, was an invariable attachment

to the chase, in which "he bore his blushing honours thick about him;" and held out to many of the ostentatious sprigs of aristocracy who surrounded him, a most glorious and ineffable example of affability, politeness, and paternal affection. In the field he was more than a KING, by giving the most condescending and unequivocal proofs that his wish was then to be considered only as a *man*; and by fostering under every proper and respectful distinction (that subordination could dictate, and unsullied loyalty happily feel) the truly ecstatic sensation of personal equalization with his own subjects, of whose affection he had continual proofs, and from whom he was conscientiously and exultingly convinced he had nothing to fear. Before and after, as well as during the chase, he entered into all its varieties with the great number of private gentlemen who constantly attended, and to each individual of whom he paid the most marked civilities. Innumerable proofs of this distinguishing trait might be adduced, but a few will suffice upon the present occasion.

During the indisposition of the late Lord Spencer Hamilton, it was his Majesty's custom to inquire of his surgeon (who constantly hunted) the state of his lordship's health; when, being informed "that it was thought somewhat improved by Dr. Blenkinsop, of Reading, who had been with him all night," his Majesty expressed himself highly pleased with the kind attention of the doctor to his patient, adding, at the same time, in the hearing of the whole field, that his conduct was very different to the London physicians,

whose constant practice it was to alight from their chariots, ask a few trifling questions, write their prescriptions, receive their fee, and then bid you good morning. This observation was thought the more extraordinary, as it was made immediately after his own personal experience, and a certain eminent M.D. was then in actual attendance, and positively in the line of hearers, when the remark was so *emphatically* made.

On another occasion, when a Mr. Parry, of Beaconsfield, sustained a very severe injury by a most dreadful fall from his horse, almost at the very moment the hounds were seizing the stag, near Hannikin's Lodge, and was for many moments supposed to be dead, his Majesty, with a tenderness so peculiarly evident to him, sat on his horse at a few yards distance, during the operation of bleeding upon the open heath; the present Lord Sandwich (then Lord Hinchinbroke) bringing repeated injunctions to the surgeon from his Majesty, that Mr. P. should be taken home to the house of the practitioner, without adverting at all to the expense, which should be amply compensated, under the instructions of the master of the stag-hounds; a matter that was afterwards obliterated with the most princely liberality.

It is much to be lamented (and by the sporting world in particular) that a calamitous affliction—an affliction which, of all others, places those who are the victims to it, in a situation truly pitiable—has so long denied his Majesty the pursuit of those innocent pleasures and salutary gratifications. After his first illness, it was fondly hoped, by a grateful nation, that

this beloved monarch would again resume those diversions, in which he was fitted to shine with peculiar lustre; but, alas! he resumed them for only a short time; being, from the repeated attacks of his calamity, obliged to decline them altogether.

Although no attachment to the pleasures of the turf were discernible, his Majesty never, till indisposition obliged him, omitted the honour of his annual visit (with his whole family) to the races at Ascot Heath, at which place he gives a plate of 100 guineas, to be run for on the *first day*, by such horses as have regularly hunted with his own hounds the preceding winter; and this race he was always observed more particularly to enjoy, as he was known not only to be attentive to the perfections of each horse, but to analyze minutely their qualifications, during their exertions in the chase. Though these races have been deprived of the presence of his Majesty, for the reason above assigned, they are generally honoured by a visit from the Royal Family.

Such has been the sporting character of this illustrious Monarch, whose many other qualifications have long been the theme of general admiration, and whose numerous virtues have not only attracted special notice, but will render his name and memory dear to posterity—

“To arts, as arms, thy genius led the way

“And the glad olive mingled with the bay :

“Of social life too—thine the faultless plan,

“Foes warmed to friends, and man acknowledg'd man :

“Fair times! when monarchy is happiness ;

“When rule is freedom, and when power can bless !”



## ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

HIS Royal Highness was many years resident at Clifden-House, in the county of Bucks; and being very fond of shooting, he gave orders for breeding a great number of pheasants and partridges, that when they came to proper maturity they might be liberated, on purpose to afford his Royal Highness amusement in the shooting season: by which means the neighbouring woods and fields were most plentifully stored with game.

It happened that a clergyman, whose name was Bracegirdle, resided in the neighbourhood with a large family, upon a small curacy, and being an excellent shot, thought there was no harm in lessening the game, towards the support of himself and his family: the Prince being apprised of it, sent an express command to him not to destroy the game, for that he would, in due time, consider him and his family. The mandate was punctually obeyed at that time, the parson laid by his gun, and every thing seemingly promised no further encroachment.

The ensuing season, his Royal Highness being out on a shooting party in the neighbourhood, heard the report of a gun at no great distance from him; orders were immediately given to find out the party, and bring them before his Royal Highness: who should approach but Parson Bracegirdle; and having approached his Royal Highness, the Prince (with his usual good nature) asked him what diversion he had met with; to which he replied, some little; but pray (said the Prince)



what have you got in your hawking bag? let us see the contents. The parson then drew out a fine cock pheasant and two brace of partridges. Very fine (said the Prince); but did I not command you to forbear destroying the game? The parson, very sensible of the breach he had been guilty of, most humbly besought his Royal Highness's forgiveness, alleging, that the beauty of the morning invited him abroad, and happening to take the gun along with him, the creature (pointing to the game) got up before me, and flesh and blood could not forbear. The Prince was so pleased with his apology, that he bid him rise up and attend him; the conversation then turned on the art of shooting flying, which at that time his Royal Highness was rather defective in: but by Mr. Bracegirdle's constant attendance on the Prince in all his shooting excursions, he became a tolerable good shot; and in remembrance of the promise he made him, obtained for him the living of Taplow, then worth two hundred pounds a year.

## SPORTING ARDOUR.

THE late Duke of Grafton, when hunting, was thrown into a ditch; at the same time a young curate, calling out "Lie still my Lord," leaped over him, and pursued his sport. Such an apparent want of feeling, we may presume, was properly resented. No such thing: on being helped out by his attendant, his Grace said, "That man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal; had he stopped to have taken care of me, I never would have given him any thing:"

being delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter.

#### INSTANCE OF AFFECTION IN A SPANIEL.

CAN man too highly prize, or too generously shelter the dog? That animal, gifted by nature with the most interesting qualities; that animal, whose vigilance protects us, whose humility interests us, whose fidelity may sometimes shame us: there is, perhaps, no virtue which the breath of civilization may expand or ramify in the breast of a human being, but what may be found, with inferior energy, in the instinct of the dog; with inferior energy, because he is not endowed with all those inlets to perfection, which characterize his imperious master! The following anecdote may be added to that long list of honourable examples, which testify the virtues of the canine race. It is literally transcribed from a writer of respectability.

The game-keeper of the Rev. Mr. Corsellis had reared a spaniel, which was his constant attendant, both by night and day; whenever old Daniel appeared, *Dash* was close beside him, and the dog was of infinite use in his nocturnal excursions. The game at that season, he never regarded, although in the day time no spaniel would find it in a better style, or in greater quantity; but if at night, a strange foot had entered any of the coverts, *Dash*, by a significant whine, informed his master that the enemy were abroad; and many *poachers* have been detected and caught from this singular intelligence. After many years friendly con-

nexion, *old Daniel* was seized with a disease, which terminated in a consumption, and his death: whilst the slow, but fatal, progress of his disorder, allowed him to crawl about, Dash, as usual, followed his footsteps, and when nature was still further exhausted, and he took to his bed, at the foot of it unwearily attended the faithful animal; and when he died, the dog would not quit the body, but lay upon the bed by its side. It was with difficulty he was tempted to eat any food; and although after the burial he was taken to the hall, and caressed with all the tenderness which so fond an attachment naturally called forth, he took every opportunity to steal back to the room in the cottage, where his old master breathed his last: here he would remain for hours, and from thence he daily visited his grave; but at the end of fourteen days, notwithstanding every kindness and attention shown him, he died literally broken-hearted.

## EPITAPH ON HIGHFLYER.

ALAS POOR HIGHFLYER!

HE deserves the pen of an abler writer, but the only merit I can claim is priority.—“*Bis dat qui cito dat.*”

HERE LIETH

The perfect and beautiful symmetry

Of the much lamented

HIGHFLYER;

By whom, and his wonderful offspring,

The celebrated TATTERSALL acquired a noble fortune

But was not ashamed to acknowledge it.

In gratitude to this famous

STALLION,

## THE FOX-HUNTING PARSON.

He call'd an elegant mansion he built

## HIGHFLYER HALL.

At these extensive demesnes

It is not unusual for some of the

*Highest characters*

To regale sumptuously,

When they do the owner the honour

Of accepting his hospitality.

A gentleman of the Turf,

Tho' he has no produce from the above

## STALLION,

Begs leave to pay this small tribute.

To his memory.

Here lies the *third*\* of the Newmarket race,

That ne'er was conquer'd on the Olympic plain;

*Herod* his sire, who but to few gave place,

*Rachel* his dam—his blood without a stain.

By his prolific deeds was built a court,†

Near where proud Ely's turrets rise;

To this fam'd sultan would all ranks resort,

To stir him up to an am'rous enterprise.

To these three patriarchs‡ the Turf shall owe

The long existence of superior breed:

That blood in endless progeny shall flow,

To give the *lion's* strength and *roebuck's* speed.

## THE FOX-HUNTING PARSON.

THE late Rev. Mr. L——t, of Rutlandshire, when a young man, being out with Mr. Noel's hounds, he said to the Earl of G. who had promised him the living of T. when it should become vacant—"My lord, the church stands on the land of promise." And a short

\* Childers,--Eclipse.

† An elegant villa near Ely.

‡ Childers, Eclipse, Highflyer.

time afterwards when he had been inducted, he said  
—“My lord, now the church stands on the land of  
possession.”—He has been known several times, when  
at prayers in a week, to leave the congregation, and  
join the hounds, when they chanced to pass in full cry;  
and once, when he was marrying a couple, left them in  
the middle of the service, and told them he would finish  
it the next morning.—He was esteemed as a worthy  
good man, by all ranks of people in the neighbourhood,  
and did a great deal of good himself amongst the poor  
in his own parish. He died, universally lamented,  
some years ago, and a very remarkable circumstance  
happened during the funeral; a fox, very hard run,  
was killed, after an excellent day’s sport within a few  
yards of the grave, at the time when the sexton was  
filling it in.

## A REMARKABLE LEAP.

A PACK of hounds, were in pursuit of a fox  
through the enclosures adjoining to Sydenham, in  
Kent: one of the party, a gentleman, came up to a  
gate which he expected to be permitted to pass through;  
but in this he was for some time prevented by a man,  
who, swore that no one should go that way, whilst he  
was able to make use of his knife. The *sportsman*  
began to expostulate with the butcher, but it had no  
more effect upon the defender of the castle, than to  
make him the more positive that no person should  
pass through—filled with the enthusiasm of the chase,  
he asked him whether he might *go over*; this he  
assented to, observing at the same time, that neither



he nor any man in England could. Our sportsman instantly drew his horse a few yards back, then ran him to the gate, which he took and cleared well, carrying the rider safe over, to the astonishment of every one.

This gate was a five-barred one, with paling upon the top, exactly six feet and a half high; the boldness of the attempt did that which the most persuasive language could not effect—it brought from the morose *lamb-slayer* this exclamation, “that he would be d—d if ever he prevented this gentleman from going through his gate whenever he thought proper.”

#### THE OLD ENGLISH FOX-HUNTER.

IN a very elegant edition of Somerville's *Chase*,\* recently published, with notes by Major Topham, we have the following interesting specimen of fox-hunting in former days:—

It is curious (says the Major) because it contains the portraiture of a man who was the Nimrod of his day, and was really a fox-hunter; for he dedicated the whole of a long life to it. The character is that of Old Draper, of Yorkshire, and the account is taken from anecdotes delivered down to us by his relatives.

In the old, but now ruinous mansion of Berwick-Hall, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, lived once the well-known William Draper, Esq. who bred, fed, and hunted the staunchest pack of fox-hounds in Europe. On an income of seven hundred pounds a year, and no more, he brought up, frugally and creditably, eleven

\* Sold by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row, price 6s. in boards.

sons and daughters: kept a stable of right good English hunters, a kennel of true-bred fox-hounds, besides a carriage with horses suitable, to carry out my lady and the daughters to church, and other places of goodly resort. He lived in the old honest style of his county, killing every month a good ox, of his own feeding, and priding himself on maintaining a goodly substantial table: but with no foreign kickshaws. His general apparel was a long dark drab hunting coat, a belt round his waist, and a strong velvet cap on his head. In his humour he was very joking and facetious, having always some pleasant story, both in the field and in the hall; so that his company was much sought after by persons of good condition; which was of great use to him in afterwards advancing his own children. His stables and kennels were kept in such excellent order, that sportsmen regarded them as schools for huntsmen and grooms, who were glad to come there without wages, merely to learn their business. When they had got good instruction, he then recommended them to other gentlemen, who wished for no better character than that they were recommended by Esquire Draper. He was always up, during the hunting season, at four in the morning, and mounted on one of his goodly nags at five o'clock, himself bringing forth his hounds, who knew every note of their old master's voice. In the field he rode with good judgment, avoiding what was unnecessary, and helping his hounds when they were at fault. His daughter Di, who was equally famous at riding, was wont to assist him, cheering the hounds with her voice. She died at York in a good

old age; and, what was wonderful to many sportsmen, who dared not to follow her, she died with whole bones in her bed.

After the fatigues of the day, whence he generally brought away a couple of brushes, he entertained those who would return with him, which was sometimes thirty miles distance, with old English hospitality. Good old October, home-brewed, was the liquor drank; and his first fox-hunting toast,—“All the Brushes in Christendom!” At the age of eighty years this famous squire died as he lived: for he died on horseback. As he was going to give some instructions to a gentleman who was rearing up a pack of foxhounds, he was seized with a fit, and dropping from his old favourite poney, he expired! There was no man, rich or poor, in his neighbourhood, but what lamented his death; and the foxes were the only things that had occasion to be glad that *Squire Draper was no more!*”

#### A FOX CHASE.

WHILE thus the knight's long smother'd fire broke forth.

The rousing musicke of the horn he hears,  
 Shrill echoing through the wold, and by the north,  
 Where bends the hill the sounding chase appears;  
 The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears.  
 And woode and dale rebound the swelling lay;  
 The youths on coursers, fleet as fallow deers,  
 Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray,  
 Away! the jolly huntsman cries; and echoe sounds, Away!

Now had the beagles scour'd the bushy ground,  
 Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,

When all confus'd, and snuffing wyldlie round,  
In vain their fretful baste explor'd the scent :  
But Reynard's cunning all in vain was spent,  
The huntsman from his stand his arts had spy'd,  
Had mark't his doublings, and his shrewd intent,  
How both the bancks he traced, then backward ply'd ;  
His track some twentie roods, he bounding sprong aside,  
Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,  
Where, hearkening every sound, an hare was laid ;  
Then from the thickest bush he slylie lept,  
And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,  
Till by the hill's slant foot he earths his head  
Amid a briarie thicket : emblem meet  
Of wylie statesmen of his foes adred ;  
He oft misguides the people's rage, I weet,  
On others, whilst himselfe winds off with slie deceit.  
The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,  
The lurking hare is in an instant slain :  
Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track,  
Right to the hill, while thond'ring through the plain ;  
With blyth huzzas advaunce the jovial train,  
And now the groomes and squires, cowherds, and boys,  
Beat round and round the brake ; but all in vain  
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noise,  
Till plonging in his den the terrier fiercely joys.  
Expell'd his hole, up starts to open sky  
The villain bold, and wildly glares around.  
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly :  
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound ;  
His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound  
The pack atonce \* rush on him : foaming ire,  
Fierce at his throte and sides hangs many a hound ;  
His burning eyes flash wylde red sparkling fire,  
While sweltering on the swaird his breath and strength expire.

\* At once, together.

## MAJOR BAGGS.

THE death of this gentleman was occasioned by a cold caught at the Round-House of St. James's, when he and many others were carried there, by Justice Hyde, from the gaming-table.

In the first company he obtained, George Robert Fitzgerald was his lieutenant. As soon as he got the rank of major, he retired upon half-pay, and devoting himself to deep play ever after, he pursued it with an eagerness and perseverance beyond example. When he was so ill that he could not get out of his chair, he has been brought to the hazard-table, when the rattling of the dice seemed suddenly to revive him. He once won 17,000*l.* at hazard, by *throwing on*, as it is called, fourteen successive mains. He went to the East Indies in 1780, on a gaming speculation; but not finding it answer, he returned home, over land. At Grand Cairo he narrowly escaped death, by retreating in a Turkish dress to Smyrna. A companion of his was seized, and sent prisoner to Constantinople, where he was at length released, by the interference of Sir Robert Anstie, the English ambassador. He won 6000*l.* of Mr. O——, some years ago, at Spa, and immediately came to England to get the money from Lord ——, the father of the young man. Terms of accommodation were proposed by his Lordship, in the presence of Mr. D——, the banker, whose respectability and consequence are well-known. Lord O—— offered him a thousand guineas, and a note of hand for the remainder, at a distant period. Baggs wanted the whole to



be paid down. Some altercation ensued. Mr. D—— then observed, that he thought his Lordship had offered very handsome terms. “Sirrah, (said Baggs, in a passion) hold your tongue; the laws of commerce you may be acquainted with, but the laws of honour you know nothing about.” When he fought Fitzgerald, he was wounded in the leg and fell, but when down returned the fire, which struck the knee of his antagonist, and made him lame ever after. He never could hear of Fitzgerald’s unhappy fate without visible delight, and “grinning horribly a ghastly smile.” He is supposed to have utterly ruined, by play, forty persons. At one time of life he was worth more than 100,000*l*. He had fought eleven duels; and was allowed to be very skilful with the sword. He was a man of a determined mind, great penetration, and considerable literature: and, when play was out of the case, could be an agreeable and instructive companion. He was very generous to people whom he liked; and a certain naval lord, highly respected, when in rather a distressed situation at Paris, some years ago, found a never-failing resource in the purse of the Major. He lived at Paris several years in the greatest splendour. His countenance was terrible, though his appearance and manners were gentleman-like. While he lived at Avignon, he frequently gave splendid suppers to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and their friends. He went to Naples at the time they did, and got introduced to the King’s private parties, of whom he is said to have won 1500*l*.

## REMARKABLE ABSTINENCE OF A DOG.

IN 1789, when preparations were making at St. Paul's for the reception of his Majesty, a favourite bitch followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome, here, all at once it was missing, and calling and whistling were to no purpose. Nine weeks after this, all but two days, some glaziers were at work in the cathedral, and heard amongst the timbers, which support the dome, a faint noise ; thinking it might be some unfortunate being, they tied a rope round a boy, and let him down near to the place whence the sound came. At the bottom he found a dog lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe half eaten. The humanity of the boy led him to rescue the animal from its miserable situation, and it was accordingly drawn up. Much emaciated, and scarce able to stand, the workmen placed it in the porch of the church, to die, or live, as might happen. This was about ten o'clock in the morning ; some time after, the dog was seen endeavouring to cross the street at the top of Ludgate-hill, but its weakness was so great, that unsupported by a wall, he could not accomplish it. The appearance of the dog again excited the compassion of a boy, who carried it over. By the aid of the houses he was enabled to get to Fleet-market, and over two or three narrow crossings in its way to Holborn-bridge, and about eight o'clock in the evening it reached its master's house in Red Lion-street, Holborn, and laid itself down on the steps, having been ten hours in its journey from St. Paul's to that place. The dog was so

much altered, the eyes being sunk in the head as to be scarce discernible, that the master would not encourage his old faithful companion, who, when lost, was supposed to weigh twenty pounds, and now only weighed three pounds fourteen ounces; the first indication it gave of knowing its master, was by wagging its tail when he mentioned the name Phillis; for a long time it was unable to eat or drink, and it was kept alive by the sustenance it received from its mistress, who used to feed it with a tea-spoon; at length it recovered. Should it be asked, how did this animal live near nine weeks without food? This was not the case. She was a whelp when lost, and doubtless eat her offspring; the remains of another dog, killed by a similar fall, was likewise found, that most probably was converted by the survivor to the most urgent of all natural purposes; and when this treat was done, the shoe succeeded, which was almost half devoured. What famine and a thousand accidents could not do, was effected a short time after by the wheels of a coach, which unfortunately went over her, and ended the mortal days of poor Phillis.

#### SKETCH OF SOME OF THE PROFESSORS OF THE OLD SCHOOL OF BOXERS.

*Selected from "Boxiana."*

JACK BROUGHTON, according to the best authorities, appears to have been considered as the Father of the English School of Boxing, and by whose superior

skill and ability, PUGILISM obtained the rank of a SCIENCE.

Previous to the days of BROUGHTON it was downright *slaughtering*,—or, in the modern acceptation, either *gluttony*, *strength*, or *bottom*, decided almost every contest. But after BROUGHTON appeared as a professor of the gymnastic art, he drew crowds after him to witness his exhibitions; there was a *neatness* about his method completely new, and unknown to his auditors—he *stopped* the blows aimed at any part of him by his antagonist, with so much skill, and *hit* his man away with so much ease, that he astonished and terrified his opponents beyond measure; and those persons who had the temerity to enter the lists with BROUGHTON were soon convinced of his superior knowledge and athletic prowess: and most of his competitors, who were compelled to *give in* from their exhausted and beaten state, had the mortification to behold BROUGHTON scarcely touched, and to appear with as much cheerfulness and indifference as if he had never been engaged in a *set-to*.

He was indebted to nature for a good person; his countenance was manly and open; and, possessing a sharp and penetrating eye, that almost looked through the object before him, gave a fine animation to his face. His form was athletic and commanding; there was an importance about it which denoted uncommon strength, and which every spectator felt impressed with that beheld him. Six feet, wanting an inch, in height; and fourteen stone, or thereabouts, in weight.

BROUGHTON became as a *fixed star* in the pugilistic hemisphere; his talents as a boxer gained him many admirers and patrons; but his good temper, generosity of disposition, and gentleness of manners, ensured him numerous friends. He was intelligent, communicative, and not destitute of wit. The system he laid down was plain, and easy to be understood; and under his instruction, several of his pupils arrived at a pugilistic eminence, and gave distinguished proofs of the acquirements they had gained under so great a master.

FIGG, who preceded *Broughton*, was more indebted to strength and courage for his success in the battles which he gained, than from the effects of genius: in fact, he was extremely illiterate, and it might be said, that he *boxed* his way through life. If Figg's method of fighting was subject to the *criticism* of the present day, he would be denominated more of a *slaughterer*, than that of a neat, finished pugilist. His antagonists were punished severely in their conflicts with him, particularly those who stood up to receive his blows; in making matches his advice was always consulted, as he possessed the character of an honest fellow—and was looked up to as a leading fighter among the most distinguished of the *Fancy*.

It appears that FIGG was more distinguished as a *fencer* and *cudgeller* than as a pugilist; and, notwithstanding the former acquirements gave him a decidedly superior advantage over the other boxers of that day, by his thorough acquaintance with *time* and *measure*,



yet his favourite practices were the SWORD and STICK, and in the use of which he particularly excelled.

His reputation rapidly increasing as a scientific man in those pursuits, he was induced to open an *Academy* (perhaps better known as FIGG'S Amphitheatre) for teaching the use of the small and back-sword, cudgelling, and pugilism; and which place soon became of considerable notoriety, by proving a great attraction to the sporting men at that period, in making and settling matches in the various bouts that were displayed.

JACK SLACK: rendered a pugilist of some promineney, by his victory over BROUGHTON, and in being elevated to the rank of CHAMPION!--He was a man of considerable strength and bottom; firmly made; in height about five feet eight inches and an half, and in weight nearly as heavy as BROUGHTON, but not quite fourteen stone. SLACK was very little indebted to *science* and trusted to a method almost exclusively his own: his blows were generally well put in, and given with a most dreadful force. His attitudes were by no means impressive; there was a want of elegance in his positions to attract the attention of the spectators, and he appeared as a most determined fighter, scarcely giving time to his adversary to breathe, and bent upon nothing else but *victory*. He stood remarkably upright, guarding his stomach with his right hand, and as if protecting his mouth with his left. Whenever SLACK meditated giving a blow upon any particular part of his antagonist, he rushed in furiously, regardless

of the consequences of a *knock-down* blow in the attempt. It is but justice to say of him, that he dis-  
gusted every battle manfully; was above shifting; and  
his *bottom* was of the first quality. SLACK was noted  
for a backed-handed blow, which often operated most  
powerfully upon the face of his opponent: and it was  
observed, that being so used to *chopping* in his busi-  
ness as a butcher, that in fighting, the CHOPPER proved  
of no little service to him in producing victory.

GEORGE TAYLOR was also a distinguished boxer in  
his day, and succeeded FIGG at the Amphitheatre.  
EDWARD HUNT, (a pupil of Broughton, and the *Ran-  
dall* of his time) was viewed as a perfect prodigy,  
weighing only eight stone and a half, and obtaining  
victories over men nearly twice his own weight. STEE-  
VENS, the *Nailer*, a first-rate hero, came in for his  
share of glory as a pugilist; and PETER CORCORAN,  
from Ireland, made a great noise during his career  
among the English Boxers. PIPES, GRETTING, BOS-  
WELL, STEVENSON, SMALLWOOD, JAMES, &c. &c.  
were all boxers far above mediocrity. BUCKHORSE,  
so denominated from his *ugliness*, was as much dis-  
tinguished for his amours as he was for his pugilistic  
prowess, among the above list of *milling* heroes in  
their day.

JOHNSON, RYAN, HUMPHREYS, BIG BEN, MEN-  
DOZA, BILL WARR, HOOPER, OWEN, &c. succeeded  
the above pugilists in the *Prize Ring*; but for a more  
minute detail of their feats, together with the exploits  
of those *millers* of the New School, "BOXIANA"  
furnishes every necessary inquiry.

## SONG MADE ON THE PRIZE RING IN 1819.

*By the Author of "Boxiana."**Tune—"Scot's who hae wi Wallace bled."*

PATS who saw JACK RANDALL fight,  
 That fill'd the FANCY with delight,  
 Oh! it was a manly sight,  
*Such game lads to see!*

Back'd by the WELCH, NED took his ground,  
 A better man could ne'er be found,  
 Showing fine science ev'ry round—  
*And not a fincher he!*

Who wou'd strut in Dundy's fur?  
 Who wou'd be a sneaking cur?  
 Who wou'd bear the coward's slur?  
*He's no man for me.*

'Twas on the Plains of WATERLOO,  
 Old England prov'd her courage true,  
 Where SHAW, he nine Frenchmen slew,  
*Which many there did see!*

To RANDALL, TURNER, and TOM CRIB,  
 Tho' fond of truth, yet love to fib,  
 And on fighting—SCROGGY's glib—  
*To increase the list.*

BELCHER and EALES with science lead,  
 OLIVER's heart is of true breed,  
 PAINTER and HARMER *game* indeed;  
*Those heroes of the fist.*

RICHMOND and SHELTON always gay,  
 And SUTTON *show'd* some prime *day's* play;  
 And COOPER ready ev'ry way—  
*Milling with glee!*

An *Out-an-Outer* is RANDALL's due,  
 And TURNER's an *Out-an-Outer* too,  
 Like such *trumps* there are but few—  
*T'wards Victory!*

Of ERIN and CAMBRIA's boast—

An honor to the English coast ;

The FANCY's pride, and their toast,

Here's their health so free !

Then join with me in praise to sing,

The *bottom* of the *milling* ring ;

*Effeminacy* from you fling,

To raise your Country !

### CURIOUS SPORTING ADVERTISEMENT.

“ A PICTURE of the Fancy\* going to a Fight at Moulsey Hurst, (measuring in length nearly 14 feet) containing numerous Original Characters, many of them portraits ; in which all the Frolic, Fun, Lark, Gig, Life, Gammon, and Trying-it-on, are depicted, incident to the pursuit of a PRIZE MILL : dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Jackson, and the Noblemen and Gentlemen composing the Pugilistic Club.

“ The Picture commences with the night before starting, and depicts the interior of the CASTLE TAVERN, —Amateurs betting,—and the DAFFY CLUB in high *Spirits*. Also, the Bustle at Peep of Day, in setting off to the Scene of Action. A View of Hyde-Park-Corner. The Road, in all that variety of *style* and *costume* which the SPORTING WORLD so amply furnishes,—exhibiting the CORINTHIANS, in their *bang-up* jets-out of *blood* and *bone* ; the SWELLS, NIB SPRIGS, and TIDY ONES, in their Tandems, Gigs, and Trotters ; the *Lads* in their Rattlers, Heavy Drags, and Tum-

\* Published by R. Jones, price 14s. plain, or 1l. coloured, neatly done up in a Box for the Pocket ; or, framed and varnished, 12s. plain, 1l. 18s. coloured.

bliers, including the Berronsey-boys and Tothilfields Coster-mongers, in all their gradations, down to the *Stampers*; with some traits of the *dashing* talents of the WASTE-BUTT part of the Creation—of the Cup-and-Ball *Macers*—the *Nob-Pitchers*—and the *Rampers*. The Turnpike-Gate rigs. A View of the FANCY in full speed through Bushy-Park. Groups of Sporting Characters assembled at LAWRENCE'S, the Red Lion, Hampton. The Amateurs in Boats, crossing the Thames to gain Moulsey Hurst. The grand Climax—the RING, with all its extensive contingencies. The P. C. The Combatants in Action; with Umpires, Seconds, and Bottle-holders, attending upon RANDALL and WEST-COUNTRY DICK. The Humours of a BULL-BAIT for a Silver Collar, a *let-loose* match; and the *Denouement*—a peep at the Interior of TATTERSALL'S upon the *Settling-Day*. Throughout the PICTURE, not a *Pink* has been overlooked, nor an *Out-and-Out* forgotten: the whole forming '*A bit of good Truth!*'

"A copious and characteristic KEY\* accompanies the Picture, written by P. EGAN.

"For I am nothing, if not 'CHARACTER!'"

\* The following note will serve as a specimen of the style.—"Notwithstanding the writer of this article most anxiously wishes his KEY should *fit* well, and that every person who is in possession of it should be able, with the utmost ease, to *unlock* the door that affords a *peep* into the movements of the Sporting World; yet rather than attempt to *gammon* any of his readers—etymology being out of the question—the only *definition* he can give to the term "DAFFY," is, that the phrase was coined at the *Mint* of the *Fancy*, and has since passed *current*, without ever being overhauled



## THE HORSE.

WILD horses are taken notice of by several of the ancients. Herodotus mentions white wild horses on the banks of the Hypanis, in Scythia. He likewise tells us, that in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, there were wild horses covered all over with hair, five inches in length. The wild horses in America are the offspring of domestic horses, originally

as *queer*. The Colossus of Literature, after all his *nous* and acute researches to explain the *synonyms* of the English Language, does not appear to have been *down* to the interpretation of "DAFFY;" nor indeed does BAYLEY or SHERIDAN seem at all *fly* to it; and even *slang* GROSE has no *touch* of its extensive signification. The *spicamish* Fair One who takes it on the *sly* merely to cure the vapours, politely names it to her friends as "*White Wine*." The *Swell* chaffs it as "*Blue Ruin*," to elevate his notions. The *Laundress* loves dearly a *drain* of "*Ould Tom*," from its strength to comfort her inside. The *drag Fidler* can *toss off* a *quartern* of "*Max*" without making a *wry mug*. The *Coster-monger* illumines his ideas with "*A Flash of Lightning!*" The *hoarse Cyprian* owes her existence to copious draughts of "*Jacky*." The *Link-Boy* and *Mud-Larks*, in joining their *browns* together, are for some "*Stark Naked*." And the *Out-and-Outers*, from the addition of *Bitters* to it, in order to sharpen up a dissipated and damaged *Victualling Office*, cannot take any thing but "*Fuller's Earth*." Much it should seem, therefore, depends upon a name; and as a soft sound is at all times pleasing to the listener—to have denominated this Sporting Society the "*GIN CLUB*," would not only have proved barbarous to the ear, but the vulgarity of the *chaunt* might have deprived it of many of its *elegant* friends. It is a subject, however, which must be admitted has a good deal of *Taste* belonging to it—and as a Sporting Man would be *nothing* if he was not *flash*, the DAFFY CLUB meet under the above title."

transported thither from Europe, by the Spaniards. The author of the History of the Buccaneers, informs us, that troops of horses, sometimes consisting of five hundred, are frequently met with in the island of St. Domingo: that, when they see a man, they all stop, and that one of their number approaches to a certain distance, blows through his nostrils, takes flight, and is instantly followed by the whole troop. He describes them as having gross heads and limbs, and long necks and ears. The inhabitants tame them with ease, and then train them to labour. In order to take them, gins of ropes are laid in the places where they are known to frequent. When caught by the neck, they soon strangle themselves, unless some person arrives in time to disentangle them. They are tied to trees by the body and limbs, and are left in that situation two days, without victuals or drink. This treatment is generally sufficient to render them more tractable, and they soon become as gentle as if they had never been wild. Even when any of these horses, by accident, regain their liberty, they never resume their savage state, but know their masters, and allow themselves to be approached and retaken.

From these, and similar facts, it may be concluded, that the dispositions of horses are gentle; and that they are naturally disposed to associate with man. After they are tamed, they never forsake the abodes of men. On the contrary, they are anxious to return to the stable. The sweets of habit seem to supply all that they have lost by slavery. When fatigued, the mansion of repose is full of comfort, they smell it at a consider-

able distance ; can distinguish it in the midst of populous cities, and seem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. By some attention and address, colts are, at first, rendered tractable. When that point is gained, by different modes of management, the docility of the animal is improved, and they soon learn to perform, with alacrity, the labours assigned to them. The domestication of the horse is, perhaps the noblest acquisition from the animal world, which has ever been made by the genius, the art, and the industry of man. He is taught to partake of the dangers and fatigues of war, and seems to enjoy the glory of victory. He even seems to participate of human pleasures and amusements. He delights in the chase and the tournament, and his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. Though bold and intrepid, however, he does not allow himself to be hurried on by a furious ardour. On proper occasions he represses his movements, and knows how to check the natural fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider ; always obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies, or stops, and regulates his motions solely by the will of his master.

Mr. Ray informs us, that he had seen a horse who danced to music ; who, at the command of his master, affected to be lame ; who simulated death, lay motionless, with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprung on his feet. Facts of this kind would scarcely receive credit, if so many persons were not now acquainted with the wonderful docility

of the horses educated by Astley and others. In exhibitions of this kind, the docility and prompt obedience of the animals deserve more admiration than the dextrous feats of the men.

Next to the horse, the dog seems to be the most docile quadruped. More tractable in his nature than most other animals, the dog not only receives instruction with rapidity, but accommodates his behaviour and deportment to the manners and habits of those who command him. He assumes the very tone of the family in which he resides; eager at all times to please his master or his friends, he furiously repels beggars, because he probably, from their dress, conceives them to be either thieves or competitors for food.

The varieties of dogs, by frequent intermixtures with those of other climates, and perhaps with foxes and wolves, are so great, and their instincts so much diversified, that, even though they produce with each other, we should be apt to regard them as different species. What a difference between the natural dispositions of the shepherd's dog, the spaniel, and the greyhound! The shepherd's dog, independently of all instruction, seems to be endowed by nature with an innate attachment to the preservation of sheep and cattle. Three shepherds' dogs are said to be a match for a bear, and four for a lion.

Among these remarkable instances of animal sagacity, may be placed Banks's famous horse, whose renown is alluded to by Shakespeare, "in *Love's Labour Lost*," Act I. Scene III. and by Dekker, in his "*Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*." It is related

of this horse, that he would restore a glove to its owner, after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear; that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin; and even perform the grosser offices of nature, whenever his master bade him. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh says, "that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world, by the wonderful instructions which he had given to his horse."

## THE RACE HORSE.

*From the "Sportsman's Repository."\**

THE *thorough-bred horse*, or *racer*, like the *game cock*, the *bull-dog*, and the *pugilist*, are the peculiar productions of BRITAIN and IRELAND, unequalled for high courage, stoutness of heart, and patience under suffering.

KING HEROD, a bay horse about fifteen hands three inches high, of great substance, length, and power, and fine figure, was bred by old *Duke William*, and foaled in 1758. He was got by *Tartar* out of *Cypron*. There was another *Tartar* got by *Blaze*, but *Tartar* the sire of *King Herod* was got by *Croft's Partner*, one of our most famous racers and stallions, out of *Meliora* by *Fox*, and she was bred from a line of stout

\* A new and elegantly printed work, in quarto, published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. The engravings, by Scott, are of the finest order of the art, and the drawings of the different animals have all been taken from life, by the first artists. It is also a very cheap book.



and true runners. *Partner*, grandsire of *King Herod*, was foaled in 1718; he was a chesnut horse, of great power, exquisite symmetry and beauty, and immediately succeeded *Flying Childers*, as the best horse at Newmarket, giving weight to and beating those of the highest repute, over the course. He was got by *Jog*, son of the famous *Byerly Turk*; his pedigree through a list of highly reputed progenitors, concluding with the well-known *Old Vintner Mare*. *Partner* died in 1747, aged twenty-nine. *Cypron*, *King Herod's* dam, was got by that powerful and capital racer and stallion *Blaze*, a son of *Flying Childers*, and sire of *Sampson*, *Scrub*, and others; that *Blaze*, of which the Yorkshiremen affirmed, that even half-bred mares would breed racers by him—out of *Sir William*, *St. Quintin's Selima*, a black mare and true runner, got by *Bethell Arabian*, and boasting in her lineage, *Champion*, the *Darley Arabian*, and *Old Martin*. *King Herod's* pedigree consists of the oldest and purest blood, and in order to obtain a capital racer, a real KILL-DEVIL, *rara avis* upon our modern sod, choose mares with the greatest possible portion of *Herod* blood, *deep in the girth, long and full in the arm and thigh, short in the leg, standing clear and even upon the feet, wide and spreading in the hinder quarters*—send such mares to SORCERER, THUNDERBOLT, or SMOLENSKO—and if we are not much out in our judgment, some of such breeders will have to say *prob. est* (finger point). If any *Prince*, *Noble*, or *Gentleman*, should successfully make the experiment aforesaid; and should in consequence, send to the

author a hogshhead of prime Oriental Madeira, the said author's acceptance of the Madeira, will be found the least part of the difficulty.

HEROD, like *Childers* and *Eclipse*, did not start upon the course until five years old, whence probably, a certain argument takes something. He never ran any where but at *Newmarket*, *Ascot Heath*, and *York*, and always over the course, of four miles, stoutness or game, and ability to any weight, being his play. He ran five times for a thousand guineas each race, and won three of them. His losing two, might be on account of reasons which now and then occur upon the turf. The last race he won was against *Ascham*, a curious one, from the circumstance of two aged horses carrying *feathers*, five stone even, and six stone. He had previously burst a blood-vessel in his head, whilst running the last mile over *York*, for the Subscription Purse against *Bay Malton* and others. He won several matches for five hundred guineas, and a sweepstake of three hundred guineas, nine subscribers.

The fame of this racer, as a *STALLION*, in the *Turf Register*, is truly splendid. In nineteen years, namely, from 1771 to 1789, *four hundred and ninety-seven* of his sons and daughters, won their proprietors, in Plates, Matches, and Sweepstakes, the sum of *two hundred and one thousand, five hundred and five pounds, nine shillings*, exclusive of some thousands won between 1774 and 1786. *Herod* was the sire of the celebrated *Highflyer*, bred by Sir Charles Bunbury, which was never beaten; and which, like his sire, had a great stride, and game was his best. *Herod*

also got some of the speediest horses of their day, as *Woodpecker*, *Bourdeaux*, *Anvil*, *Hammer*, *Sting*, *Adamant*, *Plunder*, *Quicksand*, *Rantipole*, *Whipcord*, and many others. *Tuberon*, *Guildford*, and *Latona*, were rare examples of the family stoutness, and *Laburnum*, was an excellent and useful racer. The list of brood mares got by *Herod* is extensive indeed. We know but one restive horse of *Herod's* get. Mr. Vernon's *Prince*, which we recollect seeing ridden at Newmarket, in a *prickly* bridle. *King Herod* first covered the property of Sir John Moore, Bart. at ten guineas, and ten shillings the groom. In 1774, his price rose to twenty-five guineas and ten shillings, at which it remained till his death, which happened on May 12, 1780, in the 22d year of his age. He was so shamefully neglected in his latter days, and his body so incrustated with dung and filth, that, it is said, the immediate cause of his death was a mortification in his sheath. Many such later instances are known of covering stallions neglected in a similar way; and a famous son of *Herod*, exhausted by excess of covering, died after three days protracted agonies. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, formerly allowed the breeders in the vicinity of his residence in Hants, the use of a well-bred stallion *gratis*, excepting the groom's fee of a crown. The consequence was, the horse often covered, or attempted to cover, *twelve* mares in a day. We had a foal or two from this exhausted stallion, the most wretched, puny, spindle-shanked animals to be imagined. Facts like these should be published, and kept alive in the memories of those whom they concern.

## EPITAPH ON A HORSE.

IN the park at Goatherst, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, the seat of Sir Charles Tynne, Bart. is erected a tomb to the memory of a favourite horse.

The monument is decorated with the various trappings and accoutrements with which that animal was commonly arrayed; and in the centre are the following lines.

To the memory of one who was remarkably steady,  
these stones are erected.

What he undertook, with spirit he accomplished;

His deportment was graceful, nay noble;

The ladies admired, and followed him;

By application, he gained applause.

His abilities were so powerful, as to draw easily

the divine, the lawyer, and the statesman

into his own smooth track.

Had he lived in the days of Charles I. the cavaliers

would not have refused his assistance, for to the reins of due government he was always obedient.

He was a favourite, yet at times he felt the wanton

lash of lawless power.

After a life of laborious servitude, performed, like Clarendon's,

with unimpeached fidelity,

he, like that great man, was turned out of employment,

stript of all trappings, without place or pension:

Yet, being endued with a generous forgiving temper, saint-like,

not dreading futurity, he placidly met the hand

appointed to be his assassin.

Thus he died—an example to all mortals under the wide

expanded canopy of heaven.

## THE ASS AND MULE.

From the "Sportsman's Repository."

THE *asinine* horse (*equus asinus*) or Ass, forms a problem not easily solved. The ass is originally a native of hot and dry countries, and surely of all quadrupeds, one of the most genuine inhabitants of the desert, from his ability to subsist upon the most scanty herbage. In his wild state, like the hog, he is comparatively speedy, even fierce, and courageous, and the natural enemy or rival of the horse. Even the domesticated ass shows a kind of savage fierceness and resolution in defence of her foal: but he is not that stupid and senseless animal, which ignorance and cruelty represent him; on the contrary, his sagacity is eminent, and his affection and gratitude warm and lively, when adequately excited. Slavery and tyranny brutalize equally the *man* and the *ass*. The humble ass and his slow and patient labours and trifling cost, either for purchase or keep seem to have been overlooked in this country, until the reign of *Elizabeth*, in the course of which they came into common use. There have been solitary instances of asses which were *goers*. In the year 1763, at Colchester, the ass belonging to the stage coach master, had carried for two years successively, the post boy with the mail between that town and the Metropolis, a distance of fifty-one miles. He was a common bred English ass, but of a good size. Also, an ass was matched to run one hundred miles in twelve hours, over the *Round Course, Newmarket*, which he performed, incited thereto by a mare going before him, which he had



covered the previous day. One of the chief recommendations of the ass, is his ability to do moderate labour upon such unexpensive keep. But his performances would be of far greater account if well fed with corn, and his size and ability to labour might be greatly increased, were it thought worth while to improve his breed: in opposition to which, it is urged, that to improve his breed would be to detract from his utility, as after incurring nearly the expense of a horse, you would at last obtain but an ass.

## THE MASTIFF.

THIS description of dog is peculiar to England, where they are principally of use as watch dogs; a duty which they discharge not only with great fidelity, but frequently with considerable judgment. Some of them will suffer a stranger to come into the yard they are appointed to guard, and will go peaceably along with him through every part of it, so long as they continue to touch nothing; but the moment he attempts to touch any of the goods, or endeavours to leave the place, the animal informs him by gentle growling, or, if that is ineffectual, by harsher means, that he must neither do mischief nor go away, and seldom uses violence unless resisted: even in this case he will sometimes seize the person, throw him down, and hold him three or four hours, or until relieved, without biting him.

A most extraordinary instance of memory in a mastiff is related by M. D'Obsonville. This dog, which he had brought up in India, from two months old, ac-

accompanied himself and a friend from Pondicherry to Benglour, a distance of more than three hundred leagues. "Our journey (he says) occupied near three weeks, and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and go along several bye-paths, and the animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, lost us at Benglour, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of M. Beylier, then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with whom I had generally lived. Now the difficulty, is, not so much to know how the dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong, and able to procure himself food; but how he should so well have found his way, after an interval of more than a month. This was an effort of memory greatly superior to that which the human race is capable of exerting."

The mastiff is extremely bold and courageous. Stow relates an instance of a contest between three of them and a lion, in the presence of King James the First. One of the dogs being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion, which took him by the head and neck, and dragged him about: another dog was then let loose, and served in the same manner: but the third being put in, immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a considerable time: till, being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold; and the lion, greatly exhausted in the conflict, refused to renew the engagement, but, taking a sudden leap over the dogs, fled into the interior part of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds:

the last survived, and was taken great care of by the king's son; who said—"He that had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with any inferior creature."

## THE TERRIER.

From the "*Sportsman's Repository*."

TERRIERS are the necessary attendants of a pack of hounds for the purpose of *unearthing* the fox; hence, from the Latin word *terra*, the earth, they are called *Terriers*. They are also used to hunt the badger, indeed in all the vermin hunts; and for the purposes of *baiting* and the diversion of *dog-fighting*. The *rough short-legged terrier* particularly, is very slow, but all have great powers of continuance. The *smooth*, or those with most of the hound cross, are best able to *run* with the pack. Mr. *Daniel* relates a match with a terrier against time in 1794, in which the dog, a small one, ran six miles—the first mile in *two* minutes, the second in *four*, the third in *six*, the fourth in *eight*, and the fifth and sixth in *eighteen* minutes. He afterwards ran six miles in *thirty-two* minutes—an immense falling off doubtless, considering his wonderful speed, and the known stoutness of the terrier. Perhaps this terrier might have a *greyhound* cross in him, according to the old notion remarked above; but another *perhaps* will be fully appropriate, that either the watch-maker or the watch-holder might be unsteady; for the idea of a terrier running a mile in *two minutes*, is not very *reconcilable* to our daily experience.

Another story is told of the *terrier* still more incredible. A *terrier* of a valuable breed was sent from the Isle of Arran, N. B. confined in a coach, to South Audley Street, in London. The dog remained contented three days, and disappeared on the fourth morning. After ineffectual search and reward offered, it was ascertained that on the fifth day of his being missed from London, he had arrived at his old home in *Arran*, a distance of *two hundred and forty miles*, exclusive of seven miles across the sea; and this wonderful dog must have travelled *one hundred and twenty miles*, each day and night, and afterwards swam nearly seven miles over the sea, from the main land of Scotland to the Isle of Arran, without being noticed either upon land or water, by man, woman, or child. It seems the strictest inquiry was made to no purpose, whether the dog had been crossing the water, or had slyly got a passage in the boat. *Terriers* do not take water very readily, at any rate, are never inclined to remain in it long, or swim far. Now the most satisfactory way, we apprehend, of reconciling ourselves to this marvellous relation, and in all such cases, is to determine that it is far more probable, the search should have failed, than the dog succeeded in swimming seven miles, and in so short a time. All *wonderful* stories require consideration previous to credit.

#### GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE FOX.

*By Mr. PENNANT, and other eminent Writers.*

THE fox is a native of almost every quarter of the globe, and is of such a wild nature, that it is impos-

sible fully to tame him. He is esteemed the most sagacious and most crafty of all beasts of prey. The former quality he shows in his mode of providing himself an asylum, where he retires from pressing dangers, where he dwells, and where he brings up his young: and his craftiness is discovered by his schemes to catch lambs, geese, hens, and all kinds of small birds. The fox, if possible, fixes his abode on the border of a wood, in the neighbourhood of some farm or village: he listens to the crowing of the cocks and the cries of the poultry; he scents them at a distance; he chooses his time with judgment; he conceals his road as well as his design; he slips forward with caution, sometimes even trailing his body, and seldom makes a fruitless expedition. If he can leap the wall, or get in underneath, he ravages the court-yard, puts all to death, and retires softly with his prey, which he either hides under the herbage, or carries off to his kennel. He returns in a few minutes for another, which he carries off or conceals in the same manner, but in a different place. In this way he proceeds till the progress of the sun, or some movements perceived in the house, advertise him that it is time to suspend his operations, and to retire to his den. He plays the same game with the catchers of thrushes, woodcocks, &c. He visits the nets and birdlime very early in the morning, carries off successively the birds which are entangled, and lays them in different places, especially by the sides of highways, in the furrows, under the herbage or brushwood, where they sometimes lie two or three days; but he knows perfectly where to find them when



he is in need. He hunts the young hares in the plains, seizes old ones in their seats, digs out the rabbits in the warrens, discovers the nests of partridges and quails, seizes the mother on the eggs, and destroys a vast quantity of game. He is exceedingly voracious, and, when other food fails him, makes war against rats, field mice, serpents, lizards, and toads. Of these he destroys vast numbers, and this is the only service that he appears to do to mankind. When urged by hunger he will also eat roots or insects; and the foxes near the coasts will devour crabs, shrimps, or shell fish. In France and Italy they do incredible mischief, by feeding on grapes, of which they are extremely fond.

Of all animals, the fox has the most significant eye, by which is expressed every passion of love, fear, hatred, &c. He is remarkably playful; but, like all savage creatures half reclaimed, will on the least offence bite even those with whom he is most familiar. He is never to be fully tamed: he languishes when deprived of liberty; and, if kept too long in a domestic state, he dies of chagrin. When abroad, he is often seen to amuse himself with his fine bushy tail, running sometimes for a considerable while in circles to catch it. In cold weather he wraps it about his nose.

The fox is very common in Japan. The natives believe him to be animated by the devil, and their historical and sacred writings are all full of strange accounts respecting him.

He possesses astonishing acuteness of smell. During winter he makes an almost continual yelping, but in summer, when he sheds his hair, he is for the most part silent.

## STREET WALKER, A CELEBRATED FIGHTING DOG.

From BELL'S Weekly Dispatch, May 12, 1816.

"THIS celebrated dog, who conquered Colonel Barclay's fine brindled dog, near Bristol, for 100 guineas, is matched to fight in the course of a fortnight in the neighbourhood of Westminster. The Colonel's dog had beat every thing opposed to him, and was considered so *prime* an article, that two to one was strongly betted on him previous to his set-to with STREET WALKER; but, to the great astonishment of the sporting world, the latter won the stakes in twenty-two minutes. The Spanish wolf-dog, whose great ferocity and strength were thought to be unequalled, was also beaten by STREET WALKER, at Paddington, for twenty-five guineas a side, in fifteen minutes, though ten to one had been betted on the *Spaniard*. Four other dogs, of nearly equal qualities with those above-mentioned, STREET WALKER also very soon conquered; and in the whole of his career, thirty matches, he has always proved the victor. STREET WALKER is now matched against OLIVER's (the Pugilist's) black tan dog—as *game* an article in combat, it appears, as his manly owner. This black dog has fought numerous matches, in all of which he has triumphed so severely, that most of his opponents were never able to leave the field afterwards. The above match is for twenty guineas a side; but STREET WALKER is the favourite five to four. The latter is eleven years of age, and weighs forty-one pounds and a half: the black tan dog is only two years old, and is about thirty-nine

pounds in weight. STREET WALKER is of the brindled species, with a face resembling a calf: he is training at Pinner, and has a peculiarity about him rather singular, and not altogether unworthy of observation. It generally happens with STREET WALKER, for three or four days previous to his combats, that after his training exercise is over in the morning, it seems as if he possessed an innate sort of feeling of the advantages to be gained by taking care of himself for the fray, by going to sleep so soundly, that his trainer can scarcely awake him from his drowsiness to take refreshment, till the time has arrived to commence offensive operations, when he enters the field with the greatest activity and vigour. The owner of STREET WALKER is determined this shall be his last combat, whether he prove successful or not,—and, on account of his past services, that he shall, in future, be laid up in ordinary."

#### ACCOUNT OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN STREET WALKER AND BOXER.

*From the same Sporting Newspaper.*

"THE match between these two celebrated dogs for fifty guineas took place, on Wednesday evening last, May 23, at the Amphitheatre, Duck Lane, Westminster, admittance 2s. each person. The fame of these *game* animals had excited such an uncommon degree of curiosity among the *Canine Fancy*, that the doors of the Amphitheatre were closely besieged at an early period, in order to obtain a good seat to witness all the movements of attack and defence exhibited by these sagacious *milling* quadrupeds. The audience were

anxiety itself, and conglomerated together in one rude squeeze, from the high sporting *bit of blood* trimmed out in all the swell paraphernalia of tremendous cos-sacks and tight body-fit *upper tog*, jostling against *Knights of the Rainbow*—Natty coachmen—milling coves, &c. down to the *flash* coster-monger! It was one of NATURE'S primeest moments—*Pride* forgot her place—and *Equality* reigned paramount. If no Jury were considered necessary to the decision of this sporting cause—a greater collection of *good* judges never mustered on any bench; and however the *technicality* of phrase might have bothered the *gigs* of the uninformed in the higher shops of learning, the *lingo* promulgated here upon this occasion, would have left the late *Horne Tooke*, with all his vast researches to acquire the English language, completely in the dark.—The time was at length arrived—

“And you ye judges bear a wary eye.”

The hero of *Shepperton* first appeared in the square, with BOXER under his arm, and requested that every thing fair might take place between the parties—STREET WALKER, in about a minute afterwards, was produced, under the special care of a *Knight of the Cleaver*. Umpires were appointed and took their places, and the set-to commenced. *Street Walker* was not long in bringing down *Boxer*, and began to show off his experience in the art of fighting; but *Boxer* soon recovered himself and *floored* the old dog in return, and continued the advantage for some time, when the bets materially altered. It is impossible to describe the exact minutiae of this *mill*; but suffice it



to say, that after fighting for twenty-five minutes, during which time alternate advantages were obtained, but *Street Walker* generally kept the lead, when he at length, from his great exertions, was brought down by *Boxer* in so distressed a state, that it almost appeared he would never be able to rise again; and *Boxer* stood panting over him incapable, as it were, of administering any more *punishment*. The dogs however parted, and after a little handling by their seconds immediately returned to the charge. *Street Walker* again took the lead, got *Boxer* down, and tried with much sagacity to disable his legs. *Gamer* animals could not have been brought to face each other; and *Boxer* must be considered a prime article. Changes took place frequently, and the bets varied; but upon the whole *Street Walker* seemed the most likely dog to win the match. Three more rounds were contested, and the old dog went away much exhausted; and *Boxer* was equally languid and distressed. Thirty-five minutes had now elapsed, and the dogs were under the care of their seconds, when several persons cried out "Time, time," but the attendant upon *Street Walker* not having the proper notice given him by the time-keeper appointed, held his dog, waiting for the signal—when the second of *Boxer* took him in his arms, declaring that *Street Walker* had lost the match by his not being able to come again. It appears, that the "time-keeper's stop-watch, wanted sixteen seconds of the minute." But no *referee* being appointed to give the decisive voice, the above match ended in a *wrangle*.—*Boxer*, it appears, is not likely to recover."



## THE SPORTING STALLION SPANKER.

THE following advertisement was handed about among the gentlemen of the Turf, on the second day of Epsom races—

“ On Saturday next, at twelve, will be sold by Auction, by Mr. O’Shaughnessy, at the sign of the High-Mettled Racer, in Skibberton, the strong, staunch, steady, stout, sound, safe, sinewy, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, sightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, shining, sure-footed, sleek, well-sized, well-shaped, sorrel steed, of superlative symmetry, styled *Spanker*, with small star and snip, square sided, slender shouldered, sharp sighted, and steps singularly stately—free from strain, spavin, spasm, stringhalt, stranguary, sciatica, staggers, scouring, strangles, saltenders, surfeit, stams, strumour, swellings, scratches, starfoot, splint, squint, squirt, scurf, scabs, scars, sores, scattering, shuffling, shambling gait, or symptoms of sickness of any sort—he is neither stiff-mouthed, shabby-coated, sinew-shrunk, spur-galled, saddle-galled, shell-toothed, sling-gutted, surbated, skin-scabbed, short-winded, splay-footed, or shoulder-slipped, and is sound in the sword point, and stifte-joint—has neither sick, spleen, sitfast, snaggle teeth; sandcrack, staring coat, swelled sheath, nor shattered hoofs—nor is he sour, sulky, surly, stubborn, or sullen in temper—neither shy nor skittish, slow, sluggish, nor stupid—he never slips, trips, strays, stalks, starts, stops, shakes, snarvels, snuffles, snorts, stumbles, or stocks in the stables, and scarcely or seldom sweats

—has a showy, stylish, switch tail, and a safe strong set of shoes on—can feed on soil, stubble, sainfoin, sheaf-oats, straw, sedge, or scutch grass—carries sixteen stone, with surprising speed in his stroke, over a six-foot sod or stone wall.—His sire was the Sly Sober-sides, on a sister of Spindleshanks, by Sampson, a sporting son of Sparkler, who won the sweepstakes and subscription plate last season at Sligo. His selling price sixty-seven pounds, sixteen shillings, and sixpence sterling.”

#### THE OTTER.

THE description of this animal, and the mode of destroying it, are mentioned on account of its being so inveterate a foe to the fisherman's amusement; for the otter is as destructive in a pond, as a pole-cat in a hen-house. This animal seems to link the chain of gradation, between terrestrial and aquatic creatures, resembling the former in its shape, and the latter, in being able to remain for a considerable space of time under water, and in being furnished with membranes like *fins* between the toes, which enable it to swim with such rapidity, as to overtake fish in their own element: the otter, however, properly speaking, is not amphibious, he is not formed for continuing in the water, since, like other terrestrial creatures, he requires the aid of respiration; for if, in pursuit of his prey, he accidentally gets entangled in a net, and has not time to cut with his teeth the sufficient number of meshes to effectuate his escape, *he is drowned*. The usual length of the otter, from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, is

twenty-three inches; of the tail itself (which is broad at the insertion and tapers to a point) sixteen; the weight of the male from eighteen to twenty-six, of the female from thirteen to twenty-two pounds. One in October, 1794, was snared in the river Lea, between Ware and Hertford, which weighed upwards of *forty* pounds. The head and nose are broad and flat, the eyes are brilliant, although small, are nearer the nose than is usual in quadrupeds, and placed in such a manner, as to discern every object that is *above*, which gives the otter a singular aspect, not unlike the eel; but this property of seeing what is above, gives it a particular advantage when lurking at the bottom for its prey, as the fish cannot discern any object *under* them, and the otter seizing them from beneath, by the belly, readily takes any number with little exertion; the ears are extremely short, and their orifice narrow; the opening of the mouth is small, the lips are capable of being brought very close together, somewhat resembling the mouth of a fish, are very muscular, and designed to close the mouth firmly, while in the action of diving, and the nose and corners of the mouth are furnished with very long whiskers: it has thirty-six teeth, six cutting and two canine above and below; of the former, the middlemost are the least; it has besides five grinders on each side in both jaws. The legs are very short, but remarkably broad and muscular, the joints articulated so loosely, that the otter can turn them quite back, and bring them on a line with its body, and use them as fins; each foot has five toes, connected by strong webs like those of a water-fowl;

thus nature, in every particular, has attended to the way of life allotted to an animal, whose food is fish, and whose haunts must necessarily be about waters. The otter has no heel, but a round ball under the sole of the foot, by which its track in the mud is easily distinguished, and is termed the *seal*. The general shape of the otter is somewhat similar to that of an overgrown weasel, being long and slender; its colour is entirely a deep brown, except two small spots of white on each side the nose, and one under the chin; the skin is valuable, if killed in the winter, and makes gloves more durable, and which at the same time will retain their pliancy and softness, after being repeatedly wetted, beyond any other leather.

The otter destroys large quantities of fish, for he will eat none, unless it be perfectly fresh, and what he takes himself; by his mode of eating them, he causes a still greater consumption. So soon as the otter catches a fish, he drags it on shore, devours it to the *vent*, but, unless pressed by extreme hunger, always leaves the remainder, and takes to the water in quest of more. In rivers it is always observed to swim against the stream, to meet its prey; it has been asserted, that two otters will hunt in concert that active fish the salmon; one stations itself above, the other below where the fish lies, and being thus chased incessantly, the wearied salmon becomes their victim. To suppose the otter never uses the sea, is a mistake, for they often have been seen in it, both swimming and seeking for their booty in it, and which in the Orkneys, has been observed to be cod and conger.



In very hard weather, when its natural sort of food fails, the otter will kill lambs, sucking pigs, and poultry, and one was caught in a warren, where he had come to prey on the rabbits.

The hunting of the otter was formerly considered as excellent sport, and hounds were kept solely for that purpose. The chase of the otter has still, however, its staunch admirers, who are apparently as zealous in this pursuit as in any other we read of. In 1796, near Bridgnorth, on the river Worsé, four otters were killed: one stood three, another four hours, before the dogs, and was scarcely a minute out of sight. The hearts, &c. were eaten by many respectable people who attended the hunt, and allowed to be very delicious; the carcasses were also eaten by the men employed, and found to be excellent. What is a little extraordinary, the account does not state, that the partakers of this hard-earned fare were Carthusians.

## THE WEASEL.

THE hare has no enemy more fatal than the *weasel*, which will follow and terrify it into a state of absolute imbecility, when it gives itself up without resistance, at the same time making piteous outcries. The weasel seizes its prey near the head, the bite is mortal, although the wound is so small, that the entrance of the teeth is scarcely perceptible; a hare, or rabbit, bit in this manner, is never known to recover, but lingers for some time, and dies.

The common weasel is the least animal of this species, the disproportionate length and height of the



little animals which compose this class, are their chief characteristics, and are alone sufficient to distinguish them from all other carnivorous quadrupeds; the length of the wolf in proportion to its height, is as one and a half to one; that of the weasel is nearly as four to one, the weasel never exceeds seven inches in length, from the nose to the tail, which is only two inches and a half long, ends in a point, and adds considerably to the apparent length of the body; the height of the weasel is not above two inches and a half, so that it is almost four times as long as it is high; the most prevailing colour is a pale tawny brown, resembling cinnamon, on the back, sides, and legs; the throat and belly white; beneath the corners of the mouth, on each jaw, is a spot of brown; the eyes are small, round, and black; the ears broad and large, and from a fold at the lower part, have the appearance of being double; it has likewise whiskers like a cat, but has two more teeth than any of the cat kind, having thirty-two in number, and these well adapted for tearing and chewing its food. The motion of the weasel consists of unequal bounds, or leaps, and in climbing a tree it gains a height of some feet from the ground, by a single spring; in the same precipitate manner it jumps upon its prey, and possessing great flexibility of body, easily evades the attempts of much stronger animals to seize it. We are told, that an eagle having pounced upon a weasel, mounted into the air with it, and was soon after observed to be in great distress: the little animal had extricated itself so much from the eagle's hold, as to be able to fasten upon the throat, which presently brought the eagle to the ground,

and gave the weasel an opportunity of escaping. Its activity is remarkable, and it will run up the sides of a wall with such facility, that no place is secure from it. The weasel also preys in silence, and never utters any cry, except when it is struck, when it expresses resentment, or pain, by a rough kind of squeaking. It is useful to the farmer in winter, by clearing his barns and granaries of rats and mice.

The weasel sleeps in its hole during the greater part of the day, and evening is the chief time when it begins its depredations; it then may be seen stealing from its retreat, and creeping about in search of prey, which extends to all the eggs it can meet with, and it not unfrequently destroys the bird that tries to defend them. If it enter the hen-roost, the chickens are sure to fall victims; it does not there often attack the cocks, or old hens, nor does it devour what it kills on the spot, but drags it off, to eat at leisure.

#### THE STOAT.

THIS animal, which is equally agile and mischievous with the weasel in the pursuit and destruction of the hare, and all other sorts of game, poultry, and eggs, has, from its habits and the small difference in shape from the weasel, been often described under the same denomination. Its height is about two inches; the tail five and a half, very hairy, and at the points tipped with black; the edges of the ears and ends of the toes are of a yellowish white; in other respects it perfectly resembles the weasel in colour and form. In the most northern parts of Europe, the stoat regularly changes

its colour in winter, and becomes perfectly white, except the end of the tail, which remains invariably black. It is then called the *ermine*; the fur is valuable, and is sold in the country where caught, from two to three pounds sterling per hundred. The animal is either taken in traps, made of two flat stones, or shot with blunt arrows.

The stoat is sometimes found white during the winter season in Great Britain, and is then commonly called the *white weasel*. Its fur, however, having neither the thickness, the closeness, or the whiteness, of those which come from Siberia, is, with us, of little value.

To destroy these worst of all four-footed vermin to game in its infant state, the following mode is recommended:—Provide small square-made steel traps, with a small chain and iron peg to fix them down; get two drachms of musk, shoot some small birds, and dip the tail of these birds in the musk; tie one on the plate of each trap, and set in the hedges, or where it is suspected they frequent; this will soon reduce the number, should it be ever so considerable; if it so happen, that no musk is immediately to be got, the trap must be baited with a piece of rabbit; and it should be remembered, that this bait cannot be too stale.

THE LATE COLONEL MELLISH,

*Distinguished for his superior breed of cattle of all sorts; and the avowed patron of every diversion connected with the Sporting World.*

EVERY life contains some useful precept, and every human circumstance has its moral. This purpose can-

not fail to be fulfilled in contemplating the life of Colonel Mellish.

Very few persons in England have filled a larger space in the public notice than the above gentleman; and it was not confined to one class of men or to another, but every part of society had known, seen, or heard of Colonel Mellish.—There were very few things which he had not attempted, and nearly as few in which he had not eminently succeeded. To him the words of the Roman orator might well have been applied:

*“Nihil erat quod non teliget: et quod teliget, non ornavit.”*

Colonel Mellish was the son of Mr. Mellish, of Blythe, near Doncaster in Yorkshire, from whom he inherited the large mansion and estate around it, situated at the village of Blythe. At an early age, Colonel Mellish was sent to a public school, where the ardency of his temper and the uncontrollable nature of his mind, were found very difficult for a master to manage. His abilities, however, were such, that he had acquired a sufficient acquaintance with the classics to qualify him for any line he might have chosen to adopt, and which he afterwards evinced in the different pursuits he followed. He became an officer in the 11th regiment of Light Dragoons; from which he afterwards removed into the Prince's own regiment, the 10th Hussars.

Shortly after this period, Colonel Mellish came into the full command of his property before the attainment of years and discretion had enabled him to ma-



nage it. Nature, however, seemed to have qualified him for taking a lead in every thing, and to have given him a temperament so ardent, as made it impossible for him ever—" *to come in second.*"

He distinguished himself upon the turf; and the best trainers have declared that they never knew a man who so accurately knew the powers, the qualities, and capabilities of the racer, the exact weights he could carry, and the precise distances he could run, so well as Col. Mellish.

But it was not on the *turf alone* he thus eminently distinguished himself; he was, in his day, one of the *best whips* of the time; no man drove *four-in-hand* with more skill and with less labour than he did; and to display that skill, he often selected very difficult horses to drive, satisfied if they were *goers*.—As a rider he was equally eminent; he had the art of making a horse do more than other riders, and he accustomed them like himself—" *to go at every thing.*"

A mind incessantly on the alert like his, was not likely to let pass, without engaging in it, any leading feature of the times. He was therefore, at one time, the patron of all the *superior pugilists*, many of whom he first brought into notice.—He introduced Tom Crib into his first battle with Nicholl, who beat him, the Colonel having made the match; but he found Crib, when he was brought into the ring, very drunk, and of course he fell an easy prey to his antagonist, whom in future days he would have beaten in ten minutes. Such was the unfortunate out-set of Tom Crib,



the *Champion of England*!—But he has lived to wipe away the stain.—Colonel Mellish likewise made the match betwixt Gully and the Game Chicken; the former of whom he made “*give in*,” much against his inclination; and by which the Colonel lost a large sum, as he backed Gully, but he insisted upon his yielding, as he was reduced to that state of weakness, that an accidental blow might have proved fatal.

In fact, he was their principal patron, and they appeared to look upon him as their treasurer. But, at this period, it was not one line of expense that swallowed up his property. The high-bred racer, when winning every thing on the turf, is then satisfied. He is not at the same time a hunter, a hack, or a carriage horse; but Col. Mellish would be every thing at once—he was “at all in the ring;” till by deep play, by racing, and expenses of every kind, and in every place, he made it necessary to have his estate sold to satisfy the demands which were made upon him.

Col. Mellish was at this time in the Prince Regent’s own regiment, the 10th Hussars, and shortly afterwards Gen. Sir Rowland Ferguson appointed him his Aid-de-Camp, and with him he went to the Peninsular war.

A circumstance somewhat whimsical happened at this period. Previous to the battle of Vimiera, as the General Officers were dining together, one of them observed to Sir Rowland Ferguson, that “if the thing were not impossible, he should have declared, from the similitude, he had left that gentleman a week or two ago in the cockpit at York, and engaged in the main

there—his name Mr. Mellish.—“The very same man,” returned Sir Rowland, “he is now my *Aid-de-Camp*, and I think you will say, when you have the opportunity of knowing more of him, a better officer will not be found.” The Duke of Wellington declared a better *Aid-de-Camp* than Col. Mellish he had never observed.

After remaining some time with the armies abroad, Col. Mellish returned home, and after that period engaged no more in military duties.

The Prince Regent, who has been accused too often of forgetting those who have served him, certainly did not verify this reproach in the case of Col. Mellish; for on his having obtained a small appointment abroad in one of the conquered islands, the Prince made him his *Equerry*, in order to enable him to enjoy the emoluments of it, and to remain at home.

On his return, the uncles of Col. Mellish, who had undertaken the management of his property when he was abroad, enabled him, by their arrangements, to return to the place where he had occasionally lived, and where he died at last—to his farm at Hodsack Priory.—In passing to this farm, he had likewise to pass the magnificent mansion and grounds at Bythe, the seat of his ancestors, formerly his own.

That at this period all castles were above the circumstances of Colonel Mellish, is most certain; but we believe it equally certain he adapted himself “*equo animo*” to his circumstances, and visited his humbler mansion at Hodsack Priory, fitted in the cottage style, in the most tasteful manner, without any mortifying

regrets that he once possessed a finer seat. Having married one of the daughters of the Marchioness of Lansdown, who brought him a very handsome fortune, his circumstances again became easy, and he was enabled to indulge in those rural pursuits which appear early and late to have been congenial to his disposition. He had very capital greyhounds, but which, during his absence abroad, had been neglected or forgotten; but on his return, from his perfect knowledge in the crossing of breeds, he established a stud of greyhounds equal to any man. He had many of the Snowball blood, and some from a Norfolk dog of the name of Arrow, purchased at a very high price.

As a breeder of cattle, of the improved kinds, he displayed very uncommon judgment; and, short as the time was that was given him, for bringing them to perfection, he had done so most completely. At most of the great cattle-shows in the north, he had carried off the prizes, and sold some of his sort at as high prices as were ever known. In fact, in every thing he undertook he had a nice and discriminating taste, an unwearied diligence in research, and a resolution to obtain whatever he saw was excellent in its kind. In addition to this, he was free from prejudice, that great enemy of knowledge, and was of all men the most ready to allow in others what was really good.

In the various ornamental accomplishments of life he was not less admirable. He understood music; he drew beautifully, and painted well in oil colours; and, as a companion, he was always in spirits and animated

on every subject. His conversation, if not abounding in wit, was ever full of information, not taken up fancifully on theory, but founded on fact and experience. It was impossible to hear him talk on any subject, and not to go away improved; he had a manner of telling and acting a story that was perfectly dramatic; and as he well knew the tone of polished society, and could adapt himself to the lowest, he was never out of his element. He could talk with the gentleman and associate with the farmer.

In one of the beautiful epilogues, which Garrick wrote and spoke in the close of his theatrical life, he observed,

In five and forty years, the spirits cool—  
That time is long enough to play the fool.

To such a period Col. Mellish did not live. The flame of his mind, which was never suffered to go out, was too ardent not to consume itself, and to burn the lamp which contained it. In the year prior to his death his constitution was evidently sinking, but his spirits remained unimpaired, and to the latest moments in which he could exercise any activity, he fought up against his disorder, which was a confirmed dropsy, and which, after a painful struggle of two days, terminated his existence.

#### THE LATE CAPTAIN O'KELLY.

DELICACY to survivors, and a desire to avoid the introduction of a line that can give offence, renders unnecessary the task of biographical minutiae, and enables us to pass over (as unconnected with the pur-



port) his origin, and the days of juvenility, to accompany him to those scenes where he was the subject of popularity, and the very life and spirit of good company.

To analyze the means by which he was immersed from those dreary walls in the more dreary environs of Fleet-market, to a scene of princely splendour (by a lucky "hazard of the die," with the last *desponding hundred*, then reluctantly consigned by his *fair frail* friend C——H——'s) is not the intent of the present page to recite; or to moralize with admiration upon the vicissitudes that alternately raise us to the summit of prosperity, and then penetrate the bosom of sensibility with the barbed arrow of adversity. Let it suffice, that his *bitter* draughts were few, and of short duration: what little disquietude he experienced in the infancy of his adventures, was amply compensated by the affluence of his latter years, in which he enjoyed the gratification of his only ambition, that of being, before he died, the most opulent and most successful adventurer upon the turf,—a circumstance not calculated to create surprise, when it is recollected, that his own penetration, his indefatigable industry, his nocturnal watching, his personal superintendence, and eternal attention, had reduced to a system of certainty with him, what was neither more nor less than a matter of chance with his competitors.

He had, by the qualifications just recited, possessed himself of every requisite to practise (if necessary) consequently to counteract, the various astonishing and almost incredible deceptions in the sporting world,



of. Dining at the stewards' ordinary at Burford races, in the year 1775, (Lord Robert Spencer in the chair,) when those races continued four days (now reduced to two), Lord Abingdon and many other noblemen being present, matches and sweepstakes, as usual after dinner, were proposed, and entered into for the following year. Amongst the rest, one between Lord A. and Mr. Baily, of Rambridge, in Hampshire, for 300 guineas h. ft. when the captain being once or twice appealed to by Mr. B. in adjusting the terms, Lord A. happened to exclaim, "that he, and the gentlemen on his side the table," ran for *honour*; the captain and his friends for *profit*.—The match being at length agreed upon in terms not conformable to the captain's opinion, and he applied to by B. to *stand half*, the captain vociferously replied, "No; but if the match had been made *cross* and *jostle*, as I proposed, I would have not only stood *all the money*, but have brought a *spalpeen* from Newmarket, no higher than a *two-penny loaf*, that should, by Jasus! have driven his lordship's horse and jockey into the furzes, and have kept him there for three weeks."

It was his usual custom to carry a great number of bank-notes in his waistcoat pocket, whisked up together with the greatest indifference. When in his attendance upon a hazard-table at Windsor, during the races, being a *standing better* (and every chair full,) a person's hand was observed, by those on the opposite side of the table, just in the act of drawing two notes out of his pocket; when the alarm was given, the hand (from the person behind) was instantaneously with-

drawn, and the notes left more than half out of the pocket. The company became clamorous for the offender's being taken before a magistrate, and many attempting to secure him for that purpose, the Captain very *philosophically* seizing him by the collar, kicked him down stairs, and exultingly exclaimed, " 'Twas a sufficient punishment, to be deprived of the pleasure of keeping company with *jontlemen*."

The great and constant object of his pursuit was to collect and retain the best bred stud in the kingdom. This great acquisition he had nearly completed at the time of his death; having crossed and accumulated the different degrees of blood from their collateral branches, so as nearly to concentrate the various excellencies of different highly estimated pedigrees (by a portion of each) in a single subject. And here it cannot be inapplicable to introduce a few remarks on the celebrity and superior qualifications of that famous horse *Eclipse*, whose excellence in speed, blood, pedigree, and progeny, will be, perhaps, transmitted to the end of time.

This wonderful horse was bred by the former Duke of Cumberland, and being foaled during the *great Eclipse*, was so named by the Duke in consequence. His Royal Highness, however, did not survive to witness the very great performances he himself had predicted; for, when a yearling only, he was disposed of by auction, with the rest of the stud: and, even in this very sale, a singularity attended him; for, upon Mr. Wildman's arrival, the sale had begun, and some few lots were knocked down. A dispute here arose, upon Mr.

Wildman's producing his watch, and insisting upon it the sale had begun before the time advertised. The auctioneer remonstrated; little Wildman was not to be satisfied, and insisted upon it the lots so sold should be put up again. This circumstance causing a loss of time, as well as a scene of confusion, the purchasers said, if there was any lot already sold, which he had an inclination to, rather than retard progress, it was totally at his service.

Eclipse was the only lot he had originally fixed upon, and that was transferred to him at seventy, or seventy-five guineas. At four or five years old, Captain O'Kelly purchased half of him for two hundred and fifty guineas, and, in a short time after, gave seven hundred and fifty for the remainder. His great powers and performances are too well imprinted in the memory of the sporting world to be already obliterated.

The purchase of the captain's estate near Epsom, with the great convenience of his training-stables and paddocks, so contiguous to the course, and different ground for exercise, gave him every opportunity of information that his great avidity could excite him to obtain. Indefatigable in his pursuits, he became every day the less liable to disappointment; and, that he might ensure this to a greater certainty, his affability and friendly affection to his domestics and dependants, had taught them to look up to him more as a *friend* than a *master*; and to this natural effusion of philanthropic liberality may be attributed no small portion of the success that so constantly attended him at almost every country course in various parts of the king-

dom—at least in all those parts that were central; for, exceeding fond of being present when his horses run, he never sent them to remote spots where he could not attend them. He was remarkable for his attachment to horses of bottom, that could stand a long day; and made a point, if possible, of always winning at three or four heats, in preference to two. This rendered the race a matter of more profitable speculation; for, by protracting the superiority of his own horses, with the termination of the race, he became the winner of greater odds, which were constantly increasing every heat, as the horse seemed still less likely to win.

*Give-and-take plates*, as they are called (carrying, weight for inches,) were then very much in use, but now almost obliterated; and, amongst the competitors at Epsom, Ascot, Reading, Maidenhead, &c. &c. we were sure to find, for many years in succession, *Brutus*, *Badjor* (alias *Ploughboy*,) *Young Gimcrack*, *Atom*, *Tiney*, and, with the rest, Captain O'Kelly's *Milksop*, amongst which group was always seen as desperate running as can be conceived, each becoming alternately victor, as the course proved most applicable to his style of running (or the state of condition,) as it is well known some horses run well over a flat course, that are deficient in climbing or descending a hill.— Upon this little horse alone he won very considerable sums, as he was at the height of his reputation, as well as his owner in the very zenith of prosperity, when the turf was in a different degree of estimation; and it



may be fairly concluded, that a thousand was then betted for every fifty that is now paid and received.— Excluded in some measure (by a rejection from the clubs) running for the great stakes at Newmarket, he made a point of sweeping the major part of the plates at every country course within the extent of his circle. His horses never ran better, or won oftener, than when the long odds were against them. This, however, was more the effect of policy than of chance. To enumerate a list of his stud, or a delineation of their individual excellencies, or successful performances, would be to exceed the bounds of our work; it must, therefore, suffice to say, that, by an indefatigable and unremitting application to the cause he had embarked in, he accumulated not only a splendid fortune, but left to his successor such a train of stallions, in high estimation, that alone brought him in a princely competence.

Report, after his decease, circulated an opinion that he had, by will, under certain restrictions, (in imitation of the late Lord Chesterfield) enjoined his successor to avoid every connexion with the turf; not even to run or enter a horse in his own name. If such was the fact, (which, by the bye, we have no reason to doubt) such restriction is, by a *supposed composition*, entirely done away, as we now not only see the present Mr. O'Kelly running horses in his own name, but riding his own matches. Of the late D. O'Kelly, Esq. it may be very justly acknowledged, we shall never see a more zealous, or a more generous promoter of the



turf, a fairer sportsman in the field, or at the gaming-table. If he absolutely possessed private advantages over the less experienced, they were too judiciously managed ever to transpire to his public prejudice. In his domestic transactions he was indulgently liberal, without being ridiculously profuse; and, as he was the last man living to offer an intentional insult unprovoked, so he was never known to receive one with impunity. In short, without offence to the distinguished equestrian leaders of the day, we may aver, he was not in the fashion now extant; his tradesmen, his riders, his grooms, his helpers, and subordinates, comparing the plenty of the past with the poverty of the present period.

#### THE LATE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

WAS from his youth fond of field sports, and retained his attachment to them until prevented by the infirmities of age from their further enjoyment. He was accustomed to hunt in Richmond Park with a pack of beagles. Upon receiving a packet of letters, he usually opened that from his gamekeeper first; and in the pictures taken of him, he preferred being drawn in his sporting dress.

#### A JUST REPLY.

THE Duke Longueville's reply, when it was observed to him, that the gentlemen bordering on his estates were continually hunting upon them, and that he ought not to suffer it, is worthy of imitation:—"I had much rather (answered the Duke) have *friends* than *hares*!"

## SKETCH OF MR. JOHN JACKSON.

From "BOXIANA," Vol. I.

*A most distinguished Teacher of the Art of Self-Defence, at his Rooms,  
13, Bond Street, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.*

All fame is foreign, but of true desert,  
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :  
One *self-approving* HOUR, whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas!

IN the pugilistic hemisphere, JACKSON has long been viewed as a fixed *star*, and the other bodies may be compared to so many satellites revolving round the greater orb, deriving their principal vigour and influence from his dominion. To Nature he is indebted for an uncommon fine person—his symmetry of form is attractive in the extreme, and he is considered one of the best made men in the kingdom, standing 5 ft. 11½ in. in height, and weighing about fourteen stone; with limbs elegantly proportioned, and an arm for athletic beauty that defies competition: such an exterior cannot but prove prepossessing, and such an exterior has had its weight in that peculiar respect.

It appears, that JACKSON has *lived* all his life—and to use the expression of the poet, he has "*caught the manners living as they rise,*" and not content with having it observed alone, that he is one of the best made men in the kingdom, but wisely endeavoured to unite with the above expression, that of being one of the best behaved men also; in fact, JACKSON possesses a *mind* that penetrates farther than the surface, and being well assured from his intercourse with po-

ished society, that gentlemen, however fond of PUGILISM they may be, cannot discourse upon *fighting* every minute in the day, begin again the next, and so go on to the end of the chapter, has prevented any such chasm from appearing in his composition: that the advantages of good company have therefore proved obvious to him, and by appreciating their consequences he has turned them to a proper account, in foreseeing that the recommendations of being a first-rate Pugilist, were of too transitory a nature to rely upon those qualifications *alone*; and that although the term *thorough-bred* may have its importance in the *ring*, (and so essentially necessary in matters of a sporting description) yet there are two more little words requisite to render the man complete, and pass him current through the world, denominated—GOOD BREEDING.

JACKSON has been far from an inattentive observer of the above requisites, and acquired considerable proficiency in his manners and address; and has let no opportunity slip whereby he might obtain knowledge and improvement: he had only attained his *nineteenth* year, when he entered the lists with that formidable boxer, *Fewterel*. At that period, JACKSON was an entire stranger to the sporting world; and if we are not misinformed, it was owing to the late unfortunate Colonel HARVEY ASTON, (one of the most steady and firm patrons of pugilism) that he was induced to try his skill in a public pugilistic encounter; and from that introduction was accordingly matched to fight the above boxer. The style and fortitude of manner displayed by JACKSON in the above contest, proved of so

attractive a nature, as to be a recommendation in itself to the *Fancy* in general, and have since operated as a lasting acquaintance with the higher patrons of the pugilistic art. However, in his *set-to* with *Fewterel*, his most sanguine friends entertained doubts of his success, from the disadvantages he had to contend against; but his *science* and intrepidity throughout the fight entitled him to general approbation and conquest.

JACKSON, from his care and attention, soon became the proprietor of a most respectable inn in Surrey; and in that situation he is remembered with respect, from a general line of conduct, which always manifested itself in a desire to serve and please those persons, whose curiosity or business led them to visit his house. Fortune has been propitious to his views, and he has not been unmindful of her favours—and, has in himself, proved most unquestionably, that “*ALL is not barren!*” and that however terrific and formidable the *pugilist* may appear in combat, yet the same individual may be tempered with those sensibilities which make mankind valuable and interesting.

JACKSON defeated *Fewterel*, on June 9, 1788, at Smithham Bottom, near Croydon, Surrey, in a few minutes over an hour. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was much pleased with the intrepidity displayed by Jackson, and, it is said, acknowledged it by a small present.

MENDOZA surrendered his laurels to Jackson, at Hornchurch, in Essex, in *ten minutes and a half*, on April 15, 1795.

JACKSON also fought with *George the Brewer*, at

Ingatestone, in Essex, on March 12, 1798, but breaking the small bone of his leg, the contest was not decided.

In relinquishing his pretensions to PUGILISM, and in giving up all the honours attending on conquest, it is but common justice to observe, that JACKSON has *practically* realized the character of a gentleman, equally respected by the rich and poor—and ever ready to perform a good action: and, were it necessary, numerous instances of which might be quoted, in verifying the excellence of his heart, and the sensibility of his disposition; and in him, the Pugilists experience a steady and warm friend.

JACKSON is personally known to some of the first characters in the kingdom; and the circles he now moves in are of the greatest respectability, and whose recommendations to whom have not occurred *merely* from the scientific acquirements of Pugilism, but upon pretensions which are of the most firm and durable nature—a pleasing address, an intelligent and communicative disposition; and which have rendered him in society a cheerful and agreeable companion; and JACKSON possesses sufficient property to render him an independent character, and to support that station with stability. In offering our advice to the Pugilists of the present day, it cannot be expressed in more concise or appropriate terms, than “*Go thou and do likewise.*”

JACKSON has not been engaged in any contest whatever for upwards of twenty-five years: and it has been observed of him, in reference to other men, that few



pugilists have appeared, but what have been distinguished for some peculiar trait of excellence appertaining to the art of self-defence—some for superior *strength*—others for intuitive *science*—and many for extraordinary *bottom*; but JACKSON has the whole of them united in one person. His agility is truly astonishing, and there are few men, if any, that can jump farther than he can; and in point of strength he is equally gifted. A cast has been taken from the arm of JACKSON, on account of its fine proportion and anatomical beauty, and of its athletic and muscular appearance.

We cannot pass over the following patriotic trait displayed by JACKSON in the year 1811, in procuring a benefit at the Five's Court, in St. Martin's-street, towards aiding the public subscription, tending to alleviate the sufferings of the Portuguese, whose towns had been destroyed by the French; and which produced the sum of *one hundred and fourteen pounds*, and was paid to the committee for conducting the same.

In thus paying attention to the wants of our suffering allies, JACKSON's humanity would not let him prove unmindful towards his unfortunate countrymen, the *British Prisoners in France*; in consequence of which, another benefit was produced in the beginning of the year 1812, when the respectable sum of *one hundred and thirty-two pounds six shillings* was the receipt thereof, which was immediately applied in aid of that laudable purpose. To the credit of all the Pugilists, be it remembered, that on the first inti-

mation of such a plan, they all cheerfully volunteered their services upon this occasion, by seconding the efforts of so disinterested a proposition.

The *Regulations* of the PRIZE RING, and the appointments of *Benefits* at the Fives Court, are totally under the direction of Mr. JACKSON. The impartiality of his conduct upon all these occasions, is the admiration of the amateurs, and the praise and satisfaction of all the pugilists: and whenever this link is broken in the chain that binds together the Pugilistic Hemisphere, we are totally at a loss to know who will be able to supply the chasm.

In taking our leave of the above person, we have only to observe, that BOXIANA would not have done his duty to the public, in omitting the pretensions of JACKSON to pugilism, notwithstanding his long retirement from the scene of action; and whether as a pugilist, or in any of the capacities he has filled, we feel no impropriety in concluding, that

Take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again.

#### PICKING UP ONE HUNDRED STONES PLACED A YARD ASUNDER.

LIEUTENANT COCHRANE, of the Third Regiment of the Foot Guards, quartered at Windsor, undertook, on Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1817, to pick up 100 stones at a yard from each other from the basket where he was to put them into. The time allowed him was 50 minutes; but the Lieutenant performed it in 45 minutes with ease. The distance of ground is six miles.

Great odds were laid against his accomplishing the task.

#### EXTRAORDINARY SNIPE SHOOTING.

On Saturday, Jan. 10, 1818, Mr. Elliott, of Lenthams, in Kent, *shot* FOUR SNIPEs at one discharge. Mr. E. marked two of them on a pond, and was about to fire, when they rose on the wing, joined by two others. Three dropped instantly into the pond, and the fourth at a small distance from it!

#### SINGULAR CRICKET-MATCH.

ON Friday, Aug. 28, 1818, a match of cricket was played at Woking, near Guildford, between eleven gentlemen of Woking and eleven of Shiere. In the first innings, Woking gained 71 runs. Shiere then went in and got 71. Second innings, Woking 71; ditto, Shiere 71; it was consequently a *tye-game*, under circumstances unprecedented in the annals of cricket-playing.

#### FLIGHT OF A PIGEON.

IN the month of August, 1818, a carrier pigeon, which had been brought down from London to Norwich, was started at a given time from that city, to determine a bet of five guineas, that it returned to town in five hours, which it did, five minutes under the time allowed. The same bird, it seems, arrived in town from Bury, a few days before in three hours.

## TROTTING MATCHES.

## RACE AGAINST TIME.

ON Wednesday, July 30, 1817, Mr. Wells's Pipyline mare started from Hornchurch, Essex, to trot thirty-four miles in an hour and a half, for a bet of 100 guineas. The mare was rode by a boy who weighed seven stone. The mare performed the first mile in three minutes and a half; eight miles and a quarter in the half hour; and sixteen miles in *fifty-seven minutes*. She was started again at the hour, after cleaning her mouth, when she performed the other eight miles in twenty-three minutes and five seconds. The boy was more fatigued than the mare.

## EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

A MARE, belonging to Mr. Brown, malster and brewer, of Earl Street, Bristol, on Wednesday, May 13, 1818, completed 100 miles in 10 hours and 43 minutes, for a wager of 20 guineas. His son, a youth of about 14 years of age, rode the mare.

## GREAT EFFORT WITH TWO HORSES.

MR. WELLSOFF, of the City Road, on Monday, June 30, 1817, rode two horses, his own property, 62 miles in four hours, for a bet of 100 guineas. Mr. W. who rides nearly 13 stone, took 15 miles of flat on the Essex bye-road. He did the first 15 miles in 54 minutes; mounted his second horse, and rode back the other 15 in 58 minutes; he did the 45 miles in six minutes under the three hours, and won the

match cleverly in one minute and a half under the four hours. The rider was worse beat than the horses.

#### TROTTING MATCH IN HARNESS.

MR. WATERS started at eight o'clock on Thursday, Oct. 17, 1816, from Shoreditch Church, and drove his brown mare, (which is blind) 50 miles in the short space of four hours and 44 minutes. He went 25 miles out on the Harrow-road, and returned to the above church at 46 minutes before one. It is singular to state, that during the whole 50 miles, *the mare never once broke from her trotting*, and the chaise in which Mr. Waters rode did not exceed 112 lb. in weight. It was for a bet of 60 guineas, to be performed in five hours, and the odds were 6 to 4 against the mare; but she won it in good style, and without much apparent fatigue.

#### VERY FAST TROTTING MATCH.

THE fastest match on record, since the performances of the Phenomena mare (which was said to have trotted 19 miles within the hour,) took place near Blackwater, on Wednesday, August 5, 1817, for 100 guineas. A fine roan horse, seven years old, the property of Mr. Sandy, was matched to trot  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles in 30 minutes. Each mile was done as follows:—

	Min.	Sec.		Min.	Sec.
1.....	3	31	6.....	3	31
2.....	3	32	7.....	3	31
3.....	3	33	8.....	3	34
4.....	3	32			
5.....	3	33		28	17



The mare was pulled up after going eight miles, as she had but one minute and forty-three seconds to do the half mile, and she was beat before she had finished it.

## VARIOUS FEATS OF PEDESTRIANISM.

### MR. FOSTER POWELL

WAS born in the year 1736, at Hortsforth, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, and, being bred to the law, was clerk to an attorney, in the New Inn, London. While in that employ, he had occasion to go to York for some leases, to which place he went and returned on foot, in little more than six days. He afterwards performed several expeditions with great swiftness, particularly from London to Maidenhead-bridge and back (twenty-seven miles) in seven hours.

In 1773, he made a deposit of twenty pounds, for a wager of one hundred guineas, the conditions of which were, that he should begin, some Monday in November, a journey to York on foot, and back again in six days.

He accordingly set out on Monday, November the 29th, 1773. The particulars of this journey, as authenticated by Mr. Powell, are as follow :—

“ I set out from Hicks’s-hall, London, on the 29th of November, 1773, about twenty minutes past twelve o’clock in the morning, for a wager of one hundred guineas, which I was to perform in six days, by going to York, and returning to the above place.

	Miles.
" I got to Stamford about nine o'clock in the evening of that day . . . . .	88
" Nov. 30. Set out from Stamford about five in the morning, and got to Doncaster about twelve at night. . . . .	72
" Dec. 1. Set out from Doncaster about five in the morning, and got to York at half-past two in the afternoon . . . . .	37
" Departed from York about six the same afternoon, and got to Ferrybridge about ten that night. . . . .	32
" Dec. 2. Set out from Ferrybridge about five in the morning, and got to Grantham about twelve at night. . . . .	65
" Dec. 3. Set out from Grantham at six in the morning, and got to the Cock at Eaton about eleven at night. . . . .	54
" Dec. 4. Set out from Eaton, the sixth and last day, about four in the morning, and arrived at Hicks's-hall about half past six in the evening. . . . .	56
Total	394

" FOSTER POWELL,"

What rendered this exploit more extraordinary was, that he set out in a very indifferent state of health, being compelled, from a pain in his side, to wear a strengthening plaister all the way; his appetite, moreover, was

very indifferent, for his most frequent beverage was either water or small beer; and the refreshment he most admired was tea, and toast and butter.

In his next two performances he was more unfortunate. The first was in the summer of 1776, he run a match of a mile on Barham Downs, near Canterbury, against Andrew Smith, a famous runner of that time who beat him.

The second was in November, 1778, when he undertook to run two miles in ten minutes, on the Lea-bridge road, which he lost by only half a minute.

In September, 1787, he offered a wager of twenty-five guineas, that he walked from the Falstaff Inn, at Canterbury, to London-bridge, and back again, which is one hundred and twelve miles, in twenty-four hours: which being accepted, he set out on the 27th of that month, at four o'clock in the afternoon, reached London-bridge at half-past two the next morning, and was again at Canterbury at ten minutes before four in the afternoon.

June the 8th, 1788, he set out from Hicks's-hall, on his second journey to York and back again; which he performed in five days and nineteen hours and a quarter.

On the 15th of July following, he undertook for one hundred guineas, to walk one hundred miles in twenty-two hours, which he accomplished with ease, and had several minutes to spare. He went from Hyde-Park-Corner to the fifty mile-stone at Wolverton-Hill, on the Bath road, and back to Hyde-Park Corner.

In 1790, he took a bet of twenty guineas to thirteen,

that he would walk to York and return in five days and eighteen hours. He set off on Sunday, the 22d of August, at twelve at night, and reached Stamford on Monday night; arrived at Doncaster on Tuesday night; returned from York as far as Ferrybridge, on Wednesday; on Thursday he slept at Grantham; on Friday on this side Biggleswade, and arrived at St. Paul's cathedral on Saturday, at ten minutes past four, which was one hour and fifty minutes less than the time allowed him.

He was so little fatigued with this journey, that he offered to walk one hundred miles the next day, if any person would make it worth his trouble, by a considerable wager.

Soon after this he exhibited himself in a new light to the public, by being theatrically crowned at Astley's Amphitheatre, in the same manner as Voltaire was at the *Comedie François*, in Paris, some years before.

On November 22d following, he was beat by West a publican, of Windsor, in walking (for forty guineas) forty miles on the western road: and, soon after, failed in attempting to walk from Canterbury to London in twenty-four hours, owing to the extreme darkness of the night. On his return over Blackheath he fell several times, and could not recover the right road.

On Sunday night, July the 1st, he started, at twelve o'clock, from Shoreditch church, to walk to York and back again in five days and fifteen hours, for a wager of thirteen guineas; which he won, by arriving at Shoreditch the following Saturday, at thirty-five mi-

minutes past one in the afternoon, which was an hour and twenty-five minutes within his time.

He walked; on the Brighton road, one mile in nine minutes, for a wager of fifteen guineas; and run it back again in five minutes and fifty-two seconds, which was eight seconds within the time allowed him.

*Powell* was a pattern to all pedestrians for unblemished integrity; in no one instance was he ever challenged with making a cross. He was buried in a most respectable manner; numerous distinguished sportsmen followed him to the grave.

#### DANIEL CRISP,

*Of Loton, in Norfolk, born March 15, 1778.*

THIS walking hero on Sept. 21, 1802, walked one mile in seven minutes and fifty seconds, on the City-road, London.—July 16, 1817, commenced walking backwards forty miles daily for seven days, and completed 280 miles by that retrograde motion, on Wormwood Scrubs, near London, one hour and a quarter within the given time, to the surprise of thousands who witnessed the performance.—Oct. 6, 1817, walked 63 miles in thirteen hours and ten minutes, round the Regency Park, London.—Oct. 18, 1817, commenced walking from London to Oxford, to and fro on the Uxbridge Road, the distance of fifty-four miles daily, for twenty-one successive days, being 1134 miles; which he completed twenty minutes before eleven o'clock at night, being one hour and twenty minutes within the given time, amidst the acclamations of 10,000 spectators.—April 23, 1818, commenced walking from London to Oxford, to and fro by way of



Datchet, Windsor, and Henley, the distance of sixty-one miles daily for seventeen successive days, and completed the 1037 miles on the 9th of May at eight minutes after eleven at night, being fifty-two minutes within the given time; during the performance of this arduous undertaking it rained heavily for ten days, which caused the Thames to overflow on the road to the depth of two feet and a half, and a quarter of a mile in length, which he was obliged to walk through for five days.—Sept. 13, 1818, commenced walking seventy-five miles daily, for six successive days, on Newbury Wash, the ground being accurately measured into half miles on the Andover Road; he completed the arduous undertaking twenty-six minutes within the given time, amidst the acclamations of 7000 spectators.—April 2, 1819, he undertook for a wager of 125 pounds to walk from London to Dover, to and fro, being seventy-two miles daily, for twelve successive days, and after completing 412 miles, he was compelled to decline the match, the intense heat of the weather having covered his feet with blisters.—June 17, 1819, he attempted for a wager of 150 pounds, to walk from London to Ipswich, to and fro, being sixty-nine miles daily, for sixteen successive days; on the second day, the rain fell so rapidly for two hours, that he walked ankle deep in water, which caused a gathering to set in his heel, he walked for three days in the greatest pain, and was obliged to resign the task on the sixth day, after completing 403 miles. Through the failure of the two last undertakings Crisp lost 85 pounds of his own money.

## WILSON, THE BLACKHEATH PEDESTRIAN.

ON Saturday, August 2, 1817, within five and a half minutes of twelve, p. m. the above pedestrian fully accomplished his arduous attempt to walk one thousand miles in eighteen days (the intervening Sundays excepted), at Mr. Tinker's Gardens, Collyhurst. Towards the close of his task, he was very much annoyed by the pressure of the crowd, doubtless at the instance of individuals whose motives were far from being pure and disinterested, and but for the kind and determined interference of Mr. Nadin (the worthy deputy constable for Manchester), in the veteran's behalf, his efforts would have been frustrated with success in full view. The following is a correct statement of his performance, from the commencement, Monday the 7th instant:—

Days.	Miles.	Days.	Miles.
1st Monday .....	60	11th Friday .....	40
2d Tuesday .....	56	12th Saturday .....	53
3d Wednesday .....	56	13th Monday .....	60
4th Thursday.....	41	14th Tuesday .....	60
5th Friday .....	56	15th Wednesday .....	44
6th Saturday .....	58	16th Thursday.....	65
7th Monday .....	58	17th Friday .....	64
8th Tuesday .....	58	18th Saturday .....	57
9th Wednesday.....	56		
10th Thursday.....	58		
		Total	1000

## INTERESTING FOOT RACE AS TO TIME.

A race which excited much sporting interest took place on the Essex road, near Stratford, on Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1818, between Brasier, a celebrated runner, and Brooks. It was for fifty guineas aside, p. p. Betting even at starting. Brooks led with much gaiety, and was closely followed by his ad-

versary. The quarters of the mile were done as follows by Brooks, who won by four yards only.

	Min.	Sec.
1st quarter .....	1	3
2d .....	1	12
3d .....	1	13
4th .....	1	18
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	4	46

This is the fastest running of a mile ever recorded, and particularly as the match was made within a week, and the men could not be in the finest condition.

#### WONDERFUL PEDESTRIAN ATTEMPT.

WENTWORTH, an Oxfordshire yeoman, commenced the pedestrian undertaking on Monday, Jan. 17, 1818, of going 600 miles in ten days; and who on Saturday had gone 366 miles in the six days, which was six miles more than his ground at 60 miles a day, started rather lame from the neighbourhood of Taplow, Bucks, on Sunday morning, and went through Berkshire, into the county of Wilts, eight miles from Marlborough, where he slept, having performed 54 miles. He returned through Basingstoke to Mattingly, six miles distance from thence, on Monday afternoon, when he was beat by a failure in his right leg, he having performed 36 miles only on that day. The whole performance was 456 miles in eight days, which, although a lose, is an extraordinary pedestrian feat: Mr. Wentworth had 144 miles to do in the next 48 hours, but he was unable to stand.

## THE GREATEST PEDESTRIAN FEAT ON RECORD.

The 600 miles in 10 days was completed on Wednesday night, Feb. 11, 1818, at eleven o'clock, by Mr. Howard, at Knaresford, who walked over a two mile piece of ground. This match is beyond the compass of the powers of any horse, and nothing like it has ever before been recorded of man. The pedestrian finished his work well on the first six days, and he had done 390 miles, 30 more than his ground. On Sunday he began to flag, with swollen legs, but he did 56 miles. He was 18 hours in doing 67 miles on Monday; bathing had in some measure relieved him. On Tuesday he was 19 hours performing 52 miles, and he was not expected to be able to go on the last day, from excessive fatigue. He had 45 miles to win the match; he started at two in the morning proceeding at first under three miles an hour. At four p. m. he went to bed, having done 31 miles. He had then 14 miles to do in eight hours. He rose again at seven and won the match soon after eleven, distressed in a manner not easily described. It was for 200 guineas.

## LEACH AND SHAW.

Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1818, a most numerous and respectable assemblage of the admirers of pedestrianism mustered on the road near the elegant mansion of W. W. POLE, Esq. on Epping Forest, to witness the race between LEACH and SHAW; the distance 150 yards. The former, in 56 races, had beat all the picked men

in England; and had also defeated Shaw, a short time since, in Hyde Park. The speed of the latter was nevertheless so much admired upon that occasion, that the odds were now 7 to 4 against Leach; and more betting took place on the spot than has been experienced for the last twenty years. The ground was roped in with stakes to prevent the crowd from pressing upon them; and also a rope with stakes was placed down the middle to prevent them jostling each other. At two o'clock the signal was given, and Leach got the start nearly a yard; but Shaw soon shot by him like an arrow, and when he touched the handkerchief, Leach was at least  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards behind him. The 150 yards were accomplished in the very short space of 16 seconds. Leach ran without shoes, and had only a short pair of drawers, the countryman was as lightly clad, excepting a pair of jean half boots. Shaw bids fair to beat all England; he gets over the ground with all the fleetness of a greyhound. The speed with which Shaw won the above race was at the astonishing rate of 20 miles an hour. For 400 guineas.

#### OLD TOM AND RAYNER.

Wednesday, March 18, 1818, the amateurs assembled at Maidenhead Thicket, 28 miles from London, to witness a race of 15 miles between the above celebrated pedestrians; among them were Capt. BARCLAY, Colonel BARTON, Mr. HARRISON, &c. and several gentlemen from Oxford. RAYNER was so confident that he offered for a large bet to run the first mile in five minutes, and beat his antagonist afterwards; but



OLD TOM complained of a cold in his head; 2 to 1 on RAYNER. The race was contested on the turn-pike road, one mile out and one mile in. The men started four minutes to one, and the miles were run by RAYNER in the following time:

Miles.	Min.	Sec.	Miles.	Min.	Sec.
1 .....	5	59	8 .....	6	40
2 .....	5	56	9 .....	7	—
3 .....	5	45	10 .....	5	58
4 .....	5	45	11 .....	6	45
5 .....	6	10	12 .....	6	38
6 .....	6	29	13 .....	6	35
7 .....	6	30			

At the end of 10 miles RAYNER was a-head 300 yards; and between the 12th and 13th miles, OLD TOM gave in. RAYNER then walked and run the remainder in a great coat. The second mile was a dead heat, both the men having put their feet together on the scratch. The pedestrians wore short drawers and pumps. Great sums were lost respecting the time, the men being backed to perform the distance in one hour and 33 and 34 minutes.

#### BLUMSELL'S FOOT RACE AGAINST TIME.

Blumsell, the painter, started on Friday, April 10, 1818, at three o'clock, from the Black Horse, in Tottenham-court-road, to the nine mile stone at Whetstone, within an hour. The above attempt excited great curiosity among the admirers of pedestrianism, and the street was so crowded, that considerable difficulty was experienced in making a passage for Blumseil to start. Notwithstanding the rain, he went off in full confidence and fine speed, and ran up Highgate-hill

with all the indifference of a plain path. Shaw, the first runner of the day, for a short distance, followed him for about a mile; but at length he grew tired and relinquished the task. BLUMSELL performed this most arduous feat in three minutes and a half less than the given time. The odds were against him.

#### SUPERIOR FEAT TO BLUMSELL'S.

A match, superior to that performed by Blumsell, from Tottenham-court-road, was performed on Thursday, April 16, 1818, on the Epping road. A coachman, named West, was backed by his master to do nine miles in 54 minutes, taking in two hills. The match was for 100 guineas, and the following is the report of it, from the umpire:

Miles.	Min.	Sec.
1 .....	5	58
2 .....	5	25
3 .....	6	2
4 .....	5	56
5 .....	6	4
6 .....	6	7
7 .....	6	6
8 .....	6	4
9 .....	6	6
	<hr/> 53	<hr/> 58

This match beats that performed by Blumsell most decidedly, as the distance was more, and six minutes less time was allowed. The road was also bad. Time was backed at odds.

#### NOUVELLE FOOT RACE.

An extraordinary as well as novel foot-race

took place on June 2, 1818, on Lord's Cricket-ground, Marylebone. Mr. Wildboar, proprietor of the Green Man and Still, Oxford-street, a man of at least fourteen stone weight, and advanced in years, challenged Mr. Bentley, a gentleman of light weight, and well known for his agility at cricket playing to run a race for 100 yards, under these circumstances: Mr. Bentley, who boasts of being able to step two yards at a time, proposed trying a match with Mr. Wildboar for 100 yards, on the principle of moving but one yard instead of two. The challenge was accepted, but the proposer was at a loss how the yard should be measured. Mr. Wildboar said he had hit upon an expedient for that, and would *bind* him for the purpose, by having a rope of a yard's length in play, fixed to a swivel from leg to leg. The race was for 100*l*. and much betting took place. The parties started, each confident of success; but Bentley bounded along, and took the lead for the first fifty yards. Before he reached the sixtieth, however, his trammels interrupted his progress, but he continued to run, though at shorter distances, occasioned by the ropes becoming entangled with his feet. In consequence of this, Mr. Wildboar took the lead, and eventually won the race, amidst the laughter and shouts of the multitude assembled. Mr. Bentley attributing his defeat to accident, immediately challenged the winner.

## RAYNER AND BLUMSELL.

Wednesday afternoon, June 24, 1818, the Essex road was one continued scene of bustle and gaiety,

from the numerous vehicles, horsemen, &c. hurrying along to witness the above exploit between those celebrated pedestrians. The company were, in general, of the most respectable description. RAYNER, whose fame as a runner was considered perfectly established, had undertaken to give Blumsell the extraordinary advantage of two minutes and a half at starting; and so sanguine were his friends of the certainty of his success, that betting to a greater extent before the day of trial, and upon the ground, had not been witnessed for many years. Two to one was current betting, and in many instances higher; in fact, so much did this confidence even operate upon the *takers*, who had hitherto *fancied* the painter, that in a few minutes not a bet could be obtained. The capabilities of Blumsell the sporting world were no strangers to, from his having recently run *nine miles* through the streets of London and up Highgate Hill, also against the bad weather, in four minutes less than an hour. Still the speed of Rayner was so much valued as to overcome every other consideration. At half past seven o'clock, Blumsell appeared at the 5th mile stone, with only a very short pair of drawers on and light half-boots, and started. The distance was one mile out and back again. Rayner was as lightly clad as his opponent, and when the *two minutes and a half* had elapsed, he set out to overtake Blumsell. The following is the exact time of their performing the ten miles, for 200 guineas:—

BLUMSELL.			RAYNER.		
Min.	Sec.	Miles.	Min.	Sec.	Miles.
10	30	..... 2	10	27	..... 2
12	6	..... 2	12	14	..... 2
11	0	..... 2	11	15	..... 2
12	24	..... 2	12	49	..... 2
12	56	..... 2			
—	—	—			
58	56	10			

It will be seen, from the above statement, that instead of Rayner's improving upon his adversary, so as to fetch up the two minutes and a half, he lost 46 seconds in the first 8 miles; shortly after this period he turned *giddy* and fell in a ditch, but he was not long in extricating himself from this situation, and continued the contest. He, however, soon afterwards gave up the race. It is impossible to describe the *long faces*: the *cleaning out* was immense; and the club completely *dished*. Rayner appeared too fat, and not in good condition; upon his finishing the first two miles he perspired profusely indeed, and his wind was rather *touched*. Great sums of money were won and lost respecting the time the winner would perform the ten miles. Blumsell was in the finest order; he started with the swiftness of a greyhound, never flagged, and came in with the fleetness of a deer, amidst the shouts and applause of the spectators. The painter it was thought, could beat Rayner upon even terms; at all events, he is a most excellent runner, having run the 10 miles, according to the decision of the umpire, in 58 minutes 56 seconds. The road appeared like a race-ground from the numerous carriages. Blumsell was so little fatigued from his exer-



tions, that he appeared at Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, in the evening.

#### BLUMSELL'S SECOND FOOT RACE AGAINST TIME.

ON Wednesday evening, August 19, 1818, at six o'clock, BLUMSELL, the painter, who a short time since beat Rayner, of high pedestrian fame, in such a finished style of excellence, on the Rumford Road, started from the corner of Percy-street, Tottenham-court-road, to go beyond the Whetstone turnpike, a distance of nine miles and a quarter, in one hour. On both sides of the way in Tottenham-court-road, the crowd was immense, and the windows of every house were filled to see the pedestrian proceed in his task; and, in fact, the road up to Highgate-hill, on different spots, was covered with spectators. It was a truly arduous task; and the ease and style with which Blumsell made his way, astonished every one present. He had no opportunity for training, as the bet was only made on the preceding Friday. Notwithstanding the difficulties he had to encounter of being frequently enveloped with gigs, chaises, horsemen, and clouds of dust, he shot up Highgate-hill with all the fleetness of a deer, *distanting* all the fine *prads*, in spite of the exertion of the whip. After Blumsell had ascended this steep hill, he went two miles over Finchley Common, in less than *eleven minutes*. Unfair means were used to prevent his *winning*; particularly the interruption of a man, who twice crossed him, and whom Blumsell *collared* and ultimately *floored*; yet he performed this most

extraordinary feat in one minute and twelve seconds under the time. It was, however, brought to a *wrangle* by the opposite party, who insisted he lost it by two minutes and eight seconds. The general opinion is that Blumsell won it; and he is the best runner in England. It was for the trifling sum of five pounds aside; and the painter was to be recompensed for his exertions with a *few shillings*. His fame stood so high in the sporting world, that not a bet could be procured against him. Blumsell, about three months since, went over the same ground in less than an hour; but a *quarter of a mile* was added to the last match.

#### HERCULEAN TASK.

A YOUNG man, named Carpendale, on Saturday, Aug. 1, 1818, undertook, for a wager of *one guinea* only, to go on foot from Ashwell, Rutland, to Market Harborough, a distance of twenty-two miles, in two hours. He left Ashwell at twelve o'clock at noon, and arrived at Harborough at fifty-five minutes past one o'clock, having five minutes to spare, and out-went a person on horseback, who attended to witness the performance.

#### UNEXAMPLED SPEED.

AT Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, a respectable bookseller, of the name of Howe, for a trifling wager, in the month of July, 1817, on a piece of ground measured for the occasion, walked six miles in the unprecedented-

ed short space of *forty-six minutes and twenty seconds*.

EATON, who performed the Barclay match, *according to report*; BAKER, who walked 2000 miles in 40 days, against Eaton; Young Kelly; the Kentish Youth; Grindlay; Carter, the pugilist; and the veteran Jew, Barnett, have also distinguished themselves as first-rate pedestrians.

#### THE PRIEST AND OSTLER.

ONCE at some holy time, perhaps 'twas Lent,  
 An honest Ostler to confession went,  
 And there of sins a long extended score,  
 Of various shape and size, he mumbled o'er;  
 Till, having clear'd his conscience of the stuff,  
 (For any mod'rate conscience quite enough,)  
 He ceas'd,—“What more?” the rev'rend Father cried—  
 “No more!” th' unburden'd penitent replied.  
 “But,” said the artful priest, “yet unreveal'd  
 “There lurks one darling vice within you, though conceal'd:—  
 “Did you, in all your various modes of cheating,  
 “Ne'er grease the horses' teeth, to spoil their eating?”  
 “Never!” cried Crop—So then, to close each strain,  
 He was absolv'd, and sent to sin again.  
 Some months from hence, sad stings of conscience feeling,  
 Crop, at confession, soon again was kneeling;  
 When lo, at ev'ry step his conscience easing,  
 Out popp'd a groan, and horses' teeth, and greasing.  
 “Santa Maria!” cried th' astonish'd priest—  
 “How much your sins have with your days increas'd!  
 “When last I saw you, you deny'd all this.”  
 “True,” said the Ostler, “very true it is;  
 “And also true, that, till that blessed time,  
 “I never, Father, heard of such a crime!”

## ROWING MATCH.

GYNGELL finished his 1000 miles in twenty days on Monday evening, September 22, 1817, at twenty minutes after six o'clock. The following is a statement of his daily performances since his commencement.

1st day, Wednesday	48 miles.	12th day, Sunday ..	48 miles
2. Thursday .....	50	13. Monday .....	54
3. Friday .....	46	14. Tuesday .....	50
4. Saturday .....	50	15. Wednesday ....	44
5. Sunday .....	50	16. Thursday .....	50
6. Monday .....	48	17. Friday .....	56
7. Tuesday .....	50	18. Saturday .....	54
8. Wednesday .....	50	19. Sunday .....	50
9. Thursday .....	50	20. Monday .....	50
10. Friday .....	50		
11. Saturday .....	52		1000

## THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

HIS Grace, during his life-time, was one of the most *distinguished* characters upon the turf, whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success. It is thus his Biographer speaks of him:—

“No personage, within our recollection, has been more noticed by the public prints, and, perhaps, more misrepresented. Enabled by birth and fortune to enjoy the comforts of life, he has given into them without restraint, totally indifferent to the cynical caprice of individuals on the *one hand*, and to the jaundiced eye of envious malevolence on the other. But amidst the general pursuit of pleasure to which his life has been devoted, those pleasures have yet been the enjoyment

of a man of honour, undebased by the long list of *swindling* degradations, that so unhappily characterize the juvenile representatives of *modern* nobility. A taste for and patronage of the fine arts, a predilection for beautiful women, rich wines, and a desire to excel on the *turf*, and to *exceed* in calculation, have ever been the distinguishing traits and ultimate gratification of his Grace's ambition. When Earl of March, he contrived and executed schemes of *expedition*, which were believed by his competitors to be absolutely *impracticable*; of these, his well-known *carriage-match*,\* and convey-

\* In consequence of a conversation at a sporting meeting, with an Irish gentleman, usually known by the appellation of Count O'Tafe, relative to *running against time*, it was suggested by the Earl of March, that it was possible for a carriage to be drawn with a degree of celerity hitherto unexampled, and almost incredible. Being desired to name his *maximum*, he undertook, provided he was allowed the choice of his ground, and a certain time for training, to draw a machine with four wheels not less than nineteen miles within the space of sixty minutes. As it had been already discovered that a race-horse might be urged to such a degree of speed, as to run over a mile in a minute, this, which allowed about three to a carriage, did not appear so surprising to the *knowing ones* for a short space of time; but the continuance of such a rapid motion during a whole hour, staggered their belief, and many of them were completely outwitted.

As much depended on the lightness of the machine, application was made to an ingenious coach-maker (Wright) in Long Acre, who exhausted all the resources of his art to diminish the weight and friction as much as possible, and silk is said to have been resorted to in the construction of the harness, instead of leather. It then became necessary to select four blood-horses of approved speed, and, what was far more difficult to procure, two *honest* groom-boys (Errat



ing a letter fifty miles within an hour, (enclosed in a cricket-ball, and handed from one to the other, of twenty-four expert cricketers) will ever remain lasting remembrances. In all his engagements upon the turf, he has preserved a most unsullied and distinguished eminence, both paying and receiving with an unimpeached integrity. He has ever prided himself more upon the excellence than the extent of his stud. His matches have not been so numerous as those of many other sportsmen, but they have mostly been upon a more expanded scale, and more brilliantly terminated. He and his rider, *Dick Goodison*, have generally gone hand in hand in their success, and there is every reason to believe, that never, in a *single instance*, have they deceived each other; for, as his Grace never closed a *match* without the corresponding sanction of his confidant, so it is naturally concluded, in return, he has been equally faithful to the interest of his employer. During so long an uninterrupted attachment to the turf, his Grace has never displayed the least want

and another) of small weight and approved skill, to manage them. The course at Newmarket having been pitched upon for the trial, a mile was marked out there, and although several horses are said to have been killed in *training*, yet it soon became evident that the project was feasible.

On the arrival of the appointed day (Aug. 29, 1750,) which was to decide bets to the amount of thousands of pounds, the noble and ignoble gamesters repaired to the spot pitched upon; the jockeys mounted; the carriage, constructed partly of wood and partly of whalebone, was put in motion, and rushing with a velocity almost rivalling the progress of sound, darted, within the appointed time, to the goal!

of philosophy upon the unexpected event of a race, or ever entered into any engagement but when there was a great probability of becoming the winner. In all emergencies he has preserved an invariable equanimity, and his cool serenity never forsook him even in moments of the greatest surprise or disappointment. A singular proof of this occurred at Newmarket, just as they were going to start for a sweepstakes, when his Grace being engaged in a betting conversation with various members of the *Jockey Club*, one of his lads that was going to ride (in consequence of his light weight,) calling his Grace aside, asked him *too soon*, and *too loud*, "How he was to ride to day?" His Grace, conscious that he was overheard, with a well-affected surprise, exclaimed—"Why, take the *lead*, and *keep* it, to be sure! How the d—vil *would you ride!*" Amid his Grace's various successes, and strong proofs of judgment, which were infinitely superior to his long list of contemporaries, none, perhaps can be produced more in point than the performances of his horse *Dash*, (by *Florise*) in the year 1789. On Tuesday, in the first spring meeting, he refused 500 guineas forfeit from Lord Darby's *Sir Peter Teazle*, the six mile course, 1000 guineas, h. f.; and on Monday, in the second spring meeting, he beat Mr. Hallam's b. h. by High-flyer, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 1000 guineas. On Thursday, in the second October meeting of the same year, he beat his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Don Quixote, 8st. 7lb. each, six mile course, 900 guineas; and on Tuesday se'nnight following he beat Lord Barrymore's Highlander, at the same weight, three times

round the R. C. 800 guineas; winning exactly within the six months 3000 guineas.

“But in order to prevent pillage it became necessary for Lord March to place no reliance whatever upon jockeys, to trust all to himself, and to depend solely upon his own ability and exertions. Two memorable achievements of this kind will never be forgotten by the disciples of the whip. The first occurred in 1756, when his Lordship, properly accoutred, in his velvet cap, red silk jacket, buckskin breeches, and long spurs, not only backed his own horse for a considerable sum, but actually rode him.

“This contest, which took place on the race-ground at Newmarket, when the Earl had attained his twenty-sixth year, was not, however, with an inferior, either in blood or fortune; for his antagonist, on this occasion, was no less a person than a Scotch nobleman, addicted to the same sports as himself, and whose family, like his own, had been allied to the kings of his native country. This trial of skill between the Achilles and the Hector of horsemen, of course attracted the notice of the public, and the ground was covered at an early hour with all the fashionables of that period. Lord March, thin, agile, and admirably qualified both by skill and make, for exertion, was the victor of the day: to him was given the meed of fame, and the reward of activity; and no conqueror of the Olympic games ever received greater plaudits.—His Grace lived to a great age, and died immensely rich: and many singular anecdotes are told of him, respecting the care he took to ensure longevity.”

## GAMING ANECDOTE.

IT is well known that the Duke of Argyle had a connexion with a lady of the name of C—pb—ll, by whom he had a natural son, and to whom he gave a polite education. At a proper age he likewise made interest for him in the guards, in which corps he soon figured as a captain. The Duke was sensible that the young man's pay could not support him with proper dignity; he accordingly allowed him the following genteel stipend, though somewhat whimsical:—The captain found upon his bureau, every morning, a clean shirt, a pair of stockings, and also a guinea. This extraneous allowance was intended to prevent him from gaming. But the *sharks* knew his connexions, and, according to the *gambling lexicon*, had him *at the best*; in a word, they tickled the captain for a thousand. The Duke heard of his son's disaster, but took no notice of it, till his dejected appearance rendered it apparent that some misfortune had occurred. "Jack," said he, one day at dinner, "what is the matter with you?" "The Captain changed colour, and reluctantly acknowledged the fact. "Sir," said his Grace, "you do not owe a farthing to that blackguard; my steward settled it with him this morning for ten guineas, and he was glad to take them, exclaiming at the same time, that 'by Jasus, he was damned far North, and it was well it was no worse!'"

## ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

HIS Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland being at a Newmarket meeting, just before the horses

started he missed his pocket-book, containing some bank-notes. When the knowing ones came about him, and offered several bets, he said, " he had lost his money already, and could not afford to venture any more that day." The horse which the Duke had intended to back was distanced, so that he consoled himself with the loss of his pocket-book, as being only a temporary evil; as he should have paid away as much had he betted, to the *Worthies of the Turf*. The race was no sooner finished, than a veteran half-pay officer presented his Royal Highness with his pocket-book, saying he had found it near the stand, but had not an opportunity of approaching him before; when the Duke most generously replied, " I am glad it has fallen into such good hands—keep it—had it not been for this accident, it would have been by this time among the black legs and thieves of Newmarket."

## A CELEBRATED MARKSWOMAN.

THE ingenious Dr. W. Hutton, of Birmingham, in a late publication, in which he gives an account of several singularities which he met with in a recent journey through a part of Derbyshire, adds, " But the greatest wonder I saw, was Miss Phebe Brown, in person five feet six, about thirty, well proportioned, round sized and ruddy, a dark penetrating eye, which, the moment it fixes upon your face, stamps your character, and that with precision. Her step, pardon me the Irishism, is more manly than a man's, and can easily cover forty miles a day, Her common dress is a man's hat, coat, and a spencer over it, and men's shoes.



I believe she is a stranger to breeches. She can lift one hundred weight with each hand, and carry fourteen score. Can sew, knit, cook, and spin, but hates them all, and every accompaniment to the female character, except that of modesty. A gentleman at the New Bath recently treated her so rudely, 'that she had a good mind to have knocked him down.' She positively assured me, that she did not know what fear was—she never gives any affront, but will offer to fight any man who gives her one—if she has not fought, perhaps it is owing to the insulter's being a coward, for none else would give an affront. She has strong sense, an excellent judgment, says some smart things, and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine, it is deep-toned; the wind in her favour, she can send it a mile: has no beard, or prominence of breast; accepts any kind of manual labour, as holding the plough, driving the team, thatching the ricks, &c. but her chief avocation is horse-breaking, at a guinea a week; always rides without a saddle; is supposed the best judge of a horse, cow, &c. in the country, and is frequently requested to purchase for others at the neighbouring fairs. She is fond of Milton, Pope, Shakspeare, also of music; is self-taught; performs on several instruments, the violin, &c.

"She is an excellent *markswoman*, and, like her brother sportsmen, carries her gun upon her shoulder. She eats no beef or pork, and but little mutton; her chief food is milk, and also her drink, discarding wine, ale, and spirits."

## CHLOE'S VEXATION.

AT the glittering dew which bespangled the lawn,  
 Aurora was taking a peep,  
 To rouse the keen sportsman broke forth the clear dawn,  
 When up started Colin, as brisk as a fawn,  
 Leaving Chloe unconscious asleep;  
 And op'ning the casement he cried out to John,  
 His servant, and old sporting croney,  
 " See the sun's getting up, and 'tis time we were gone,  
 " So uncouple the pointers, young Ponto and Don,  
 " And saddle the black shooting poney,"  
 Awak'd by the noise, Chloe rubbing her eyes,  
 Which might rival the basilisk's charms,  
 Exclaim'd, " What's o'clock !" Then with well feigned surprise,  
 " 'Tis not five ! Why, my Colin, so soon dost thou rise,  
 " And quit thy poor Chloe's fond arms ?"  
 Colin quick snatch'd a kiss, smiled, and shaking his head,  
 Cried, " The day, my sweet Chloe, remember."  
 The disconsolate fair one, then, tossing in bed,  
 Again courted sleep, but with pouting lip said,  
 " Oh, the deuce take the First of September ! "

## SINGULAR PENSION.

THE Hon. Mr. L— lost, a few years since, at  
 Brookes's, 70,000*l.* with his carriages, horses, &c.  
 which was his last stake. Charles F—, who was pre-  
 sent, and partook of the spoils, moved that an annuity  
 of 50*l.* per annum should be settled upon the unfortu-  
 nate gentleman, to be paid out of the general fund;  
 which motion was agreed to *nem. con.* and a resolution  
 was entered into at the instance of the same gentle-  
 man, that every member who should be completely  
 ruined in that house should be allowed a similar an-

nuity out of the same fund, on condition they are never to be admitted as sporting members ; as, in that case, the society would be playing against their own money.

## A CHARACTERISTIC EPITAPH.

HERE lieth ready to *start*, in full hopes to save his distance,

TIMOTHY TURF,

formerly stud-groom to Sir Marmaduke Match'em,

and

late keeper of the Racing Stables on

Cerny Downs,

but

was *beat out of the world*, on the first of April last,

by that invincible Rockingham,\*

DEATH.

\* N.B. He lived and died an honest man.

Here lies a groom, who longer life deserv'd,

Whose *course* was *strait*, from which he never swerv'd ;

Yet ere was quite complete his fiftieth *round*,†

Grim Death, at *Jack Cade*,‡ brought him to the ground.

This tyrant oft, to *cross* and *jostle* tried,

But ne'er till now, could gain the *whip-hand side*.

In youth he saw the *high bred cattle* train'd,

By gentle means and easiest trammels rein'd ;

He taught them soon the *ending-stand* to gain,

Swift as *Camilla's* o'er the velvet plain,

Oft from the *crack ones* bear the prize away,

And triumph boldly in the blaze of day :

But of late years he used the fertile plough,

To grace with yellow corn the naked brow,

And her green turf, which they were wont to tread,

Affords the trembling oats, with which they're fed.

\* A famous horse.

† The Round, or King's Plate Course, at Newmarket.

‡ A steep ascent in that course, fatal to bad bottomed horses.

Oh! may this sod, with thorny texture bound,  
 Protect from horses hoofs the sacred ground;  
 And may his *colts* and *fillies*\* truly run  
 Their beaten course,† and see the later sun!

#### HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

HE was one of the first sportsmen, and greatest characters, that this or any other country has produced. He was the uncle of his present Majesty, and was distinguished as a *commander*, a *sportsman*, and a *man*. For he was formed in "nature's nicest mould," that the world might be taught to estimate *perfection*. Under the *influence* of his *counsel*, under the weight of his *personal exertions*, that monster *rebellion* was subdued, beyond the power of *renovation*, and the *British nation* relieved from a state of anxiety, to which, by the restless ambition of its neighbours, it had been so long compulsively subjected. Rewarded by his *sovereign*, by the *representatives* of the *people*, and by the *citizens of London*, he retired from the field of war, and the faction of politics, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of domestic comfort, at the lodge in Windsor Great Park, of which he had some years before been appointed ranger. Here he engaged in all the attracting pleasures of rural life; established his stud and breeding stock, and, with a portion of liberality equal (or superior) to the grateful munificence of a generous people, retained and employed in useful labour, a greater number of industrious poor than, perhaps, *ever was*, or

\* His infant sons and daughters.

† A straight course of four miles.

*may be*, seen again within the park, or forest of Windsor. To his indefatigable exertions the present generation stands indebted for the various judicious crosses that have brought the breed of *blood-horses* to such a state of unprecedented perfection; and the origin of all the most valuable stallions now in the kingdom, centre in the happy combination of his own efforts to produce priority. *Crab*, *Marsh*, *Herod*, and *Eclipse* were amongst the most celebrated of his own breed; to which were annexed a very long list of progeny, that by his death and the “fascinating flourish of the hammer,” were “scattered to all the winds of heaven.” *Marsh* fell to the possession of *Lord Abingdon*, where he continued till his death.—*Eclipse* first to *Wildman*, then, *partis equalis* with *O’Kelly*, and, lastly, to *O’Kelly*, *solus*—as did the little famous horse *Milksop*, the then first *give and take* horse in the kingdom; he was thus named by his Royal Highness, in consequence of his dam’s taking fright at him as soon as he was foaled, and never could be brought to *any association*; so that he was literally brought up *by hand*. *Eclipse* also derived his appellation from the circumstance of being brought forth during the great eclipse, or real “darkness visible.”

His Royal Highness, in his first efforts for superiority, felt the mortification that every liberal mind must be subject to when surrounded by the most voracious *sharks* of every description. The family of the *Greeks* were *then*, as *now*, exceedingly numerous, and to its various branches his Royal Highness was for a considerable time, most implicitly subservient; but as soon



as it was possible for him to shake off the effects of the embarkation, and *time had* enabled him to produce stock of his *own breed*, and that breed formed upon his well-improved judgment, he took the lead, and, in a very few years, totally defeated every *idea* of *competition*. He had at the unexpected hour of his death, not only the most *pure, perfect, and correct*, but the most *valuable* stud of horses in his possession of any subject of the king's dominions; and his loss was considered as a still greater check to the sporting world, as it happened just at the moment when the *turf* and its enjoyments had acquired the *meridian of popularity*: it was the influenza of the day, to whose infection fresh objects were eternally becoming subject, and to which fashionable fascination the *death* of so *great* and so *good* a promoter, gave an instantaneous destruction. Amongst the numerous improvements incessantly carrying on in and near his delightful residence, the *race course* at *Ascot* seemed to be the most favourite and predominant object of pursuit: laying claim to every care and attention that could possibly constitute a scene of the greatest and most unsullied brilliancy. This the hand of Providence (as the first object of his heart) spared him long enough to see complete; but just in the moment of exultation, when loaded with the grateful caresses of an idolizing multitude, and when absolutely arranging the business of a *spring* and *autumn meeting* at *Ascot*, to vie in some degree with the sport of *Newmarket*, and when the whole county resounded with unprecedented plaudits, the all-wise and dispensing *Power*, to whose dictates we

must *piously submit*, dropped the curtain of *death* upon such a *life*, such an accumulation of *goodwill* and *charitable practice* to all mankind, that it is but little *imitated, never can be excelled!* In the happy retrospection of which one admonition naturally presents itself for the rumination of every contemplatist of human excellence—

“Go thou and do likewise.”

MATT. HORSLEY.

A SHORT time since was carried to his grave, the celebrated farming fox-hunter of the East Riding of Yorkshire, at the advanced age of nearly ninety. It would be a kind of treason against sporting, not to rescue in some sort his memory from oblivion; for if ever a man loved hunting “with all his soul, and all his strength,” and died game at the last, Matt. Horsley was that hunter. On a small farm he contrived, from time to time, to bring into the field, to show off there, and to sell afterwards at good prices as many good horses as ever perhaps belonged to one person; for in the course of nearly a century, he had hunted with three generations. But this was not all his praise. He had a natural vein of humour and facetiousness, which the quaintness of a strong Yorkshire dialect heightened still more; and some greater men, who were his neighbours, wished to trample him down—poor man! he sometimes put aside the effects of ill-humour, by good-humour of his own. But as the bards from Menander down to Oliver Goldsmith, were of opinion that a line of verse was twice as long

remembered as a line of prose, we have subjoined in doggrel rhyme, a sketch of the character of

### MATT. HORSLEY THE OLD FOX-HUNTER.

MATT HORSLEY is gone! a true sportsman from birth,  
 After all his long chases he's taken to earth;  
 Full of days, full of whim, and good-humour he died.  
 The farmer's delight and the fox-hunter's pride!  
 And tho' the small comforts of life's private hour  
 Were often encroach'd on by rank and by power,  
 And tho' his plain means could but poorly afford  
 To cope with the squire or contend with a lord—  
 Yet Matt the sharp arrows of malice still broke,  
 In his quaint Yorkshire way, by a good-humour'd joke.

Till fourscore and ten, he continu'd life's course:  
 And for seventy long years he made part of his horse,  
 From the days of old Draper, who rose in the dark,  
 Matt hunted thro' life to the days of Sir Mark \*  
 With Hunmanby's squire † he was first in the throng,  
 And with hard Harry Foord ‡ never thought a day long;  
 If the fox would but run, every bog it was dry  
 No leap was too large—no Wold hill was too high:

\* Sir M. Masterman Sykes—whose hounds are almost as popular as the owner of them; and for whom every man, who can, preserves a fox.

† Humphrey Osbaldeston, Esq. who in his day, and in the days of Isaac Granger, who was his huntsman, had one of the best packs of fox-hounds in England.

‡ Harry Foord, a former vicar of Fox-holes on the Wolds, esteemed one of the best gentlemen riders in England—and who preserved that true character in riding, never to avoid what was necessary, or to do that which was not. He therefore rode, through ten seasons, two as good horses as ever went into a field—though riding fourteen stone.

Himself still in wind, tho' his steed might want breath,  
 He was then, as he's now, ever "in at the death,"  
 A tough hearty saplin from liberty's tree,  
 If ever plain Yorkshireman lived—it was he.

But at last honest Matt has bid sporting adieu,  
 Many good things he uttered;—one good thing is true,  
 "That aw'd by no frowns, above meanness or pelf—  
 No bad thing could ever be said of himself."  
 As honest Matt Horsley is gone to repose—  
 And he and the foxes no longer are foes!  
 Lay one brush on his grave!—it will do his heart good:  
 For so vermin his nature—so true was his blood.  
 That but stand o'er his sod—Tally-ho! be your strain,  
 Matt Horsley will wake and will hollow again.

#### SINGULAR AND ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

MR. ARCHER, a gentleman of about ten thousand pounds per annum, chiefly landed property in Berkshire, and partly in Essex, died a few years ago, and left a very large fortune, great part of which he gave to his wife, but the bulk went to his daughters by a former marriage. Besides his house in Berkshire, he had a fine mansion on his beautiful estate of Coopersale, near Epping, in Essex. But this house had been deserted for twenty years or more, no one being allowed to reside in it. On the death of Mr. Archer, it fell to the lot of one of his daughters, who sent a surveyor to examine the house. His report was curious. Neither the gates of the court-yard, nor the doors of the mansion-house, had been opened for the period of eighteen years. The latter, by order, were covered with plates of iron. The court-yard was crowded with thistles,

docks, and weeds; and the inner hall with cobwebs, The rooks and jackdaws had built their nests in the chimneys, and the solemn bird of night had taken possession of the principal drawing-room. Several of the rooms had not been opened for thirty years. The pigeons had, for the space of twenty-five years, built their nests in the library (which contained some thousand books), having made a lodgment through the means of an aperture in one of the casements. Here they had, it is supposed, remained undisturbed for the space above-mentioned, as several loads of dung were found in the apartment. A celebrated naturalist, who was present at the opening of the house, declared he never saw cobwebs so beautiful before, or of such an amazing size. They extended the whole length of one room, from the ceiling to the ground. The wines, ale, and rum, of each of which there were large quantities, had not been touched for twenty years; they were found in fine order, particularly the port wine. The bailiff, the gardener, and his men, were expressly ordered by their late master not to remove even a weed from the garden or grounds. The fish-ponds were untouched for many years. A gentleman having permission to fish, caught several jacks, weighing fourteen and fifteen pounds each. All the neighbouring gentry visited the house and grounds, the ruinous condition of which formed a topic of general conversation.

The style in which Mr. Archer travelled once a year, when he visited his estates, resembled more the pompous pageantry of the ancient nobles of Spain,



when they went to take possession of a vice-royalty, than that of a plain country gentleman. The following was the order of the cavalcade :—1st. The coach and six, with two postillions and coachman. Three out-riders. Post-chaise and four post-horses. Phaëton and four, followed by two grooms. A chaise-marine with four horses, carrying the numerous services of plate. This last was escorted by the under-butler, who had under his command three stout fellows; they formed a part of the household; all were armed with blunderbusses. Next followed the hunters with their clothes on, of scarlet trimmed with silver, attended by the stud-grooms and huntsman. Each horse had a fox's brush tied to the front of the bridle. The rear was brought up by the pack of hounds, the whipper-in, the hack horses, and the inferior stablemen. In the coach went the upper servants. In the chariot Mrs. Archer; or, if she preferred a less confined view of the country, she accompanied Mr. Archer in the phaëton, who travelled in all weathers in that vehicle, wrapped up in a swansdown coat.

#### A FACETIOUS INQUIRY.

AFTER a loud preface of—"Oh, yes!" pronounced most audibly three times in the High-street, at New-market, the late Lord Barrymore having collected a number of persons together, made the following general proposal to the gapers—"Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?"—"I do," said a gentleman with manifest eagerness. "Then," replied Lord Barrymore,

“ if I see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know.”

### EPITAPH ON A SPANIEL.

*The following Lines are intended to commemorate one of the best Spaniels that ever existed.*

WELL hast thou earn'd this little space,  
Which barely marks the turf is heav'd ;  
For, truest of a faithful race,  
Thy voice its master ne'er deceiv'd.

Whilst busy ranging hill and dale,  
The pheasant crouch'd from danger nigh,  
Till warmer felt the scented gale,  
Thou forc'd the brilliant prey to fly.

Alike the woodcock's dreary haunt,  
Thou knew to find amidst the shade ;  
Ne'er did thy tongue *redoubled* chaunt,  
But, *mark !* quick echo'd thro' the glade !

Rest then assur'd that mortals can  
Draw a good moral from thy story here ;  
Happy if so employ'd the span  
Of active life, within their sphere.

For, search the middling world around,  
How few their proper parts sustain !  
How rare the instance to be found,  
Of truth amongst the motley train !

### THE DUTCH BARON.

THE gentlemen of the green cloth were put out of queue, by a hero of a *hazard-table* imported from the continent, a few years ago, by one of the squad, who, while he pretended to be playing the *losing game*, was

shrewdly suspected of going snacks in all that rolls into the *pocket*.

The Dutch Baron was introduced by his friend who *happened* to have known him at Hamburgh. He played in a crowd of billiard amateurs and professors, many of whom were rich, and lost about one hundred and fifty guineas with the utmost *sang-froid*. Upon his retiring, his *friend* told the company he was a fine pigeon, a Dutch Baron, who had emigrated from Holland with immense property, and who would as readily lose ten thousand pounds as ten guineas. Some asked, "Is it the *Gala Hope*?" "No, (replied others) he is in hands that will not let him slip a-while." "Is it the Princess Amelia's house Hope?" asked another. "Who is he? Who is he?" was eagerly inquired—"A Dutch Baron, as rich as a Jew," was answered in a whisper.

No Batavian laid out an hundred and fifty guineas so well as the Dutch Baron. The whole corps of *riflemen* flocked around him, like a swarm of fish at a piece of bread. But little P. well known at Bath, who thought he best knew how to make his market, like a *man of business*, applied to the baron's *friend* to have the first plucking. The friend, as a *great favour*, engaged to use his influence; little P. was at the billiard-table the first man in the morning, that he might secure the play in his own hands; the baron came—to it they went; little P. kept back his play; the Dutch Baron played but poorly—fair strokes he often missed; but whenever he was at an important point, he won, as if by accident. On they went—Hambletonian and

Diamond. Little P. was afraid of frightening the baron, by disclosing the extent of his play; the baron played so as to persuade every one he knew little of the game. The contest was, who should play worst at indifferent periods, and who, without seeming to play well, should play best at important points—the baron won on all great occasions, till little P. had lost about 100*l*. But the baron managed so well, that no one thought he could play at all; and although little P. was *sickened*, yet the bait of 150 guineas found plenty of customers. Some of them the greatest adepts in the kingdom, gave the baron at starting three points in the game; but the baron's *accidental* good play was so superior, whenever a great stake was down, he at last gave three points to those who had given him three points, and still beat them—by *accident*. And before the billiard knowing ones at Bath would stop, the baron had won nearly ten thousand pounds, with which he made a bow and came to London.

But this *Dutch Nobleman's* fame travelled almost as fast as himself, and he was *found out*; not, however till he had sweated some of the most knowing gentlemen of the queue.

He concealed his play so well, that no one could form an idea of its extent. To the best billiard-players he gave points, and always won on important occasions. He seemed to be a very conjuror, commanding the balls to roll as he pleased; and there was nothing to be named, that it is not supposed he could accomplish.

But the most entertaining part of his story is the

style of reprobation in which the professors of the queue spoke of his concealment of his play. They execrated him as guilty of nothing short of cheating; they, whose daily practice it was to conceal their play, and angle on the gudgeons with whom they engaged—*they* bitterly reviled the Dutch baron for retorting their own artifice, and entrapping them in their own way.

And who was the Dutch Baron? asks every one who hears of his achievements. In Hamburgh, he was the marker at a billiard table!

#### WORDS TAKEN LITERALLY.

A FARMER in Lincolnshire had a greyhound, which was generally his kitchen companion, but having a parlour party, he ordered his dog to *be tied up*. About an hour after he inquired of the servant if he had done as he directed. "Yes, Sir, I *has*."—"Very well."—"I dare say he is dead before now."—"Why, damn you, you have not hanged him!" rejoined the master. "Yes, Sir, you bid me *tie him up*!"

#### "ALL HIS FAULTS."

A CELEBRATED veterinarian writer was once requested to give a professional opinion upon a new purchase, from one of the fashionable receptacles, for *figure, bone, speed, and perfection*; when, upon the purchaser's anxious inquiry whether it was not a fine horse, and exceeding cheap at *forty*, the cautious examiner felt himself in the awkward predicament of acknowledging he certainly was, had he possessed the advantage of *seeing* his way *in or out* of the stable!



“SEEING his way *in or out!* why, what the devil do you mean?”—“Only that this paragon of perfection is *totally blind!* Was he *warranted* sound to you?”—  
“No, I bought him with—*all his faults!*”

## THE SEA-HORSE.

A CAPTAIN of a West-Indiaman wished to purchase a horse; in consequence he applied to a well-known character, who sold him one. After the purchase had been made, the captain observed—“Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are.” “What do you mean to do with him?” replied the other. “Why to take him *to sea,*” said the Captain, “to the West Indies.” “Then I will be candid (replied the dealer,) he *may go very well at sea,* but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him.”

## THE FIDELITY OF A DOG.

IN a village situated between Caen and Vire, on the borders of a district called the Grove, there dwelt a peasant of a surly untoward temper, who frequently beat and abused his wife, insomuch that the neighbours were sometimes obliged, by her outcries, to interpose, in order to prevent farther mischief. Being at length weary of living with one whom he always hated, he resolved to get rid of her. He pretended to be reconciled, altered his behaviour, and on holidays invited her to walk out with him in the fields for pleasure and recreation. One summer evening, after a very hot day, he carried her to cool and repose herself on the

borders of a spring, in a place very shady and solitary. He pretended to be very thirsty. The clearness of the water tempted them to drink. He laid himself down all along upon his belly, and swilled large draughts of it, highly commending the sweetness of the water, and urging her to refresh herself in like manner. She believed him, and followed his example. As soon as he saw her in that posture, he threw himself upon her, and plunged her head into the water, in order to drown her. She struggled hard for her life, but could not have prevailed but for the assistance of a dog, who used to follow, and was fond of her, and never left her: he immediately flew at the husband, and seized him by the throat, made him let go his hold, and saved the life of his mistress.

## LINES ON THE LATE MR. DAWSON.

WHILE honest Frank Dawson has giv'n up the ghost  
The good Matthew Dodsworth comes blown to the post.  
Alas! what avails all our training and feeding,  
When a check so uncivil is put to—good breeding.  
But life is a course, and whatever our pace,  
When death drops the flag, there's an end to the race:  
But the grave to the racer renews his life past,  
For the turf had him first, and the turf has him last.  
Then no more at the Irishman's toast let us wonder,  
"Long life to the turf, whether over or under."

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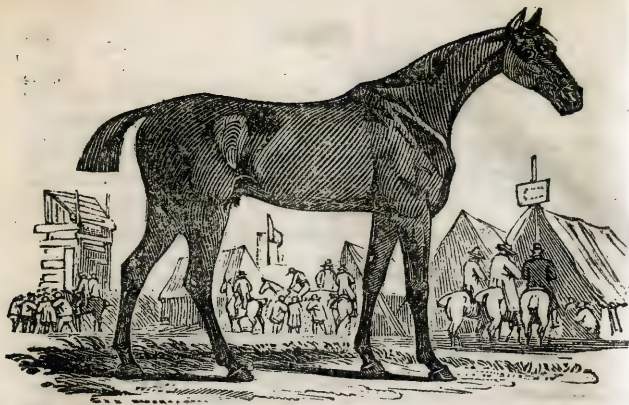
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